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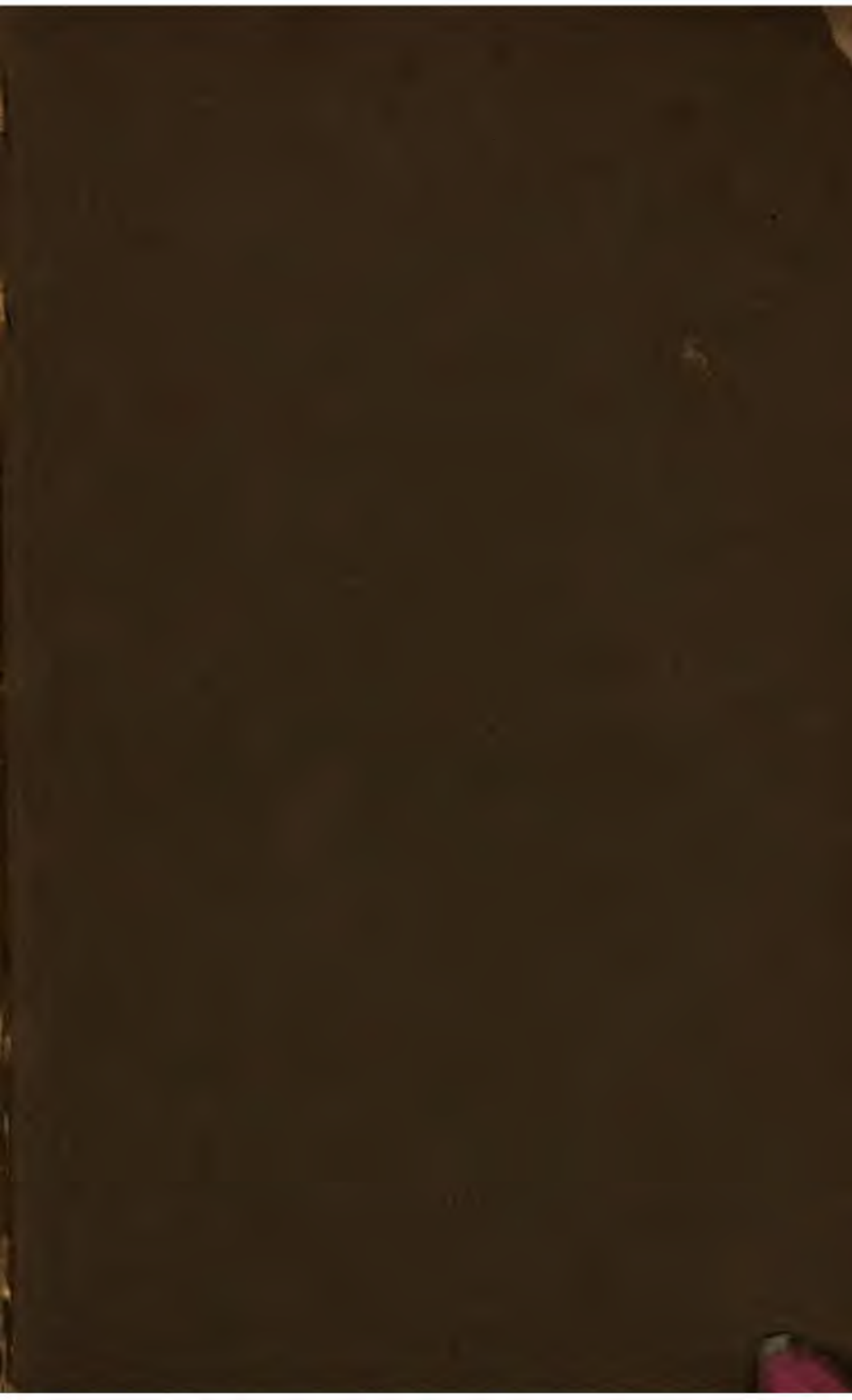
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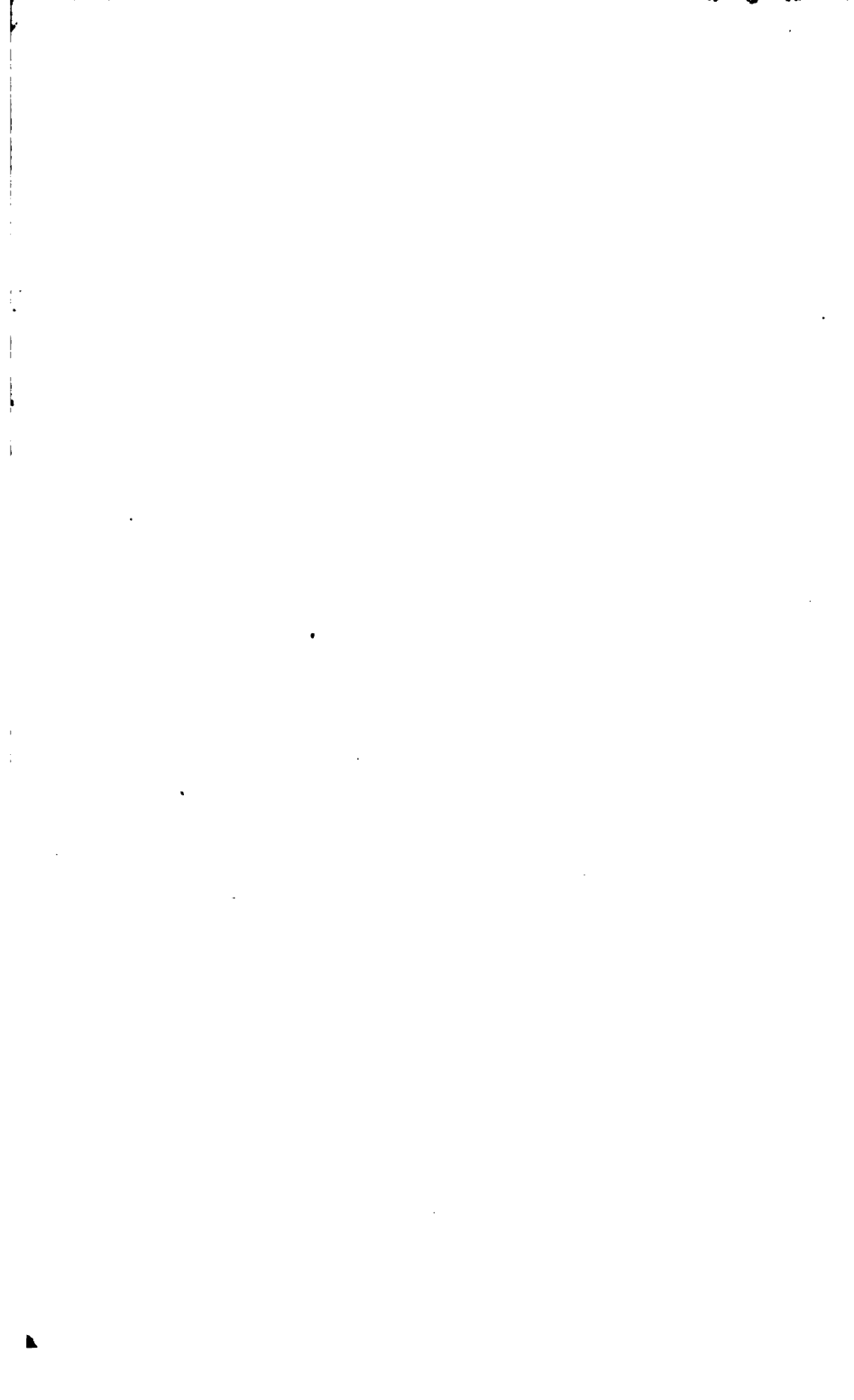












**TRACTS,**  
**POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS,**  
**IN PROSE AND VERSE.**



**TRACTS,**  
**POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS,**

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

---

*THE SECOND VOLUME.*

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HAVING treated BUONAPARTE and the FRENCH REPUBLIC, in my Letter to Lord G. C. (which begins this volume) *with no great respect*, I shall here quote, in justification of such conduct, Marshal Lasnes' celebrated, *independent*, and *bold* answer to the above European plunderer and despot.—“ *Je suis voleur, vous êtes voleur, nous sommes tous voleurs.*”

---

By **THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq.**

OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH AND BLACKHEATH.

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LONDON:  
**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.**  
1827.

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1825  
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London: Printed by C. Roworth,  
Beil-yard, Temple-bar.

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## PREFACE.

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AMONG many other Political Articles, some of them of a secret nature, (therefore never before seen by the public,) the Second Volume contains as follows:—a curious but true account of a Contract for supplying the British Army in Germany, under the Duke of Marlborough, with Rations at *eight pence* a head, contracted for by Mr. Oswald, a Scotch contractor; though when taken at *fifteen pence*, those who had the contract were obliged to give it up at that price, as a *ruinous* concern: and yet Mr. Oswald in three or four years made a fortune of above *three hundred thousand* pounds, and (which was still more extraordinary) supplied the Army *so well* with every thing they wanted, that he was called the *honest* Contractor, a fact at this

time particularly useful, when we have British Troops in Portugal, unless the Portuguese Government maintain the troops, which seems to me just and proper, as they are sent for the express purpose of preserving peace and order among the *Portuguese* citizens, and not from any direct or indirect view of contributing to the wealth, grandeur, or power of the British Empire.

The Poetical Preface to Lord G. C.'s Letter has been *purposely* omitted, and the name of the Person to whom it was addressed, namely, William Francis Lowndes, Esq., Brightwell Grove, Oxon, *accidentally*. I will here observe, that when the Reward due for Lowndes's Bay-Salt appears to *vary*, this difference results from the longer or shorter period to which it is calculated, (the letters where it is mentioned having been written at different times,) and whether calculated at simple or compound in-

terest. Without the above candid investigation, Mr. L. may be unjustly accused of misleading the reader (according to the whim of the moment) by *erroneous* statements of the Debt still due on Lowndes's Bay-Salt from the National Exchequer.

The Poetical Address to the Inhabitants of Dover, page 246, but to which there is *no* date, was written in December, 1822, (though put by mistake after a letter written in 1823); and here I will observe, that many of the Letters not being intended for *publication*, they were, from the carelessness of the copier at the time of writing them, transcribed *without a date*, therefore are not placed in the exact order they were written, some of them being dated from memory, which, when taking a *retrospective* view of many years, is often very treacherous.

Page 80, line second, two *pages* ought to be two *sheets*.

Page 261. The head of this Letter should be, *To Mr. Wilbraham's Committee*, and that of page 269, *To the Editor of the New Times*. Page 275, for Dover, May the 1st, please to read March 31st, 1826.

Page 336, for *lights*, read *sights*.

To show the use of *exact* punctuation, I refer the reader to the short Preface, page 3, of Mr. Day's Letter to his Mother, where a comma being *absurdly* put after the Honourable Mrs. Cavendish, instead of after the word *widow*, that lady is made the widow and daughter-in-law of the same person, and that person too I am *happy* to say still living, as all those would say, who had the honour of knowing his Lordship's public and private character as well as the Author of Lowndes's Tracts.

Having apologised at the end of this volume for all errors in printing, (of which I believe there are as few or fewer than in most works,) I shall request the candid

reader to find out the rest, and rectify the mistakes by his own good sense and literary judgment; only I shall first crave leave, in page 5 of the above Epistle from Mr. Day to his Mother, to apologise for an apparent *indelicate* expression, by saying, that as Mr. Day wrote the Letter above fifty years since, when the language of *well* educated women was *coarse*, but their morals *chaste*, I did not think it right to sacrifice *truth* to National Character, either by substituting words more adapted to the *refined delicacy* of the age, or by entirely *omitting* the offensive part.

But, for fear my desire of adhering to *fact* in this Publication should be called in question, page 249, I will here mention that in the Dialogue between Miss G. and Miss W., under the head *Inconsistency*, the *Right Reverend* Pedigree of Miss G.'s Aunt, and which makes that lady nearly related to *three Bishops*, is perfectly *true*,

and no error of the press ; as also that *seven* deaf and dumb children out of *ten* (all brothers and sisters) were candidates in the July Election, 1826, on the annual half-year's vacancy in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

I will conclude, with an error of the press, page 56, concerning the year when the Comments on my Hampstead Doggerel Verses were written ; for, instead of 1801, it should be 1804, but as this is the *last* error I shall take notice of, it may be as well to observe, as a guide to the reader in similar mistakes of the printer, that the *error* detects itself, not only from the *short note* to these comments mentioning 1804, but from the following lines, page 55: " under his especial protection Great Britain will most probably be instrumental in pulling down the proud Corsican from the *throne* he has *usurped*." Wherefore, as Buonaparte was not declared

*Emperor* till May the 18th, 1804, it is impossible this extraordinary political event could be *truly* stated as having taken place in 1801, *id est*, *three* years before it happened.

---

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, having, since the publication of the present volume, and after a painful illness of *six* months, (borne by him with *uncommon fortitude*,) departed this life; a *mournful* event, that has occasioned the deepest and most heart-felt sorrow in all classes of society, from the *peer* to the *peasant*, and which has overwhelmed the Royal Family with an anguish of mind *inexpressible*, it was utterly impossible, with my ardent gratitude for his Royal Highness's military services, as Commander-in-Chief during the late war, (of which war, so much has been said in prose and verse, in my two

volumes of Tracts,) to resist the grateful impulse of proving my high respect for the late Duke of York's *magnanimous, humane, and generous* conduct in public and private life, in that way most natural and *congenial* to my energetic feelings, namely by the inspiration of *Poetry*. For humble prose would have been too *cold* and *uninteresting* to express in glowing language (warm from the heart) the ardent *strength* and *sincerity* of my *gratitude*.

The following Verses, therefore, in honour of a royal and illustrious public military character, who has generated in the British Empire a greater degree of *private* sympathy and *national excitement*, than has been experienced in this country since the death of the immortal Lord Nelson, are humbly submitted to public criticism. For the King, having not only lived many years beyond the age of man, but having long been *afflicted* with the *two* greatest



infirmities of body and mind incident to human nature, was, though *equally* respected, not so much *lamented*; and Mr. Pitt's public and private virtues were at his death, and are still, *obscured* by the mist of *party*—a *mist* that will more or less continue till all his opponent political contemporaries are *dead*. Then, and *then only*, will this truly great and virtuous Minister shine in the page of History, with all that pure and transcendant *brilliancy* which he so justly merits.

## VERSES

### ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH

OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

### THE DUKE OF YORK,

BY THOMAS LOWNDES, ESQ.

FROM *Honor's* cold bed British Warriors arise,  
 And York's spirit welcome to the regions above,  
 Whose royal corpse now in St. George's fane lies,  
 Most *sweetly* embalm'd by each true Briton's love.

Yes, bright *Star* of Brunswick, so belov'd is thy name  
By that gallant Army o'er which thou presided,  
That though it be deem'd a foul blot in their fame,  
(For which they would be for ever derided,)

To drop a sad tear, while the battle is raging,  
O'er the Heroes who fall for their Country and King,  
Great Wellington himself (his deep grief assuaging)  
Shall moisten York's grave for death's premature sting,

And secretly own, though from every danger,  
Hitherto, some kind Angel has *shielded* his life,  
To Death's daily *Victory* he is no stranger,  
For with this *mighty* conqueror *vain is all strife*.

Yes, Heroes renown'd in the proud lists of Fame  
For gaining each battle, where'er it was fought,  
Have learnt the home truth, that when their *time* came,  
Fate their *thread* cut too, and *man's skill set at nought*.

DOVER, Jan. 22d, 1827.

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#### NOTE ON THE ABOVE VERSES.

Mr. Lowndes, not wishing to shine, like the Daw, with *borrowed feathers*, thinks it right, in justice to himself, to print a copy of the "*Original Poetry*," published as his in the Morning Post, February 9th, 1827—not from any poetical vanity; as the public may perhaps think, though he does not, that the *altered verses* are the best. At the same time Mr. L., though surprised at this FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, must candidly acknowledge that all his other productions, in prose and verse, inserted in the Morning Post during many successive years, so far from being altered in the slightest degree, were *verbatim* copies.

*From the Morning Post, Friday, Feb. 9th, 1827.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS, ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS  
LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,  
BY THOMAS LOWNDES, ESQ.

FROM Honour's cold bed, British Warriors arise,  
And welcome York's spirit to regions above;  
While his corpse in the last home of Royalty lies,  
Embalm'd with sweet tears of affection and love.

Yes, bright Star of Brunswick, to thy hallow'd name  
Thine own gallant Army will drop the sad tear;  
And Wellington's self shall but brighten his fame  
In heaving the sigh o'er the Warrior's bier.—

And secretly owning that, though from each danger  
He 'erst has been guarded by Bounty Divine,  
To Death's daily victory he is no stranger,  
And knows with that victor resistance is vain.

Yes, Heroes renown'd in the proud lists of fame,  
In all climes and ages of Chivalry's story,  
Have all known the Conqueror that suddenly came,  
To vanquish the Victor, and darken his glory.

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NOTE TO PREFACE.

WHETHER I have formed a just opinion of Bolivar's *imperial* ambition in my verses, page 169, vol. i. and that his patriotism, instead of being pure and disinterested, like the *great Washington's*, is *à la Bonaparté*, I leave the public to judge by the following political document, extracted from the Morning Herald, verbatim, Feb. 2d, 1827. "*About the 6th of December, Bolivar declared himself President of Peru for Life, with power to appoint a Successor. The Vice President was also appointed for Life, and his eldest Son to succeed him.*"

When the immortal Washington, after various undeniable proofs of the purest patriotism for many years, a patriotism so pure as never to have been *once* suspected, was made President for Life, the American Congress, who appointed him to this high national trust, as a reward for his public virtue, and for the public good, (for *Washington* did not *elect himself*;) never dreamt of tacking to this honourable choice an hereditary successor, and still less did they think of appointing a Vice President for Life, and *entailing* this deputed power on the Vice President's *eldest* son. But why the *entail* was *created* is as evident as any axiom in Euclid; so evident, that this *sly sordid* act not only speaks for itself, but, like the *stinking* brush of a fox, *smells* so rank of *corruption*, that the most *short-sighted* politician, with a tally-ho view all the way, may trace it to its *cover*.

Page 173, vol. ii. Being more prone to worship the *setting* than the *rising* sun, from an innate and habitual aversion to that injustice, which always more or less attends *prejudice*, and which, therefore, occasioned my *advocating* the *morality* of the Stage in my *letter* to the Covent Garden Committee, I must, for fear of giving an *unfair* and *dangerous* bias to the public mind, candidly acknowledge, that theatres are not, generally speaking, the *best* schools for good wives or good husbands, though the female *star* prizes, which have been drawn within the last thirty years by men in high life from those two theatrical matrimonial lotteries, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, may seem at first sight to justify a contrary idea.

Page 189, vol. ii. For Mr. Lowndes, Auditor of the Exchequer, please to read Mr. Charles Lowndes, formerly Joint Secretary to the Treasury with Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.

Page 231, vol. ii. "Pro tempore, like the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act," is an alteration in the Trial by Jury, that is, now *inserted* by Mr. L., and was never printed in his Likeness of Counsellors Puzzlehead and Doublefee.

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*An ANSWER from the Editor of a London Newspaper to Mr. L., on his calling to know, if his Verses on the much lamented Death of the Duke of York were printed.*

SIR,

IT being your request that the Verses inclosed to us, should be printed the first opportunity, I write to inform you the Poetry *was being printed* at the time you called.

I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

#### ANSWER.

SIR,

I THANK you for your Letter, and am happy to hear that the Poetry *was printing* at the time I called.

I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

P. S.—I hope you will excuse a member of the Old School using one auxiliary instead of two, particularly as *one* auxiliary expresses the same idea in a much *clearer* manner.—The above *Cockneyism* has so long existed in some of the leading Journals that the sooner it is corrected the better.



A

# LETTER

TO

LORD G\_\_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_\_.



BY

THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq.

OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH AND BLACKHEATH.



LONDON:

*PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,*

BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

1826.



# PROSE AND POETICAL

## PREFACES

TO THE

LETTER ADDRESSED TO LORD G—— C——.

BEING

A CRITIQUE UPON THAT LETTER BY THE AUTHOR,

THAT IS, A CRITIQUE ON HIMSELF.



MR. LOWNDES, the chairman, will inform you of all political news (if there be any stirring), so I shall not attempt to send you any news; but in lieu of that, I have taken the opportunity of Mr. Lowndes's going down to Brightwell, to send you a stupid, prolix, political epistle, written by one Thomas *Lowndes*, who I imagine has the vanity, by addressing his letter to Lord George Cavendish, to suppose he possesses something more than the mere cacoëthes scribendi. Whether he has shown much *power* of *argument*, you will be able to judge when you read it. One thing is *certain*; no man had ever a more capacious field for *satire* than the Opposition have furnished by their *ridiculous conduct* in adopting French principles, when the *principal* and almost sole reason for so doing was not any peculiar *partiality* to modern French *liberty*, but because they thought it the best expedient to vex, perplex, and

*shake* the *administration*. In short, like a parcel of mischievous boys, they were ripe for a *row*, and a French *row* was *better* than none at all. Opposition were not such idiots as to imagine French liberty would either contribute to the happiness, or suit the character of the British nation: no, but it suited their purpose for the time to cry up *Buonaparté* as a miracle of *wisdom*, as well as a *wonderful general*, a second *Solomon*; and having a great deal of the Jew about him, the deception was the more *likely to take*. But perhaps the most rational way of accounting for the very extraordinary political conduct of *opposition* is, by supposing they first began with trying to deceive others, and ended with *deceiving* themselves; for I really believe latterly they had been so long in the *habit* of extolling the great emperor, that what was intended at *first* for a *feint* (like General Picton's attack at *Badajoz*) was converted into a *reality*; and they at last thought his power was *irresistible*, and his ways and means of obtaining that *power*, *supernatural*: in short, that he was a God upon earth, and therefore it was not only vain, but impious, to oppose him.

However, (having sent you one very long letter,) I think it time to *conclude*, which I shall do by observing that the epistle alluded to has certainly one merit, which is, that the writer of it thinks *exactly* like myself, and therefore must be a *sensible man*; for, after all, the only difference *frequently* between a *fool* and a *wise* man is *this*: if the sentiments of the fool coincide with the ideas of the person who reads his *publication*, he is for once a wise man, because he flatters the reader's vanity by thinking as he does; and you and I know

enough of the world to know this, that as most men are wise in their *own conceit*, if the writer differ from them in *opinion*, the author is a dolt, a blockhead, and an idiot. By this standard, (if I can judge of Mr. Thomas Lowndes from his Letter,) he will *console himself* and measure his own merits, whenever he hears that the Epistle to Lord George is called a long-winded, nonsensical, incoherent heap of trash, and that his apparent wisdom is only foolishness, interlarded (like a piece of a-la-mode beef) with *attempts* at *wit*, that are no ways connected with the *subject* of his *epistle*: for he appears to me to possess a considerable portion of vanity, and therefore will try to ward off any harsh criticisms that are levelled against his understanding, by a few shrewd observations, such as the following: Oh! no wonder that fellow *abuses* the letter. Mr. so and so is one of the most notorious jacobins in the kingdom, and his two friends that were with him, don't you know who they are?—One of them had the management of Fox's elections, when he was member for Westminster, and the other is a traitor to his country, who received a regular salary from Buonaparté for acting as an *English* spy for the French government. The first of them is also a rank methodist; the second, a sour morose deist; and the third a disappointed Irish Catholic, who, many years since, was one of the most active chairmen at the secret meetings of the United Irish, being promised a high and important post in General Hoche's army, if he the general had not (fortunately for Great Britain and Ireland) made such a *hoche poche* business of it. These fellows will, of course, abuse the Letter, because their political and religious creed is totally opposite, I

am sure, to Mr. Thomas Lowndes's; that is, if Mr. T. L. has given us the spontaneous effusions of his heart, and be not a complete hypocrite; who, like a waterman, while he rows one way, looks another; and, from he and I thinking exactly alike, I am so partial to him, I would defend him with the *same zeal* as if I were defending *myself*; for which reason, so far from thinking he is like Molière's Tartuffe, I think he is a downright honest John Bull, thoroughly *independent*, and no court-*sycophant*; though somebody told me he was looking after a *baronetage*, which certainly gives rather a *suspicious* appearance, considering the compliments he pays the Prince. But should he be looking after a baronetage, before I condemn him as a court-sycophant, I will wait to hear what he has to say for himself, for perhaps he may claim it as a *right* instead of taking it as a *favour*; and, now I brush up my memory, I do recollect hearing somebody say that a large sum of money (above a hundred thousand pounds) was owing to his family, of which he is the sole male representative, his father (who is between eighty and ninety, consequently indifferent about honours from his advanced age) being the *nephew* of the person for whose great public service the money is owing, therefore could not be more nearly related unless he were his *son*. This, by the bye, depend upon it, is what Mr. T. Lowndes alludes to in his Letter to Lord George; if so, the nature of the public service, for which so much money is due, was on a scale of such vast magnitude and importance, that he has no occasion to flatter the Prince and the administration of the country to get a baronetage. For a hundred millions added to the

wealth of this country would, if an appeal were made to the public, claim from the gratitude of John Bull (who has naturally a *good heart*) not only a *baronetage* but a *peerage*; particularly if John, at the same time, could save to Old England the payment of a *hundred thousand pounds*; for Master Bull, being no *fool*, but a plain honest man, would reason in this manner, especially as he is noted for his good common sense: Here is a debt, of above seventy years standing, acknowledged to be a just and *fair debt*, and only the *length of time* made use of as an excuse for not paying it; for as to the distant relationship to Mr. Lowndes, the inventor of the Bay Salt, a brother's son, *legitimately born*, is, in my opinion, almost as dear to a man's heart as his *own son*, especially if he come from a good stock, and of virtuous and honest parents; therefore, in this case, the plea of remoteness of relationship falls to the ground: but, as I was told, there is one passage in the printed Pamphlet of Mr. T. L.'s, who rendered such great services to the country, that in this *selfish monopolizing* age deserves to be written in letters of gold.

"I do not apply," says Mr. Thomas Lowndes, "to the *crown* for a *patent* for this improvement, because I conceive that the act, empowering the *crown* to grant *patents*, does not mean to include inventions or improvements relating to the *necessaries of life*." Shall the near relation and representative of such a man turn court-sycophant for a paltry baronetage? No; if he possess one spark of his great uncle's nobleness of *thinking*, he will spurn to have it upon any other terms, but as a cheap and just compensation for a large debt and such great public services, that there is no danger

of his baronetage serving as a bad precedent for other dormant claims of a similar nature—the public service for which that title would be given, (in lieu of money,) by way of a small recompense to one branch of the family, being of such immense magnitude, that it will always stand alone and unrivalled. For the word precedent is only made use of as a shabby pretext not to do anything for the family, or, if any thing be done, to make it a great court favour.

I had proposed, in the following Letter, that *one half* of the *close boroughs* should be done away with; but, having touched so frequently on that subject in my different *tracts* now bound up together, I thought it would avoid tautology and shorten the Letter to Lord G. C. if I left out that part of it concerning close boroughs and their evil political tendency when too numerous. For, though I am well aware that a *certain number* of boroughs must be under the influence of government, to prevent the national wheels from standing still for want of a proper quantity of state grease to keep them in constant and regular motion, yet I must candidly confess, in the present defective state of parliamentary representation, it appears to me *one-half* of the close boroughs might be safely done away with and be rendered *more beneficial* to the country if converted into M. P. representatives for the *great counties, cities and towns*.

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# A LETTER

TO

LORD G—— C——.

(BUT NEVER SENT)

MY LORD,

I HAVE this moment had the honour to receive your Lordship's letter, and from the high respect I feel for the illustrious House of Cavendish, as a native and freeholder of the County of Derby, and an admirer of old whig principles, very *different*, I am sorry to say, from *modern whiggism*, shall be very happy to do all in my power to aid and assist your son in his election for the borough of Aylesbury, not having a shadow of doubt but he will be elected *triumphantly* by a great and respectable majority.

I am totally unacquainted with the political tenets of the new candidate, but have a presentiment that he belongs to that pest of modern civilized society, the demoralizing Jacobins, who, under the *specious* pretext of being more *zealous* for the rights and liberties of their countrymen than whigs or tories, equally *detest* both, and consequently against whom both should equally unite. With this strong impression on my mind, I shall most cordially

join my brother electors for Aylesbury of either political description, to summer fallow that ancient borough of its jacobinical couch and weeds, thoroughly convinced that, if suffered to grow, they would shortly destroy every good and honest principle in it. Should my supposition, that the evil spirit of jacobinism has raised up the new candidate at Aylesbury, be ill founded, and he should prove to be a good whig, tory, or independent, still his opposition to your son is absurd and nugatory, it being impossible for him to conceive for a moment he has any probability of success, when put in competition with so very respectable and popular a family as your Lordship's. But as the times, my Lord, are pregnant with great events, that may equally endanger church and state, and they are both so interwoven in one common interest, that, as your Lordship knows, they cannot be separated without great danger of a revolution, it becomes all *moderate* and *honourable* men, of *every political persuasion*, to rally round the *throne* in support of that *glorious* constitution we have still the happiness to live under, and in the *establishing* of which, your Lordship's *ancestors* being *pre-eminently distinguished*, we owe to your august family *peculiar* gratitude.

Though an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Pitt's

political principles, I am not so *infatuated* as to suppose there is no virtue but in a *Pittite*, or that it would conduce to the welfare and happiness of this kingdom to have only *one cast of* politicians in parliament. So far from thinking that would be beneficial to the state, I am convinced from the *secret*, rapid, and daily growth of *jacobinism* all over the kingdom, but particularly in our part of it, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, it is essentially necessary to the vital interests of this country, there should always be a *new set* of ministers in *harness* ready to put to the *state carriage* at a *moment's* notice, whenever a change of *any* administration takes place, and made up from independents, whigs, or tories, though (to say the truth) I most approve, my Lord, of a *mixt* administration, consisting of all the three *parties* — *Tria juncta in uno* ; as by softening down each other's prejudices, their *political* conduct is likely to be guided by a more *enlightened* and *liberal* policy. For parties acting upon the *insulated* principle of *self* are too apt to consider *themselves* as *every* thing, the *state* as *nothing*. But every impartial and candid man must acknowledge the only *true touchstone* of *patriotism* is an opposition to *measures* not *men*, and that no private feeling of the individual, (however exalted his rank in society, or however great his pro-

perty and abilities,) should come in competition with the public interest, and occasion him, in the pet of the moment, either to withdraw his services from the nation by seceding from parliament, or stimulate him to do all he can, if he continue to attend parliament, to *clog* the wheels of government, from the *selfish* hopes of making his *assistance necessary* to put them in *motion* again. After these political sentiments, your Lordship will not be surprised if I confess myself a warm admirer of the *political* conduct of the *Prince Regent*; though he has been so greatly, but unjustly censured, by what was called his party. For the Prince seems, in my feeble judgment, and a *great part* of the public see with similar eyes, to have proved himself a *whig Regent* upon *good old whig principles*, and to have *kept in mind* those principles, when some of his *intimate* friends appeared to have *forgot* them; and having formerly been a member of the Whig Club, but having withdrawn myself from it, as soon as I saw whig principles degenerate into jacobinism by the admission of several most notorious French jacobins into its society in the year 1797, I have not forgotten the toasts of that club; and one toast in particular, I am happy to say, seems engraven on the heart of the Prince: "The House of Brunswick, and may they never forget the principles

that seated their family on the throne of Great Britain." Now if we divest ourselves of all party-prejudices, and take a candid review of the political conduct of the Prince since he has been Regent, who does not clearly see, that his Royal Highness, by pulling down the tyranny of Buonaparté, and putting an extinguisher upon the usurper's new family dynasty, has acted upon the truest whig principles, which are, to oppose *tyranny* in every *shape*, whether in the *mob* or the *monarch*; and yet after this manifest proof of the Prince Regent's hatred of tyranny, he is still accused, by those who call themselves the Prince's friends, of *deserting* them. I leave the public to judge, which acted *most* like a *whig*, the *Prince*, who with manly firmness *opposed* Buonaparté, or the *opposition*, who on all occasions did all they could to *support* him, and advocated his *usurped* tyranny, like *lawyers*, that have a *perpetual retainer* to *defend* a cause *right* or *wrong*. Desert them?—As well might the crew of a ship when they *weigh anchor* accuse the *land* of *leaving* them, because it appears to *recede* from the vessel; the Prince representing the *terra firma*, his party the ship's crew on a *Buccaneering* voyage, without a pilot, anchor, or cable.

But thanks to our government, the illustrious Nelson and Wellington, and their gallant army

and navy, they (backed by the Prince's *steady and uniform resistance* of *French tyranny*, and resolved to conquer or die, seeing the country was playing for its last stake) have, by the blessing of Providence, brought the war to such a glorious conclusion as will immortalize his Royal Highness's government and our naval and military heroes in the page of history, and transmit the Prince down to posterity as one of the *greatest monarchs* that ever sat on the *British throne*; and, considering the Herculean labour he had to struggle *against* at home and abroad, by the *jacobins within* and our *enemies without*, those enemies, too, headed by an unprincipled emperor and marshals under him, of the first rate talents, who *stuck at nothing*, (except with their bayonets, and some of them with those deadly weapons *stuck at every thing*,) consequently with whom it was impossible to make any honourable and lasting treaty, the greatest monarch that ever sat on any throne. All this will be said by some is very true. But then only consider the hypocrisy of the Prince, and his shocking bad private character; consider, too, his abominable wickedness in deserting his party after the *promises* he had made them. What promises? Did he promise to *sacrifice* the country? because no such *promise* could be *binding* to the *most conscientious* man, as it is repug-

nant to every *moral* principle. Did the Prince promise, under *every circumstance*, and *every* emergency that might arise, to *consider his party only?* and, if it was necessary, to sacrifice the *country* to his *party*, or his *party* to the *country*, to give up the *whole* for the *part*? Such a promise would have been as *wicked* as it was *foolish*; it would have proved him to be a bad moralist, a bad mathematician, and a still worse statesman, to have acted so *absurdly* when he became head of a great empire, under the ridiculous romantic notion of a Sir John Falstaff promise, made in an unguarded hour of conviviality, or perhaps during the midnight orgies of a drunken revelry; and the natural effect of such a foolish promise would have been the ruin and *devastation*, not *only* of *Great Britain*, but of *all civilized society*. For, from the extraordinary partiality of the Prince's party to the Great Emperor, as they called him, the modern Caligula, or Nero, (only infinitely more despotic than either, considering the *enlightened* times in which we live,) they would most probably have patched up a *hollow* peace with their friend Napoleon the Great, under the *pacific* and *mild* influence of the gentle Mr. Whitbread, who was such a constant *advocate* for peace, that *every period* seemed a proper one for that purpose, winter or summer, seed-time or harvest,

adversity or prosperity, *victory* or *defeat*. And with such a *peace*, no one will hesitate to say what would have been our condition at this *awful crisis*. I would attempt to paint the gloomy state of our finances, trade, and commerce, on the eve of a new war with the French government, one and indivisible ; a government represented, not as with us, by component parts, but by a single individual, whose *will alone* was the *law* of almost *all* Europe, and whose will aimed at making *all* Europe *one* and *indivisible*, by suffering no one to *participate* in the universal empire he was endeavouring to establish, but those vassal monarchs who, by a royal feudal system, held their thrones under him, upon the express condition of *sacrificing* the *interests* of their *kingdoms* to the *madheaded ambition* of the *Corsican* usurper; and *when demanded*, sending into the field certain quotas of troops, and into the French treasury forced loans drawn from the impoverished vitals of their degraded states, to form and bolster up a colossal empire, that (like the Colossus in ancient history) would soon have tumbled to pieces by its own weight, leaving nothing in this most extraordinary age for the wonder of *unbelieving* posterity (many of whom will not credit what they hear in future history) *half* so *wonderful*, not even the immensity of Buonapartés



ambition, as the *unparalleled folly* of the British government, in even thinking to make peace with such a monster of iniquity; for, clear it is as the sun at noon-day, if St. George had not destroyed the *dragon*, it would soon have destroyed *him*. I say I would attempt to describe the extraordinary folly of a peace with such a *salamander*. I have indeed attempted to sketch the outlines of the picture, but feel most forcibly my inability to do it proper justice: for he who attempts the arduous task—

Must with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
Touch the rough cords of this fam'd Gallic *Liar*.

The consequence, therefore, of the Prince's strict observance of his supposed promise to his party would have been not only ruinous to the state, but a lamentable proof of H. R. H.'s imbecility of mind, naturally *strong* and *brilliant*; and to urge him to what some might call the conscientious performance of his word would have been infinitely worse in its result, than what Henry the Fifth's bottle companion, Sir John Falstaff, is recorded to have urged that prince to do, when he said, Rob the Exchequer, Hal, rob the Exchequer; for the Prince Regent would perhaps not only have drained the treasury of all the money in it.

but he would have drained the last drop of blood from the country, by admitting a set of men into power, to the *exclusion* of all others, (for there was the rub,) who, as soon as they became the administration of the country, would have thoughtlessly and obstinately made peace with their friend Nap, and such a peace, as I have shown would have left us, in all *probability*, at this *moment* on the *eve* of war, or so *fallen* from the *high rank* we held among the nations of Europe, as to be at the mercy and *controul* of that ruthless ruffian, and his ferocious banditti, aided and assisted by his very worthy and respectable friends, the jacobins of London, Nottingham, Birmingham, &c.—The observance therefore of such a promise as the one I have alluded to, appears to me, my Lord, and I have no doubt, from your honourable feelings, your Lordship sees it in the same light, more *honoured* in the *breach* than in the *performance*; for it would have been equally *wicked* and *foolish*. And as *Abraham* at the *Lord's command* was ready to *sacrifice* his son *Isaac*, the Prince might have said to his party, (from the extraordinary events that were daily arising, when they wished to come into power,) “ as *Abraham* was ready to *sacrifice* his son *Isaac* by the *Lord's command*, I am (from the peculiar circumstances of the *times*, and from the critical situation of the

kingdom he has made me the head of) obliged very *reluctantly* to *sacrifice* you, my *dearest* and *best* friends."

But now I come to the *pith* and *marrow* of that foul crime of the Prince Regent, that can never be forgotten—that perpetual blot in the escutcheon of the Prince, that eternal disgrace to royal honour, that most heinous breach of friendship which makes the Prince more *treacherous* than *Iago*, more wicked than Buonaparté and all his myrmidons, he would not, with the *enemy* at the gate, (and *such an enemy* as, for *vice* of *every kind*, *ferocity* and *deadly hatred* to the *British*, this country had *never* before to cope with,) admit his *party* to the *exclusion* of *all others*; he would not, in Mr. Fox's language, let them lie *four* in a bed. Now who would suppose, after such accusations of the Prince for *breach* of friendship, that his Royal Highness, so far from *forgetting* his *promise* to his *party*, did, with the *nicest sense* of *honour*, (but at the same time prudently considering the critical state of the country, Buonaparté threatening us with an *invasion*, and the jacobins and malcontents with a *revolution*,) give two noble lords, Lord G——— and M———, both *staunch Foxites*, a *carte blanche* to form an administration upon a *broad* basis, taking in *all* the *talents* of the country of every political description;

but which they modestly declined, perhaps from the idea that if it took in only *men of talents*, their friends would have a very *small share* in it. However, from whatever cause, certain it is, that the idea was spurned by the Prince's party, and an administration formed without any of them.

But having, my Lord, protracted my letter to a much greater length than I intended, I shall here conclude by apologising not only for its prolixity, but its contents, with assuring your Lordship my object, in troubling you with this long political letter, is to prevent the jacobins (for though an apparently insignificant individual, I have not a few enemies among those impudent and lying demagogues) from fastening upon my public character the charge of political inconsistency, by voting for your Lordship's *son* at Aylesbury, and my friend Mr. Selby *Loundes*, when he stands again as a candidate for the county of Buckingham. But as, in making a good John Bull plum pudding, it is necessary (in order to produce a proper firmness, and adhesion of the different component parts) to mix up the ingredients of it in *due* proportion ; so, to produce proper energy to the public measures of this great nation, and firmness and solidity to our councils, it seems to me equally necessary to keep up a due proportion of inde-

pendents, Whigs, and Tories, to prevent a total suspension of all the great functions of state, a *suspension*, a million times more *dreadful* than that ridiculous bugbear of opposition alarm, the *suspension* of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. For what more *dreadful*, my Lord, even in *apprehension* only, than to suppose the *wheels* of government, in such a *complicated system* as ours, to *stand still*, though but for a *week*, while a few *hot-headed* and *wicked* revolutionists are employed, under the *mild* name of *reformers*, in *greasing* them, and while (the administration of the country being extinct, and the king employed in forming a new one) an artificial population of three or four millions are reduced to a state of starvation, from being all at once thrown out of employment, by the standing still of the great state-machine, followed by the stoppage of all the various machinery and mechanism, that has, for the last twenty years, been the life and soul of our trade, navigation, and commerce. For the great *state-wheel* putting in motion all the minor ones, that *ceasing* to move, all the others must be motionless also. God forbid such a *terrible* day as this should ever happen, as the jacobins would make it a *thousand* times more *dreadful* than the great *awful* day of *judgment*. Then we shall appear before a most *merciful* Judge, to be

*punished for crimes only we have committed*, but in the day of jacobin triumph, (all the ferocious passions of man let loose upon society,) we should, after a *sham* trial, or perhaps *no* trial at all, be *condemned* for *imaginary* crimes to a cruel and ignominious death; or after being imprisoned and *tortured* in *every possible* way by a banditti of low, ignorant and self-created *judges* without *mercy*, and influenced only by the most *malignant spirit of revenge*, be suffered (on surrendering up all the noblest qualities of man) to lead a dishonourable life worse than death itself, stript of *character, health, friends, and property*, by such sham patriots as Hone, Hunt, and Cobbett, and by British mobs, much more dreadful than the most *ferocious* French ones, (for their mobs were certainly sober mobs,) whereas ours would be made up of men, women, and boys, goaded on by *brutal drunkenness, avarice*, and fanaticism, political, and religious, to commit every horrid and diabolical excess that can most degrade human nature, and make man *more savage* than the savagest beast of the field. The above *shocking* but *true* picture, my Lord, may seem too *highly coloured* for *reality* to *moderate* men like your Lordship, and who, from their high sphere of life, never *minge* with the *lowest* classes of society, properly called the dregs of the people: yet if we

consider what happened this time two years, in our own country, and that the population of all great cities are always more *profligate* than the inhabitants of the country, and also take into our consideration the number of *murders*, so *degrading* to the British character, that have happened *since*, your Lordship, I think, will allow I have not launched into the wild and fanciful regions of fiction, by outstepping, in the smallest degree, the fair bounds of probability.

Hoping, therefore, all statesmen of every description, and particularly your Lordship's political friends, will take warning by the *commencement* of the late French revolution, and when returned to the next parliament, that they will turn over a new leaf, and (instead of a systematic opposition to government, *right or wrong*) oppose *measures*, not *men*, I shall finish with a second apology for the length of my letter, for (though a friend to administration, from their having *ended* the war so *gloriously*, and conducted it so *well*) I am always for *such* an *opposition* phalanx in the House of Commons, as will make government *cautious* how they *act*. I would rather see *no* opposition (as it would be uselessly taking up the time of the two houses, whenever they attacked the ministry) than such a *feeble* one, as might, in their puny efforts, be likened to a *gnat* or *fly* attempting to

bite the proboscis of an *elephant*, or a *cricket chirping* under the nose of some *gigantic* ox to *frighten* him out of the *rich pasture* he is feeding in. Assuring your Lordship, too, which I do most sincerely, it is not only my humble opinion, but the opinion of most independent men, that the giving *up party* feuds and animosities (all those little squabbles *in parliament* and *out* of it, for the *pitiful* purpose of getting into *power* at the *expense* of the dearest and best interests of the country) is the only *certain* method to *prevent* that most *dangerous hypocritical faction*, I do not say *party*, (because by that, as your Lordship knows, is meant a respectable *body* of men, who have some *honourable* and *rational* object in *view*,) the Cob-bites, Honites, Huntites, &c. from *rushing* into *power* the moment there is the slightest *hitch* in the wheels of government, (for *nations* as well as *nature abhor a vacuum*,) and illustrating the fable of the *monkey* and the *cats*, by settling all party-quarrels in a similar manner, namely, giving to each a shell but keeping the oyster to themselves, that is, as long as they could keep it. For I have often seen *one* hungry *cur* snatch a *bone* from another hungry *cur*, the moment he was going to put it to his mouth, and the fate of the first revolutionists in France would most assuredly be the fate of the triumphant jacobins



here, faction succeeding faction in rapid succession, till the revolutionary torrent, sweeping every thing before it, (like a whirlwind, or the sea in a high tide, when it overflows its natural boundaries, attended by the mighty wrath of heaven, thunder and lightning, and the dire horrors of a tremendous tempest,) involve all in one common ruin, leaving nothing for the *melancholy* contemplation of the philosopher or statesman of our once *venerable* and *beautiful constitution*, (for ages the wonder and admiration of the wise and good in every civilized state,) but the *terrible recollection* that it *once existed*. Oh, heart-rending, agonizing thought, that the *condensed* wisdom of our ancestors should be thus *scoffed at*, and *annihilated* by a set of ignorant, depraved wretches below the brute creation in understanding! that *wisdom*, which (like the mountains of ice at the *two* poles that have been *accumulating* there from the beginning of the world) has, *drop by drop*, fallen from the *distilled minds* and *benevolent hearts* of the best and wisest of our ancestors, from Alfred the Great to this period, aye, and the best and wisest of all mankind since the world began; till a code of excellent laws (breathing only the divine spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Justice, and containing the essence of Christianity) has been compiled, so *refined* and *pure* as to defy

even the cankerous breath of jacobin malignity. Most of the admirable laws of our land of liberty thus proving themselves, like highly burnished steel when breathed upon, *spotless* as the *mountain snows*. However, certain it is, whether successful or not in securing the revolutionary plunder, each of the different factions, looking only to *its own selfish views*, would be *equally* indifferent about Pittites, Foxites, Saintites, or Independents, not caring *one* jot for any of them, nay, *not* even showing one whit more partiality, nor (while rolling a *quid* of *Wishart's* best pig-tail in their bristly chops, alas! *unpaid* for; as the people in those times *pay for nothing*, but take *French leave*) caring the value of a pinch of snuff for that parliamentary rock of adamant, Sir Francis Burdett; for I will not degrade our celebrated baronet's transcendent abilities (which *all must acknowledge*, though *often miserably prostituted*) so much, as to rank this political eclipse of the Westminster course, with such a motley crew of tagrag and bobtail; and yet I have, at this distance of time, a very lively idea of his magnificent entry into the grand city of Babylon, mounted, like the great Mogul, on a stately triumphant car, not drawn by elephants, for they are *sensible* animals, with a long string of pudding carts in his rear, like a kite's paper

tail, to make Sir Francis fly the better, that is, in other words, to cheer the drooping spirits of the mob by giving him a *colourable majority*. This long train of dandy carts, with weeping Billies and their doxies, intermixed occasionally with sweeps, coalheavers, botching taylor, dustmen, and gipsies, butchers with their marrow bones and cleavers, *travelling tinkers*, curs, drunken cobblers, asses, and hackney coaches, while in this sublime procession, *extending* from Hammersmith to London, the sweet and enchanting nymphs of Saffron Hill, Pudding Lane, S—ck Alley, Tothill Street, and St. Giles's, were waving their lily brown and tagrag handkerchiefs, resembling Smollett's flag of abomination; and the ragged companions of some of them (not unlike a poor devil just cut down from a gibbet) were tossing about their rusty beavers in the air, as if to prove their inherent contempt for the *crown* by showing they *scorned* to have a *crown* to their *hats*, for, if their heads were not *enlightened*, their *Cartons* were.

I shall now conclude with every ardent wish for the prosperity and happiness of my native land,—feeling an honest pride and glory in being a British subject, and convinced, if once we suffer the constitution of old England to be destroyed, we may say, as Hamlet said of his

father, "take it for all in all we ne'er shall look upon its like again." Yet I must acknowledge (as an impartial man) the observation (that has so frequently been made in the patriotic speeches of various independent men in parliament, and out of it) is too true. It is *not*, say they, the *grant* of money for *public* services that Englishmen, naturally grateful, *complain of*, but the *grant* of money for *no services* at all, or given as the *wages* of *corruption*. Subscribing most heartily to the justness of this sentiment, I feel as certain of the following incontrovertible truth, as I am of my existence, that *no lapse of time*, however long, can justify a corrupt act, or diminish the moral obligation of government and individuals to perform an *honest one*. The laws of honour and morality being fixed by Providence on an immutable and eternal basis, every *debt honestly contracted* is, to all eternity, a just and *fair* debt till it be paid in some shape or other, or forgiven. *Then* and *then* only is it cancelled. Were it otherwise, happy would be the scoundrels that lived 500 years ago, as their crimes have been committed so *long* since, that the length of *time* might be pleaded in the *next* world in *bar* of punishment; and for the same reason unhappy would be the good and virtuous characters, as the same argument might be used *against* their being *rewarded*.

If such special pleading be made use of by governments or individuals to answer their own selfish purposes, the freethinkers of the present age would very soon extend this *phantasmagoria* mode of arguing to Heaven itself, and I am sorry to say, with every prospect of success, when applied to all those whose weak and depraved minds have been sapped by the diabolical parodies of a Hone, and the sceptical sophisms of Cobbet, which shows the great danger of advancing doctrines repugnant to those divine principles that form the three grand corner-stones of human society, namely, *public faith, honour and justice*—principles that in the most ancient times, even in the days of paganism, were the adamant base of the Greek and Roman empires, so much admired for the excellence of their laws, that some of the best of those laws formed also the web, in which ours are interwoven; and which, thanks to a Wellington sent by Providence to make *nations honest*, still continue to be the *Stone-henge* cement of our most admirable constitution—that constitution which has, for the last twenty years, shown its superior *virtue and purity* by having been the *grand Palladium* and safeguard of all the kingdoms in Europe, and by having engrafted on the hearts of oak of our gallant soldiers and sailors, such an exalted *godlike*

sense of honour, that when, to their *eternal disgrace*, foreign *kings, princes, and nobles*, were *bribed to betray their country*, no *breath of calumny* has been able to *fasten* upon our *immortal army and navy*, from the *highest officer* to the *lowest private*, one *single stigma* of *corruption*; and as many of the *jacobins and demagogues* of *Birmingham, Nottingham, &c.* were *bribed for years to betray us*, it is the more *wonderful*, as they were more *desirable* objects of *corruption*, that the *soldiers and sailors* should have proved themselves such *incorruptible defenders* of the *invaluable rights and liberties* of their country.

Judging from the *immortal victories* by land, of *Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and Blenheim*, and our *great naval victories* for the last *three centuries*, that will for ever *immortalize* our *sailors*, it has for ages been the *universal opinion* in *Europe*, that *French troops* stood no chance with *British troops*, or *French sailors*, with *British sailors*, provided their force and the *enemies* were equal, or nearly equal; but the *virtue* of *British soldiers and sailors minds* in *resisting temptation*, that *philosophical firmness* so much admired in the *purest and best periods* of *Greece and Rome*, was a *virtus celata* never thought of, and like escaping the *plague*, when breathing for months together its *pestilential vapour*, was the *more* to be *wondered at*,

from the *uncommon depravity* and *corruption* of the times. This most extraordinary military and naval *victory* of the *mind* will therefore be considered by *posterity*, if not by *ourselves*, (for fear of being accused of too much vanity in praising our own children and near connections,) the *brightest* gem in the crown of Great Britain, a gem *receiving* and *reflecting* an *additional* lustre from the very *splendid* victories that surround it, and particularly from those astonishing masterpieces of naval and military skill and valour, the superlatively brilliant and magnanimous battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

That this incorruptibility may serve as a bright example to the nobles and commonalty of the realm, at home and in our colonies, to the law and the senate, our allies and our enemies, alike covering with its impenetrable *Ægis* the king and the constitution, and spreading its benign influence during this time of general election, a *time* always of great *corruption* and *depravity*, over all classes of society, the electors and the elected, from the duke to the peasant, is the ardent and patriotic wish of,

My Lord,  
your Lordship's obliged,  
sincere and devoted  
humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
June 18th, 1817.

*P. S.*—I have not forgotten the time when H. R. H.'s party, who are now so inveterate against him, on account of his private character, (and no wonder, if we consider their uncommon morality,) used to say the *private* character of a king was of little consequence when compared with his *public* character; that if you could have *both* in a monarch, so *much the better*, but the *best private* character was not to be put in competition with the vast national advantages arising from great *mental* abilities. The King, said they, though a very worthy man, a good father, a good husband, and a good moral character, is a poor, *stupid monarch*, fit only for a private station. Let the Prince come to the throne, and then you will see the difference. Then you will see *one* of the *greatest* princes wield the British sceptre, that ever sat on this throne, or any other; a prince who will make us *respected* by our *friends*, and *feared* by our *enemies*. Why, then, are the same party so much altered in opinion? is it the battle of Waterloo, and the dethronement of their friend Napoleon, that has occasioned them to change their sentiments of the Prince's great abilities? or are they turned saints, and therefore disgusted with his immorality? No, says an impartial observer of these political *weathercocks*; who, though *abhorring* the tyranny of the Stuarts, have been



constant idolizers of Corsican tyranny, (perhaps because Buonaparté was a *usurper*, and not a *legitimate* monarch.) This, and this only, is the reason. He is *in*, but they are *out*. When they are *in, too*, the Prince will be himself again, and we shall hear nothing more about H. R. H.'s private character. It is very extraordinary that the same men, who *prophesied so truly* when speaking of the splendid figure the Prince would make when he came to the throne, should have proved such *false prophets during* every period of the late glorious though destructive war. I must here request, my Lord, you will bear in mind, that, when speaking throughout this Letter of those *violent men* of your Lordship's party, who for years have acted like jacobins, (though moderate ones, compared with Hunt, Hone, or Cobbett,) no part of the Letter alluding to them, was meant, or can in any way be fairly supposed, to apply to a modéré and true whig like your Lordship, whose excellent public and private character prove your descent from the truly noble and patriotic House of Cavendish. It is another most extraordinary circumstance in this wonderful and singular age, that *the whig in King William's time is the tory of the last twenty years: for the Pitt principles are old whig principles*, and those of the soi-disant whigs of the present period, and the twenty years alluded to, the *high*

*tory* principles of the unfortunate reign of the Stuarts, sticklers for *arbitrary* power, and acting as if *all* were made for *one*, and not *one* for *all*. Indeed the strange conduct of some of the most violent of the soi-disant whig party in the House of Commons for the last twenty years puts me in mind of the emphatic conclusion of a letter on the abolition of American slavery, written by a worthy deceased relation and friend of mine, a year or two after the first peace with America. "I do not know," says he, "a more *inconsistent* being on the face of the earth, than an American *patriot* signing the *charter of independence* with the *one hand*, and with the *other brandishing the whip* over his *affrighted slaves*;" to which he might also have added with great propriety, that Scriptural advice,—Wherefore let not thy left hand know, what thy right hand doeth. From the indignation the above true patriot expressed on the coalition of Fox with Lord North, I can easily conceive (had he been living within the last twenty years) with what horror he would have beheld that *monstrum horrendum, infandum*, the coalition of Fox, Buonaparté, and the French Republic. For of all the triumvirates we read of in ancient and modern history, this is certainly the most revolting, ridiculous, and inconsistent. *It is tying a sound, healthy, living body to a rotten, stinking, dead carcass, that one may corrupt the*

other, till both are reduced to the same uniform mass of putridity. But to show the union of Fox, Buonaparté, and the French Republic in the most glaring colours of absurdity, let us conceive *Fox, Caligula* and *Nero* forming a grand whig confederacy in the glorious cause of *liberty* and *independence*; for Caligula, Nero, and Fox is such an absurd and *unnatural* partnership, that it flashes immediate conviction of the gross inconsistency of such an alliance, and instantaneously alarms his friends for the *dreadful* consequences that must arise to this celebrated whig-patriot's public reputation from keeping such shocking bad company; yet Nero, Caligula, and our Richard the Third were *farthing rushlights* of tyranny compared with Buonaparté, considering the present *enlightened* age, and the *dark* period of their respective reigns. How extraordinary then that this Corsican *flambeau* of tyranny should never have given *Fox* and his *party* the slightest *alarm*, as if its *tremendous blaze* of light had so dazzled their eyes and bewildered their understandings, that they were incapable of seeing distinctly, from the mild gas-light of rational liberty being completely absorbed in the terrific and magnificent blaze of smoking towns and cities, laid waste and in flames for the *amusement of Napoleon the Great*, like Nero fiddling when Rome was burning.

But, as the most striking proof how the mind, like the palate, may become so vitiated by living for a long time on high-seasoned French dishes, as to think *plain food insipid*, who, since the usurpation of Buonaparté, can see the performance even of Richard III. without forcibly feeling that the *boldest* traits of Richard's *tyranny* are so *feebly* marked, as to make that much admired play tame and *uninteresting*—Gloucester's *mild* tyranny no longer impressing us with the same awful and majestic ideas of his power, since we have been accustomed to behold the gigantic despotism of the ferocious Corsican usurper; a tyrant not feebly grasping at the *contemptible dominion* of *one* solitary kingdom, but madly aiming at *universal empire*, and, for that purpose, not confining his blood-thirsty ambition to the slaughter of a few thousands, but diabolically becoming the *savage carcass-butcher* of the whole human race? How much though Richard's military character towers above that of Napoleon the Great in the last act of these two celebrated tyrants! How different does the mind feel, when we contemplate Richard, with the intrepidity of a lion, *boldly* cutting his way through Richmond's army, and dying like a hero in the field of battle, and then contrast his last convulsive efforts with Napoleon the Great, dastardly running away on the first sad reverse of fortune, and

treacherously leaving his *brave* and *faithful* army to perish in the battles of Egypt, Leipsic, and Waterloo! all this, too, that he may eke out a miserable existence on the barren and desert rocks of St. Helena, the prisoner and pensioner of an enemy he once despised and insulted in every possible way; thus, (though he has survived all his military fame and glory,) *rejoicing to escape with life*; nay, so destitute of every noble heroic feeling, as not only to be *contented*, but *happy to live* upon any *terms*, however *ignominious*.

To sum up all, my Lord, in a few words, after a third, but farewell apology for taking *the liberty of trespassing* so long on your time and patience, I will conclude with observing, what I hope will be giving your Lordship, as some atonement for the prolixity of my letter, *multum in parvo*, and yet without in the slightest degree hurting your Lordship's feelings, that had the tria juncta in uno, the triple alliance in the good old whig cause of liberty and independence, been Buonaparté, *Pitt*, and the French Republic, instead of Buonaparté, *Fox*, and the French Republic, I could not have restrained myself from a *jeu-d'esprit*, that some very religious people may think highly improper, though no man can feel more *gratefully* and *piously* impressed with the awful sanctity and goodness of the redemption of our Lord and

Master than myself; that seeing the great, patriotic, and disinterested name of Pitt between those two monsters of iniquity, Buonaparté and the French Republic, was such a *prostitution* of our illustrious minister's immortal and magnanimous character, that, when I considered the happy conclusion of the war by the grand and superlatively brilliant battle of Waterloo, (a war not directed merely to the temporary subjugation and diminution, but to the total annihilation of the British empire, and only finished so gloriously by the Prince Regent, and his administration, acting upon the sound political principles of Mr. Pitt,) the *placing* that great *man's hallowed name between* those two notorious swindlers, Buonaparté and the French Republic, reminded me of the treacherous Jews crucifying our Lord and Saviour between two thieves.

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#### NOTE.

THE following scandalous and malicious expression in the postscript, namely, "the *Prince's shocking private character*," I must here observe, in justice to myself, and to prove my loyalty *untainted*, is not meant to show my own opinion of his majesty, (for I have always considered the king's friendship for some accomplished ladies of the British court, of *lively* and *entertaining* manners, purely *platonic*,) but is a statement of the *infamous* language of the vile *lying* jacobins at the time I wrote the preceding letter, a small part of which only was sent to Lord G. C. Yes, a statement of the daily lies and absurd prejudice of the prince's political enemies, who,

from *disappointed ambition*, and the annihilation of Bonaparté despotism by *British influence*, malevolently chose, through many of the rascally public journals, and by divers other means, to pervert every thing the king did, however *innocent*, into a *criminal* accusation, and an impeachment of his private character. Wherefore, at the *same time*, his majesty's immaculate consort was allowed by the *inconsistent Caroline faction* to be *six weeks, by day and by night*, under a close tent with a *handsome Italian*, not more than *thirty*, and without a *third person* to interrupt their tête à tête, and yet was deemed by her political friends *spotless* and *cold* as the *unsunned snow*, the king could not pay a friendly visit of *half an hour* to a lady between *fifty* and *sixty*, to take a cup of tea, and a dish of chit chat, but foul-mouthed scandal, with her brazen face, and millions of tongues and eyes, was echoing from one end of the kingdom to the other—aye, and over all Europe—heads and tails of ideas, as ugly as herself; ideas, too, that, springing up like mushrooms, were *generated* only in the hot-bed of *prejudice* and *folly*, being invented by the artful jacobins as a *sly* set off against certain *accusations* touching Queen Caroline and her foreign favourite.

This candid and just defence of our merciful and enlightened sovereign, setting aside my *individual gratitude* to the king as a British subject, I could not avoid making, from the *inexpressibly* grateful respect I shall feel as long as I live for his majesty's *unexpected and unmerited condescension*, in acknowledging, by return of post, the receipt of a humble political pamphlet of mine (through the Marquis of Conyngham) the same day the king did me the high honour to receive it, his lordship being *commanded* to inform me my pamphlet was *graciously* received, and which commands were executed by the noble Marquis in the most friendly and *courteous* manner.

Having thus expressed my grateful feeling to George IV. with the honest indignation of a loyal but independent Englishman, I hope and trust that my *allusion* to the Queen and Bergami, (free from the least particle of *unmanly malice*, and *solely* revived by me, in order to prove more forcibly the *then* ridiculous prejudice against the king, now, thank God, according to my *prediction* at the time, as popular, by the *sun of truth* dispersing the

*dog*, as he was then unpopular,) will be a warning to the *rational* part of the nation, for to them only I address this letter, how they swallow the cock-and-bull stories of the Times; for that to act wisely they must think *slowly*, and, at all events, think for themselves, instead of letting others, with *fewer brains* and *less principle*, think for them. But, particularly, that this excellent *reformation of thought* will be the *result*, when *coupled* with the *account*, a-la-Falstaff, of the *killed and wounded* in the Yeomanry Manchester Massacre (as the jacobins called it), where, by adding *two* ciphers, *seven* was made *seven hundred*, and that *seven* reduced to *five*, by a dead radical, confined in Stockport gaol for *stealing tobacco*, instead of dying in the Manchester infirmary of his yeomanry wounds, *coming to life again*, and a supposed *recent sabre cut* turning out to be an *old sore* from a rusty nail, though put down in the Huntite *bloody list* by way of a SWELL.

I shall now really finish this letter to Lord G. C. by hoping that what I have written will convince the modern whigs that, whenever *party* clashes with *public interest*, they will stand higher in public opinion if they consider the country *more*, and their political interest *less*. For certainly to *displace* all the different orders of society, is neither the wisest nor the safest way to get *into place*. May this letter, therefore, serve, as I have intended, to convince future whigs, in any *future critical* state of the country, (such as I hope will never happen again,) that to get at the *fruit* of their ambition, it will be much better to climb the tree in a regular school-boy manner, than, radical like, to take the *axe* and *cut it down*; except it be the Tree of Liberty, and then, I hope to God, as *soon* as planted, so soon it will be *plucked up again*.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
Dec. 1st, 1826.

THE END.



## A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY;

*Addressed not particularly to her, but to Dealers in  
Scandal more advanced in life; and which Letter,  
it is hoped, will serve as a warning not to  
form too precipitate a judgement on  
what we hear merely from report.*

MADAM,

As I understand you have taken the liberty of speaking very flippantly of me, (though flippantly is much too gentle an expression, you being a young lady, I shall not make use of one harsher,) and as I have heard you will quit H\*\*\*\*d in a few days, I have taken the earliest opportunity of addressing myself to you respecting an accusation of such a nature, that I hope and trust I shall always be tremblingly alive at, however blunted my feelings may appear, when compared with a young lady's of your seemingly exquisite sensibility.

Your person and name, I confess, is not altogether unknown to me, as from your prepossessing figure, and face, I was led some weeks ago to inquire after your name; for wherever we see superior beauty and elegance, the mind naturally feels a curiosity, if imper-

tinent, at least pardonable. A curiosity similar to that in travelling, where on passing by a beautiful seat, we are induced to inquire the owner of it; though when told the gentleman or lady's name, we are neither happier or wiser for our knowledge.

From what I was told last night, it should appear too, that my name is not altogether unknown to you. Though I have not the vanity to suppose your curiosity to know my name arose from the same cause as mine; yet for a young lady to talk much about a man unknown to her, except by name, seems to imply that person must have made a very deep impression on the lady who honours him so much as to make him the subject of a long conversation with a female friend.

But what is most extraordinary, I find that my conduct on several occasions, and one in particular, is *better known* to you, Madam, than *myself*, and that the impression I have made upon you, is of so shocking a nature, I am ardently desirous to erase it.

Had it been of a contrary tendency—a pleasing one, as you are young and handsome, the conquest would have flattered me. The impression alluded to, if it will gratify your vanity, has, I assure you, sunk full as deep in my mind as it did in yours. But I fancy neither of us

would wish our nerves to tingle with the cold petrifying sensation of horror; at least, for my part, the thrilling sensations of love would be more adapted to my taste.

You have seen, Madam, and said so much about me, as is not to be accounted for, but by supposing you some invisible agent, one of those ærial sylphs introduced by a great moral poet in his Rape of the Lock. And *morality*, either in prose or verse, has, I am sure, from your sensitive *delicacy* of feeling, been your *study* and *delight*.

If then you are, young lady, of the sylphid race, which your form, light and airy, should seem to indicate, you are surely my guardian sylph, sent by kind heaven to watch over and protect me in my nocturnal slumbers. If you did not hover round my bed, and guard my *small clothes*, (a species of sacred duty, similar to that of guarding the *petticoat*, to which honourable office Mr. Pope has appointed *fifty* chosen sylphs,) I cannot possibly make out how you could see so accurately from the Terrace Walk, that a man and woman were standing at a window in my house, without any clothes on, except a shirt and chemise—walking with the rapidity that you walk, sylphid like,

“ As swift Camilla glides upon the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbended corn, and skims along the main.”

It is the more surprising that you should discover, with a *coup-d'œil*, while passing quickly over the Terrace Walk, a man and woman, but still more extraordinary that you should declare that man to be *myself*. I can only say, were you or any other young lady in the same state of undress, and the same distance from me, even a lady I knew more of than yourself, and with the advantage of the modern *half-dress* fashion among the females to help me out, I could not swear to your sex in your *bonnet de nuit*. However, Madam, supposing you actually did see what you have reported, you must have been wonderfully *fascinated*, to fix your eyes upon me for so long a time, even if you suspected you had seen me before—a time much longer than I should have thought any *delicate* young Miss would have ventured to look at a man with nothing on him but his shirt; I can only say I must have been beside myself, instead of a woman, unfit for any society but Bedlam, if it were as you imagined, and I was aware I could be seen. You must certainly have taken a long and accurate survey both of me and the woman, as my arm, according to your account, was round the woman's waist. The trees too, being so *thick of foliage*, you must have been as ingenious as Peeping Tom of Coventry, to find out a *hole* between the *interwoven*

branches to look through; you must also, I should think, have made use of a *magnifying glass*, to see so distinctly at such a distance. But as my arm, to be in the position you describe, must have been concealed behind the woman, your eyes, Madam, (besides being quick and brilliant, which I am ready to acknowledge them to be,) must have possessed the very singular faculty of *seeing* through an *opaque* body; a faculty which the most profound philosophers will acknowledge to be so extraordinary, so supernatural, that you must be nothing less than an angel, and as your form is angelic, to corroborate that idea, most certainly of the sylphid race; though, till you deny or palliate the charge against me, I cannot possibly consider you my guardian sylph.

For were you my *guardian angel*, you would have sent me some intimation of my infamous conduct, and have refined it down, if it were as you have stated, into an unintentional breach of decorum, arising from the idea I could not be seen at such a distance; instead of which, with a variety of other idle charges, you attempt to confirm all the *malevolent* and *ill-founded* rumours concerning me, that you have heard during your short residence in H\*\*\*\*\*d, by saying, I have no doubt Mr. L\*\*\*\*\*s is one of the most profligate of men; for I myself saw him and a wo-

man, *totally undressed*, standing at a window in his house, he with one arm round the woman's waist, and both of them appearing in all the soft and gentle dalliance of love.

As you did me the honour of saying a great deal more about me, though the rest I shall pass over, I must expect of you, Madam, an explicit answer, whether you ever told any one in H\*\*\*\*\*d you had seen me and a woman at an open window in the state I have described?

You must be conscious the accusation is of a most heinous nature, if that infamous breach of decorum were committed with an idea it could be observed by the passing stranger; such a crime indeed as should be severely punished, and is certainly amenable to the law of the land. If the crime, on the contrary, was committed unintentionally—for I call a scene such as you describe, a crime against society of the first magnitude—it was highly proper that I should know of it, directly or indirectly, that it may *never happen*, I do not say be *repeated*, because, as you will see, Madam, I *deny* its *having happened*, and am convinced that the whole must have been an illusion of your *distempered* imagination. As people sometimes have fancied they have seen ghosts or spectres, when walking in a church-yard by moonlight, because their minds were full of the terrific, you ima-

gined you beheld such a scene as the letter alludes to, because by H\*\*\*\*\*d tales of scandal, you looked towards my house through the medium of prejudice, which always distorts every object it looks at, and, like the camera obscura, often displays, when in conjunction with scandal, objects monstrous and horrid to behold ; as the camera obscura represents men and women walking on their heads, scandal and prejudice, fond of the marvellous, shows their characters in a state as inverted and ridiculous as the camera does their persons.

From old maids soured by disappointment, or, if married, past the age of child-bearing, one cannot be surprised at such *fertility of mental* conception, such heads and tails of ideas ugly as themselves ; but for young ladies (particularly if endowed with Nature's choicest blessings) to *blow* the *bellows* at the old women's forge, and heat the fire of scandal that is to enable them to hammer out their nonsensical dross into shape ; for young ladies to *embody* those half-formed tales of scandal, of which crabbed old maids perhaps gave them but the *skeleton*, is so gross a perversion of their naturally amiable and lovely dispositions, as is scarce credible, and is employing themselves in a way *ridiculous, unnatural, and criminal*.

Concerning the charge laid to me, and which

is the subject of this letter, I can take my oath, I have not the most remote idea of such a scene, as it respects myself, and will most solemnly deny the accusation in toto. I had a relation of mine, a Mr. M\*\*\*\*, and his son, with me for two months, who left about a fortnight ago ; as there is often some slight foundation for stories like the present, I have no doubt it was Mr. M\*\*\*\* and his boyish son whom you saw at the window, for they slept at the time in that identical room, where you saw, or fancied you saw, the scene alluded to ; and from this circumstance has sprung this *monstrous* story, your prejudiced eye-sight converting the *youth* into a *woman*. For I have seen them frequently at the window myself, and almost undressed, that they might better enjoy the fresh morning breezes. Indeed I have no hesitation in saying, that must be the sole foundation for this strange story, which you innocently or malevolently have propagated and spread among your friends at H\*\*\*\*d.

Madam, I trust you will excuse the length of my letter, when you consider the importance of it ; and, without any vanity on my part, I am sure you will be convinced, that if I did not think the contest dishonourable, were I to set my imagination at work, I should be a *thorough match* for any young or old female scandal-



monger of your acquaintance. But young or old, I have such a regard for the sex, that my only contest with women shall be to please them, to obtain their good wishes being deemed by me the greatest happiness of my life, and to contend for their approbation the most honourable contention. With such sentiments of partiality for your sex, if I have faults, they should be investigated by the ladies with candour and mercy, and that partiality should not be returned by an *appearance* of malevolence on their part.

However, when applied to young ladies like yourself, I will not call female scandal malevolence; for I really believe with you and young Misses in general, it is only giddy thoughtlessness; but when young ladies attempt to *kill characters*, they should think of the frogs in the fable, when some little *giddy* school-boys were throwing stones at them in a pond, and the frogs cried out “ Pray, my little masters, consider, though this be *sport* to you, 'tis *death* to us.”

Madam, should you observe of me, which it is probable you may, that other persons, besides the clergy, practise one thing and preach another, I will nevertheless venture to go on in my sermonizing strain, and assert this:—to be *tremblingly alive* to the *opinion* of the world, is a most *laudable*

delicacy of sentiment in man or woman ; though the refinements of acute sensibility are more essential and natural to women than men, yet in both they are the life and *soul* of all great or good actions ; but the female world particularly, should, like the sensitive plant, shrink at the slightest *touch of scandal*, and be as much afraid to communicate the baneful effects of it to others, as to feel it themselves. It is the bloom of innocence only that can produce even the fair sex a lasting admiration ; that gone, it is folly to supply the place of it with scandal, paint, and patches : without that *bloom of innocence*, you must be conscious, that your elegant person and accomplishments would avail you nothing, and your beauty would appear as ugliness in the sight of the world. But besides by actual and suspected criminality of conduct, will you permit me to say, in the opinion of my own sex, if not your's, there is a way less dreaded by the women, because not so well known to them, yet equally fatal, by which the loveliest of her sex may lose all the pleasing influence of her beauty over men, and appear almost as deformed as by real criminality of conduct. That way is by dealing in *slander*, by endeavouring to blast the reputation of others, by delighting to *torture* the feelings of her fellow-creatures ; for the worst of mankind are not so callous to a sense

of shame, but their feelings may sometimes be put to the torture. All have occasional *paroxysms* of remorse, and whether pain be inflicted from *thoughtlessness*, or *malevolence*, it still is pain: the cockchafer feels as much agony when the ill-educated child from thoughtlessness sticks a pin through his body, as if it were done from the diabolical pleasure of inflicting pain; what Sterne says of slavery, may be applied to pain, it is a bitter cup at best, in whatever shape we disguise it. Now, talking of Sterne, should you, Madam, wish for an innocent amusement this hot weather, give me leave to observe, the young lady he describes employed in flapping away flies, not killing them, is innocently, if not usefully employed, and, at all events, has discovered a better method to *kill time*, than by *killing characters*. I hope Sterne's observation upon the young lady employed in that childish but humane amusement, will never apply to you, if you should hereafter be seen amusing yourself in the same manner, "Alas, poor soul, she has suffered *persecution*, and has learned *mercy*."

As Sterne seems to have studied the fair sex most minutely, and is a favourite author with the ladies, it is to be supposed the masterly touches of his pencil, either please the women from the justness with which he paints,

or from the flattering likeness he takes of them ; and surely he gives the justest and most pleasing picture of the female character, who considers *gentleness* and *mercy* as the peculiar attributes of your sex : hence, perhaps, arises the avidity of some ladies to read sentimental novels, that if they are not naturally humane and gentle, contrary to the sex in general, they may acquire a *taste* for gentleness and humanity, and be thought by the men to *possess* those charming characteristics of the fair sex, particularly as they know such sentiments will make them the more agreeable to ours.

A desire to please each other being implanted in the two sexes, for the best purposes, and such a desire, that, if you will allow me for once to be a moralist, is a *moral virtue*.

As you are said to sing most divinely, I wonder you do not talk like a divinity, for singing is only talking in a musical key. As you sing so well too, nature must have given you a sweet voice, not a rough and discordant one. Therefore, when nature has formed you like most of your sex, for *love* and *harmony*, why counteract her pleasing intentions, and employ your mind in stirring up *strife* and *contention* ?

Madam, I will conclude this long letter with apologizing for the length of it, sensible you will feel sorry for what you have said, as I am sure

in your countenance one can discern nothing of old maidenish crabbedness, although you seem to show a *premature* disposition for scandal, and to have already attained an old maidenish skill in it: notwithstanding I have the honour of knowing your name, I am totally ignorant whence you come, so that my curiosity has not been of a very impertinent nature. I have indeed a vague idea of having heard something about your coming from London, but cannot pretend to say, from what I have heard, whether you come from the city

“ Where London’s column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and *lies*.”

By which Mr. Pope could not surely mean to compliment the citizens upon a *superexcellence* in *fibbing*; and yet, as poets too deal in fiction, he might be supposed very jealous of any rivalry in that branch of trade: nor can I say whether you come from that celebrated school of transcendent honour and virtue, the west end of the town, but wherever you come from, Madam, earth, air, or heaven, I shall be extremely happy if what I have said *corrects* your tongue, without *wounding* your *feelings*, for which purpose I have endeavoured, like Queen Mab, to make use of a sylphid mode of cor-

rection, a *whip of cricket's bone*, and a *lash of film*.

I am,

Madam,

Your very sincere Well-wisher,

A great Admirer of your personal charms, and  
of those two great Painters of Nature,  
Shakspeare and Sterne.

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N.B.—In allusion to the subject of the above letter, your seeing me and a woman undressed at my chamber window, through the trees, as you were one morning walking very quickly by my house, I must beg pardon for quoting an observation of Gainsborough's, the celebrated landscape painter, which your very *uncommon* quickness of sight puts me in mind of. Gainsborough was summoned upon a trial in the Court of King's Bench, to give his opinion about a painting. A man of taste, who thought himself a *great connoisseur* in painting, had given 500*l.* for a modern daub, which he purchased as the work of an old master of the old school, Vandyke or Reubens. Gainsborough was appointed by the mutual consent of both parties to give his opinion, as neither judge or jury imagined their *united* knowledge in painting to be

equal to his *single* judgment, and Gainsborough immediately decided it was, like some modern ladies of ton, a *modern daub*; upon which, Garrow, the counsel for the knowing defendant who had sold the painting, cross-examined him, Mr. Gainsborough, in Mr. Garrow's usual flip-pant and brow-beating way.—“ Mr. Gainsborough, I think you observed in your evidence, if you were travelling *very fast* in a hackney coach through any street in London, and saw a painting hanging up at a broker's door, you could tell by a *glance* of your *eye*, during that quick motion of the coach, whether the painting was by an old master or a modern one; pray tell me, Sir,” says Garrow, “ by what means you have arrived at that wonderful quick-sightedness? was it *born* with you, or did you attain it by practice?”—“ By *practice*,” says Gainsborough, “ *as you lawyers learn to talk, and by that the eye of a painter will in time become as sharp as the tongue of a lawyer.*” Were you, young lady, many years older than you are, I should have thought a connoisseurship in the works of nature, aided by *practice*, had made you so quick-sighted, as to distinguish *me* in a state of undress, by a *glance* of the eye, when you were walking *quickly* by my chamber window. But, as female modesty is always painted with eyes *cast* upon the *ground*, with an agreeable reserve, how hap-

pens it that a young lady like you, who very properly values herself upon a becoming female delicacy, should be gazing at the chamber window of a bachelor at the time of his getting up ? unless with the *prying eyes of curiosity* to see him in his shirt and night-cap ; at all events appearances are much against her, and if that be the case, is it decent, is it just, nay, is it not glaringly *inconsistent* for that young lady to express astonishment and horror at such a sight as she might in some measure expect to see there, and seems to have been on the *look-out* for ?

And after all, would it not be thought by the *most scrupulous* part of the world, a ridiculous affectation of delicacy, or over-strained prudishness, if a girl, looking up at a bachelor's chamber window, at the usual time of his getting up, should *pretend* to be much *hurt* in her feelings, and *ready to faint*, at such a shocking petrifying sight, a man in his shirt and night-cap ?

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

July, 1802.



The following LETTER was written from Paris in the year 1786, by Mr. MILNES LOWNDES, a Commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, to his uncle-in-law Mr. DAY.

HON<sup>D</sup>. SIR,

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you and my brother took in sending me the money, which came here safe.

I have experienced the bad effects of Paris water and diet, neither of which are at all suited to my constitution; and I believe I must leave the place if things do not mend.

Large cities are never agreeable for summers, but I cannot imagine a more disagreeable city than Paris to a person of moderate fortune. Those who do not keep an equipage must be broiled in summer, and in winter covered with stinking mud, besides the danger they every moment are in of being run over by cabriolets, which are heavy one-horse chaises, very numerous, and come upon a foot passenger unawares.

The house of Mr. Boulnois is full of English, which decided me against going there.

I have not seen many of the Paris curiosities, and what I have seen have not been half so fine as the Frenchmen pretended they were: every thing with them is *Superb*! Versailles is cer-

tainly a very noble pile of building, and the gardens spacious; but the latter, being in the old style, with water-works, &c. have no great charms for an Englishman.

As the day turned out wet when we went to Versailles, we could not make an excursion to see a little palace belonging to the Queen, which is situated in the great park; but we saw her Majesty, which was, perhaps, equally as well. She is a handsome woman, of a bold and rather masculine appearance; and both her's and the King's countenance mark strongly their different characters.

Revolution goes on here very quietly. The papers dare not announce it, but private conversation says that some days ago eleven members of the parliament of Bretagne, who went to Versailles with a petition, were put into the Bastile, and edicts are now and then published by the Court to solace the people; and indeed the people seem to lean more towards the King than towards the parliament, and not without reason, I think. For the provincial parliaments are courts of justice, and the members of those are men who commence judges by *purchase*, not *merit*. I understand that it is intended by the Court to pay back the purchase-money, and to put the practice of the law upon a more equal, liberal, and solid basis.

The parliaments seem to presume the King has in no case a right to reform them, but somewhere there must be a power to remove judges supposed corrupt, &c. as it is plain they will not reform or remove themselves.

The French are strongly persuaded that we have all the advantages of the commercial treaty on the side of England, and I believe many of the English think the reverse. The Exchange is as much as a penny in half-a-crown in favour of England at present.

I have written in haste to you, because a gentleman is going for London, who will take this, and I did not know till this moment that he sets out to-morrow.



The following LETTER was written by the late THOMAS DAY, Esq. Barrister, Author of "Sandford and Merton," &c. to his mother, Mrs. PHILLIPS of Barehill, near Reading, Berkshire. The house, estate, and pleasure-grounds of this delightful residence having for some years been occupied by their present possessor, the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, widow and daughter-in-law of Lord George Cavendish. Mr. Day was uncle-in-law to the editor of this volume, and to his late brother, Milnes Lowndes, Esq., Barrister, and the writer of the preceding Letter from Paris,

Mr. D. having married Miss Esther Milnes of Wakefield, Yorkshire, their mother's sister, and joint co-heiress with Mrs. Lowndes.

HON<sup>D</sup>. MADAM,

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that I remain in good health, as I hope all the family does at Barehill. Since my last I have made a three weeks' tour through different parts of Holland, in company with a Dutch family of my acquaintance. I have been at Amsterdam, which is a very large and well-built city, as it ought to be, to receive the extensive commerce it enjoys. The streets are broad and regular, divided in the middle by straight canals, and bordered by rows of trees. The country about it is, like every other part of the province of Holland, flat and marshy, and disagreeable. The water one is obliged to drink is extremely bad. I have been at several of the Dutch country-houses, which I find detestable, though they are wonderfully well adapted to the taste of their masters. You see nothing but clipt hedges, straight walks, and canals of stagnating waters; so that I think nothing is wanting to complete the *dismality* of the prospect, except half-a-dozen malefactors, to be hung in chains at the entrance of the alleys. The travelling is in this country generally performed by water, which is tolerably reasonable and convenient;

but I cannot say I admire the Dutch carriages either for ease or dispatch. You generally travel in a kind of covered cart, drawn sometimes by three, sometimes by four horses. The family I was with had never in their lives been farther than the Province of Holland, so that the first corn-fields and hedges we saw quite delighted them; and I was every minute called upon to admire the prospect. Every hill of the size of Knowl Hill, or not half so big, appeared a *mountain*, and frightened the ladies out of their wits. During our journey we were invited to dine at a gentleman's country-house, and I could hardly help laughing at being received by the master, with his gun and dog, in a shooting dress. He had been skulking about the straight rows and clipped hedges of his plantations to shoot sparrows and wagtails: he told us very gravely, that his *chasse n'avoit point été heureuse ce matin*, that he had not been lucky in his chase this morning, for that he had only killed one sparrow and a tom-tit. The Dutch ladies are to my taste not a little disagreeable: they are so intolerably nasty and gluttonous, stuffing themselves all day with bread and butter and tea, and then retiring to discharge their superfluities at the little house, without any decency, or even taking the trouble to shut the door. So that it is almost impossible for any man who has been

accustomed to more cleanly manners to avoid being disgusted. Yet, upon the whole, I like the Dutch very well, as they seem to be an honest, good-natured, simple, undesigning people, when they are not possessed by the *fury* of *imitating* the French, which is very frequently the case, and makes the most astonishing contrast imaginable, as they are naturally extremely cold, phlegmatic, and perhaps stupid. I intend to spend the summer here, but shall return to England the beginning of October, at which time I hope to find every body at Barehill in perfect health.

I remain, with my affectionate compliments to Mr. Phillips and Mrs. James,

Your's,

THOMAS DAY.

*Hague, Aug. 10, 1774.*

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The following LETTER was written by Mr. LOWNDES to Lady HAMILTON the day after the news arrived of the celebrated battle of Trafalgar, to *condole* with her Ladyship on the ever-to-be-lamented death of Lord Nelson.

DEAR LADY HAMILTON,

Having observed the uncommon •  
sensibility of your feelings, I can too easily conceive the agony of your mind on the present

lamentable occasion, when a general sorrow pervades every loyal British bosom. To enquire, therefore, after your Ladyship's health, Miss Nelson, and the two Miss Boltons, has prompted me to take the liberty of writing to you, and for which I deem some apology necessary. But I would rather be thought *intrusive* than *ungrateful* or *destitute of feeling*.

As a loyal Briton, I also participate in the family grief, and mourn the irreparable loss of the truly gallant and illustrious Nelson, though not with the acute sensibility of a friend and relation, with the mingled sorrow of admiration, respect, and gratitude. Having the inward spiritual grace, I shall also put on the outward visible sign, by going into *mourning*; and I have no doubt the general feelings of the nation will be expressed in a similar manner. An honour justly due to the hero who has so pre-eminently distinguished himself in the service of his country, and which uncommon mark of respect, as your Ladyship knows, this nation rendered the great and illustrious Sir Philip Sidney, on a like mournful occasion.

Inspired by the heroic spirit of a Sidney, it is no small consolation to Lord Nelson's particular friends and relations, that his Lordship died, as he lived, covered with glory; a death, too, most congenial to his noble magnanimous

mind. Nay, that species of *death* he might be said even to *live for*.

With my most respectful compliments to the ladies, hoping Mr. Younge and his daughters were well when you last saw them, with my best wishes too to your Ladyship, and all Lord Nelson's family connections,

I am your Ladyship's  
Very obedient humble Servant,  
THOS. LOWNDES.

*Hamstead Heath, Nov. 6, 1805.*

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The following **SPEECH** was delivered by Mr. LOWNDES at Epsom. The inhabitants and freeholders of the county of Surry having met there to address his Majesty on the ever-memorable Battle of Trafalgar, in order to condole with their excellent King on the death of the British Hero, and to congratulate his Majesty on that great and splendid Victory.

**GENTLEMEN,**

I request the favour of your attention a few minutes, while I make some observations upon that unfortunate, though glorious event, which has occasioned our present meeting; for, however beneficial to the British Empire the late splendid naval victory may be—however great and illustrious the achievements of those



who had the glory of obtaining it, the transports of joy natural on such an occasion, are immediately checked by the melancholy idea, it was obtained with *this irreparable* loss, the *death* of the *greatest Admiral* our country has, or perhaps ever will produce. Lord Nelson being a resident in Surrey, and particularly partial to the estate he purchased in it, seems to me an additional reason why the inhabitants and freeholders of this county should be the first to address his Majesty on the late most illustrious victory, and to *condole* with him on the *death* of that *immortal Hero*, who has *sealed* a nation's *liberty* with his *blood*; not but I trust there are thousands in the British navy equal to a Nelson in personal courage, or high heroic honour, in *that* navy where *every sailor* is a *hero*: though I much doubt if there can be found even *one* man with our late illustrious Admiral's *naval skill in battle, his prompt, decisive, unerring judgment*. Indeed his Lordship's brilliant and rapid career of glory appears almost supernatural, and entitles him to be considered as a *naval comet* sent by kind Providence for the destruction of our proud inveterate foe, at the most alarming and awful period this country ever experienced. For, considering that the splendid Battle of Trafalgar happened *exactly at the time* the Corsican Usurper was basely *triumphing* at the sur-

render of Ulm, over an enemy *far inferior to him in numbers*; and whom, perhaps, *treachery*, not *superior valor*, had put in his power;—exactly at the time, too, when he was exclaiming, “It is not soldiers, or continental possessions I want, but *ships, colonies, and commerce*.” I say, when it is considered on that very day the late celebrated victory was obtained over the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Villeneuve, by which the Tyrant lost 20 sail-of-the-line, and almost all his Admirals,—does not this shew as plainly the finger of Providence, as the hand-writing on the wall at the feast of Belteshazzar? Does not this seem the warning voice of heaven, speaking to Buonaparte in this prophetic strain: “Thy usurped power, ferocious Tyrant, is fast *drawing to an end*—thy cruelties have at length roused my indignation, and the first proof of my vengeance shall be the destruction of that fleet which was meant to humble the natural Sovereigns of the Ocean.”

Whatever respect therefore can be paid to the memory of our *favourite* hero, the brave defender of his country, by a public funeral, a public mourning, and a noble monument expressive of a great empire’s gratitude, or by every other mark of public favour that can be conferred on Lord Nelson’s family, all these honours (great

and flattering as they are to his Lordship's relations) will fall infinitely short of Great Britain's heart-felt gratitude, her deep rooted, poignant regret. But a *deviation* from *naval etiquette*, similar to that which brought a Nelson's *wonderful abilities* into action, and gave him so early an opportunity of displaying them, (by which deviation his Majesty shewed such extraordinary judgment,) is the most likely method to discover any brilliant naval talents, that may now lie dormant, in great and enterprising minds, ardently desirous (like a Nelson or a Sidney) to live immortal in the page of history: for when we mourn the loss of our departed hero, it is no *small* consolation to reflect, we have *yet living* the *illustrious Defender* of *Acre*, whose godlike spirit has, perhaps, ere this, rushed into the vacuum of public fame, occasioned by his Lordship's unfortunate death.

Yes, brave Sir Sidney, thy chivalric fame,  
 Great and illustrious as thy noble name,  
 Shall live immortal in the historic page,  
 And brighter glow to each succeeding age:  
 Like a fine Claude, as age to age succeeds,  
 So bright shall seem thy high heroic deeds;  
 Fame's colouring, mellow'd down by truth's bright  
     ray,  
 Shall shine effulgent as the source of day.  
 If this bright fame for but *one* Acre too,  
 Ye Gods, for *millions* what won't Sidney do!

To give the devil his due, what but Buona-  
 parte's politic deviation from Court etiquette,  
 by attending to merit, and to that only, (*pro-  
 vided their military abilities were not likely to rival  
 his own*, then woe be to them!) has raised up so  
 many skilful generals in the French army from  
 the very dregs of the people, at a time when  
 France groans under the most corrupt, wicked,  
 and despotic government that ever disgraced  
 the annals of history! But with Mr. Pitt's  
 noble and liberal mind, we may expect to see  
 every possible encouragement given to *rising  
 merit, unsupported by family or party influence*,  
 the too *servile* attention to which has been so  
 frequently fatal to the dearest interests of other  
 countries. And let it be remembered that the  
 late most splendid victory off Cadiz was ob-  
 tained by the united efforts of a British navy  
 and a British admiralty, at a time when many  
 lamented a younger and more active mind did  
 not preside over the naval department, forget-  
 ting the *pilot destined to weather the storm was  
 then at the helm*, and that by his *superior wisdom*,  
 his *disinterested patriotism*, and his *good fortune*,  
 which justly entitles him to be called *Felix*, we  
 may expect, as long as Mr. Pitt continues there,  
 Great Britain will increase in prosperity—will  
 (in spite of the proud Corsican's threats) *increase  
 in ships, colonies, and commerce*.

Trust me, who thinks not Pitt, all good and wise,  
 Knows not where virtue, where true honour lies,  
 Or did not bigot hate, or party zeal,  
 Lock up his soul in adamant steel,  
 Candid he'd own Pitt's rich capacious mind  
*Proves him a Premier born to save mankind.*

With many thanks to you Mr. High Sheriff,  
 and the Gentlemen assembled, for your polite  
 attention I shall conclude with giving my hum-  
 ble, but grateful assent to the present Address.

Nov. 23d, 1805.



A LETTER to each of the Editors of the DAILY  
 ADVERTISER, ORACLE, and TRUE BRITON.

SIR,

I have this moment observed a passage in  
 your paper, relative to what was said by me at  
 yesterday's Epsom Meeting, which has imme-  
 diately flashed upon my mind such strong con-  
 viction of disrespect to a monarch, who reigns  
 in the hearts of his people, and increases upon  
 their affection the longer he reigns, that I am  
 sure you will have the goodness to insert this in  
 tomorrow's paper, that no time may be lost to  
 correct the unfavourable impression it may have  
 made of my political principles. I feel the  
 more hurt, as it is a duty I owe to myself, and

to the best of fathers, a duty I owe that man from whom I have imbibed my political tenets, and whose loyalty to his king and respect for our constitution is so indelibly stamped on my mind, that time itself which mars all other impressions, will never, I am sure, obliterate them. The gentleman I allude to is the late Mr. Day, who was a most enthusiastic admirer of our glorious constitution, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, and from the purity of his own heart, set a just value on the uncommon virtues of our most amiable monarch, a prince whom he looked up to with peculiar respect, as a bright example, not only to his subjects, but to future kings. I must request, therefore, you will do me the justice to state, that I did not *recommend his Majesty* to depart from the accustomed rule of employing Commanders according to their *seniority*, as represented in your yesterday's paper, but that I said this :

Gentlemen,

If it could be inserted in any part of the Address, that his Majesty's Loyal Freeholders for the County of Surry felt strongly at this critical period how highly advantageous it had been to his Majesty's glory, and the prosperity and security of his Majesty's subjects, that Lord Nelson, though a *junior* officer, was appointed to an important command earlier than is usual

on such occasions, I think it may be flattering to his Majesty to be reminded of the success that deviation has met with, *under his sanction*, and may be useful to the country. — I particularly said I was aware how *delicately* such a nice subject should be handled, therefore, as my brush was a common one, I felt conscious the hint I had thrown out would receive no small advantage from being improved by some of the Gentlemen present, and touched up with their more delicate pencils. I had in view Lord William Russell, as from his Lordship's urbanity of manners and gentlemanly address, he seemed particularly adapted for the occasion.

I am,

Mr. Editor,

Your most humble Servant,

THOS. LOWNDES.

Nov. 22d, 1805.



*A LETTER, pro bono Publico, for the COURIER PAPER respecting Mr. Alderman Milnes's £200 Legacy left 80 years ago to the Parish of Cottingham, near Hull, in Yorkshire, but which has never been printed till now.*

SIR,

As we have lately heard so much about Government abuses from that swarm of political

reformers with which the country is infested, (each mountebank recommending his own *nos-trum* as the only infallible cure,) it appears to me most rational, before we can attempt with a proper consistency of conduct to correct *public abuses*, first to try to correct *private ones*, that we may all of us say with self *satisfaction*, thank God, our withers are *unwrung*. Hoping therefore, the two following Letters will convince your readers of the necessity of the individual *heirs of families*, who have founded private charities and left small legacies, looking into such charities with their *own eyes*, I shall be obliged to you to print this in your loyal paper, for the use of the public, heartily wishing, as I have a great esteem for the John Bull politics of a loyal City Baronet, as well as for his public and private character, that he may get through the attack made upon him by Mr. Alderman Waithman, respecting the *Orphan Fund*, with as good a grace as the heirs and executors of the Knowsley family, who have so *satisfactorily cleared themselves* from any selfish interested conduct respecting my great uncle Mr. Alderman Milnes's charity to the parish of Cottingham, near Hull, in the county of York. For, though I detest *radicalism*, I love honesty,—as the worst of all rogues is he who *cheats the poor*. Per-



haps the Baronet and Co. will defend themselves by saying, they have only done what their predecessors did, but though that may exculpate them *individually* from the foul charge of *dishonesty*, yet this is no reason why the abuse should not be *corrected*. I therefore heartily wish Mr. Waithman success in *these* attempts at reformation; and wish too for the sake of the Public, as well as for the credit of his own understanding, he would at present confine himself to *private abuses*, and quit politics, at least till he can speak *dispassionately* and without prejudice on *government abuses*; for a prudent man who is not a *good swimmer*, will never venture far out of his depth, but, if fond of fishing in a sea of troubles, will take care to fish only in shallow waters. Now let the public compare Mr. Waithman's conduct in the City of London respecting the Orphan Fund, with that great *Champion* of Reform Mr. Brougham, who has made so many good and sensible speeches about correcting Public *Charities*. This gentleman, though an enthusiastic corrector of abuses on some occasions, when perhaps his ambition stimulates him to exertion, like Mumps in the *Entertainment* (who could hold his tongue when he pleased, or talk when he pleased), can be silent and lukewarm, where a great charitable institution is concerned, if, like Richard the

Third, he receives a letter requesting him to look into *Public Abuses* at a time he happens not to be in the *vein to do so*. This is the only way, in which I can account for this *learned* and popular *Reformer* not having done me the honour to send any answer to two Letters I wrote to him last summer respecting Lowndes's Astronomical Professorship in the University of Cambridge, founded seventy-five years ago by the will of Thomas Lowndes, my late father's uncle; but to *which will* (although it expressly states that Lectures *shall* be given, and appoints trustees to fix with the University of *Cambridge* the number of these annual Lectures, and the time for delivering them), so little attention has been paid for *seventy-five* years, that the *Lowndes Professorship* for Astronomy and *Geometry*, (though the salary is *considerable*,) has been generally, and is *now*, a mere sinecure, few lectures having been given since the death of the *founder*. Nay, the present learned professor, Mr. Lax, instead of living at *Cambridge*, resides 40 miles from it, and is, I believe, not unfrequently during Term time enjoying *himself* among his relations and *friends*, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the borders of Westmoreland, he being a native of that part of the kingdom. But the above act of *omission*, though consistent with his *name*, I denominate not only *Lax conduct*,

but highly improper in a Reverend Divine, who, (when his religion teaches him to do as he would be done by, and that religion is his profession,) thus pockets near £500 a year from an *Astronomical Professorship* for *doing nothing*, and who cannot excuse *himself* on the score of *incapacity*, being an uncommonly clever man, and in every respect but his *indolence* (occasioned perhaps from his being born under a lucky *planet*) a very proper person to fill the Professor's Chair.

Wishing on all occasions to do what I can for the public good, and thinking various places in the kingdom might have similar charities to the one at *Cottingham*, which only required the Heir of the *Founder* to look *into*; I will thank you to insert the annexed letter, in order to put the said heirs at law upon the alert by rousing their *activity* in a *good* and noble cause; for (as you plainly perceive on these occasions) many *Brooms* not only sweep *cleaner* than *one* Brougham; but, added to this, *new Brooms* particularly are said to *sweep clean*.

Hoping, Sir, you will allow me to subscribe myself, with many apologies for the length of *this Article*.

Your very obedient humble Servant,

and, though a *Loyal Subject*,

a true *Friend* to the *People*,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

COPY of MR. LOWNDES'S LETTER to the VICAR of COT-  
TINGHAM, Hull.

Clifton, 17th Feb. 1820.

SIR,

BEING at Church this *morning*, where I saw the Benefactors to the parish written in gold letters upon the panels of the *gallery*, it has struck me it would be very proper that the *Charities*, left for ever to the *Township* or Parish of Cottingham, should be set forth in a similar manner, as the best check to parish abuse—Therefore the *two hundred pounds*, left by Mr. Milnes (my mother's uncle) to the poor of *Cottingham* for ever, the interest of it to be given away every Christmas in bread, should be written in similar letters of gold. If it be not done so, and the parish will not pay the cost of it, I will thank you to be so good as to have it painted as above stated at my expense, and my tenant at Cottingham (for the late Mr. Lowndes's property there by his death is come to me) shall *repay you*. *The ten pounds a year* (though, if the money eighty years ago were laid out in land it ought to be more than that) should be written not only in such figures, that all the parish may see what the charity is, but, if there be no gallery, the inscription should be placed

in the most conspicuous part of the church. Mr. Milnes was an Alderman of Hull at the time of his death; when that happened I do not recollect, but of course the parish documents must contain an extract relative to Mr. Milnes's bequest, that will shew it.

I duly received your Letter respecting the above Charity, and which gave me considerable *satisfaction*, as it stated that £10 a year was regularly given away every Christmas. I should like though to know, whether this has been the *case* from the *time* it was *left*, and if there has not been in the Christmasses since then, some years on *which* no bread was *given away* (a hiatus *maxime deflendus*) for this common *abuse* of most *Charitable Institutions*, I much fear, will be found to have *taken place* in my great uncle's *annual Charity* to the poor of Cottingham.

The favour of an answer in the course of a week or *ten days*, directed to me in *this place* will much oblige

Your humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES,

Heir at Law to the above Mr. Milnes.

P. S.—I will thank you to inform me how the interest is secured, whether on *Land* or *Money*? I have no doubt it was the intention of the *donor* that the *money* should be *laid* out in *land*.

## COPY of the ANSWER to the preceding LETTER.

Cottingham, 7th March, 1820.

SIR,

SINCE I wrote in answer to your first Letter respecting Mr. Milnes's Bequest to the Poor at Cottingham, I have seen a copy of a Deed of Settlement on the part of Mr. Scroope, who married Mr. M.'s widow, by which Mr. Milnes's legacy of £200 is *secured* to the Poor of Cottingham for ever. Probably you have seen Mr. M.'s will and Mr. Scroope's *settlement*. If so, you will know all about it; but if not, I beg leave to inform you, that four *trustees* (resident in Cottingham) are *appointed*, with power to nominate a *successor* on the death of a brother *Trustee*. These survivors are also to *choose one* in his *place* a month after his *decease*. Now I find that *this* has been *neglected*, and there remains but one *surviving* trustee, who lives in *London*, and probably knows not that he is a *Trustee*, as he was chosen in 1790, and has not been here for many years. This Gentleman is a General *Burton*, who once had a large property in this parish. He was left *sole* Trustee at the death of Mr. Knowsley, whose *heirs* and *execu-*

*tors* have the money, and have regularly paid ten pounds a year, though by the *Settlement* it was to be held at 4 per cent. I have had some conversation with the principal executor, who tells me he is ready to pay the money, and indeed wishes to do it, if he can get a *proper release*. I have no power in this respect, for though the *Vicar of Cottingham* was one of the *original Trustees*; he is appointed merely by *name* and not *ex officio*. It is very desirable that it should be *soon settled*. I have heard of no hiatus except *one*, which is said to have been made by the *executors* not paying, for *some years*, the interest to the *Trustees*. One of my *predecessors*, however, applied for, and obtained the *arrears*. We have no *board* of gold letters, nor have we any considerable donation to *record*, but I think it is very proper, and if you will be at the *expense* nothing hinders it to be done: but I think the first thing to be done, is to have something settled about the *Trustees* and the *money*, and if you can point out any way in which I can forward it, you have only to inform me.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

JAMES DEAN,

Vicar of Cottingham, Hull.



## THE TREE OF LIFE TO THE COVENT GARDEN DEAD FUND.

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*A Standing Toast for the Annual Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, written by Mr. Lowndes when Vice President, but rejected on account of its too great length.*

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MR. LOWNDES.—With the gracious permission of our immortal and justly popular president, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, (I say *immortal*, not from *servile flattery*, but, because the commander in chief of the British army at the battle of Waterloo will, with the illustrious Wellington, and the other British heroes of that day live immortal in the page of history,) I have the honour to give you for a toast:

The myrtle of Venus, not the *Tree of Liberty*, ye *gay Lotharios*, though I take the *liberty* to give you Love's favourite *Tree*. Not the *Java Poison Tree*, twin brother to the infernal *Tree of Liberty*, and yet the tree I now give you is a *poison Tree*, the seraphic sight of which (for Miss Tree looks like an Angel) by its elegant simplicity, grace, and beauty, and from touching the chord of sympathy, with its heavenly concord of sweet sounds, shoots the envenomed shaft of Cupid through the love-sick heart with transports of pleasure inexpressible. Yes, we must be stocks and stones, or, even more *insensible* than they, for Orpheus's magic notes moved stocks and stones, if Miss Tree's enchanting voice (when gazing at her *lovely form*) thrill not through our spell bound ear and soul with dulcet melody. Your Royal Highness of course, and the gentlemen now present, will *anticipate* the popular female toast I have the pleasure to give you:—

*The sweet delightful COVENT GARDEN TREE, with three times three, and Love, and Peace, and Harmony.*

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TO  
**ZACHARY FUNGUS, ESQ. P.C.S.\***

OF SPIDER-HALL IN THE COUNTY OF VIPER LAND, LIZARD  
AND TOAD ISLAND;

*COMMISSARY & ADVOCATE-GENERAL*

OF ALL THE JACOBIN EXCRESCENCES, WENS, WARTS, AND  
OTHER ILL HUMOURS ON THE BODY POLITIC.

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BE IT KNOWN, That Foote, the Comedian, who so ably delineated the human character in his entertaining Dramatic Pieces, looking perhaps with a *prophetic eye* to the *London University for Mechanics, &c.* that was to *rise up* in 1825, says, "As polish'd periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics, a baser sort of coin is permitted to circulate for the ease and convenience of inferior traffic."—FOOTE'S *Commissary*.

SIR,

TO shew the zeal, and solicitude of Mr. Orator Broom, in behalf of National Education, I shall observe, that though he received some years since two Letters from me concerning Lowndes's Astronomical Professorship (both Letters being left by myself with his

\* P. C. S. means Political Cobweb Spinner.

Clerk, that there might be no excuse for not answering them), this great and good man has never thought fit to reply to either; and yet they were written at a period when most likely to be answered, namely, when this soi disant Patriot was *piping hot* for correcting Public Charitable Abuses. In these two Letters I stated that Lowndes's Professorship of Astronomy, founded by my late father's uncle in 1748, and left to the University of Cambridge, had, though now producing about 500*l.* a year, been almost a sinecure for nearly fifty years; if so, above 20,000*l.* has been received by the University of Cambridge *without* doing *any thing* for it. I therefore thought Mr. Broom's making some observation on so gross a neglect of public duty in some of his speeches or writings, relative to Charitable Abuses and Public Education, would be alike serviceable to the Literary World and to the British Universities. Such was the sum and substance of my two Letters, though perhaps not written exactly in the above language.

Now for my observation on Mr. Broom's *inconsistent* conduct: but without moving for a rule to shew cause for so extraordinary a silence—Be it known, that at the time of writing these Letters, the clamorous hot-headed Mr.

Broom, (the great Public Reformer of Church and State!) was looking up to the high honour of representing the county of Westmoreland in opposition to the Lowther interest, because he forsooth would make so mild, patriotic and independent an M.P.; therefore, (as two suns cannot shine in the same hemisphere,) he could not be *piping hot* after his own interest and that of the public at one and the same time. Be it also known, Mr. Lax, whose public conduct answers to his name, being so *lax* in the discharge of his duty since he has been Lowndes's Astronomical Professor, as to have given few or no public Lectures during the thirty years he has held this lucrative University office, is a Yorkshireman from the North Riding, and has many acquaintance, if not relations, in Westmoreland. Who, therefore, that looks so acutely after his own interest as Mr. Broom, would think of offending so powerful a freeholder of an adjoining county, and more especially when taking into consideration his very superior abilities; for Mr. Lax is acknowledged to be a very clever man, and very proper for the Professor's Chair, if from its *luxuriant softness* it did not make him *soporific* and encourage a *criminal indolence*. Added to this potent reason, Mr. Lax, having resided at

Cambridge above 30 or 40 years, must, during so long, a period have formed a very extensive acquaintance with Westmoreland country-gentlemen brought up at the above University, particularly too, as most of that time he officiated as a public and private Tutor, and must likewise have a very large acquaintance with the Westmoreland Clergy educated at Cambridge. How then could it be expected Mr. Broom should *sacrifice* so powerful an interest, unless (what pershaps few believe to be the case) he has no *personal ambition* to gratify; no avaricious *self-interest* lurking under the mask of patriotism. After my statement of his long silence relative to the Bay Salt Letters, *credat qui vult*, that Mr. Broom is so tremblingly alive to the *welfare* of the *middling* and *poorer Orders of Society*.

As to the New University in the City of London, that the ardent Mr. Broom now so warmly eulogises, (and which enthusiasm I doubt not for once he is sincere in, because, whoever knows that gentleman's *violent* Politics must be convinced it is only by *such a University* that he is likely to *rise to power*,) if this aspiring Lawyer, and some of his Political Partizans are not more successful in their predictions on its great national utility than they were relative to their deceased Friend Boney's

military fame, and *his* strenuous efforts in the *cause of Liberty*, we must of course suppose the result arising from such a Public Institution will be the very *reverse* of what they *assert* in their speeches. For, when we consider the unprecedented prosperity of the country, and call to mind the parliamentary prophecies for the last thirty years of *most* of these City University Advocates, whether these gentlemen are entitled to the appellation of true prophets, I leave to the impartial opinion of my enlightened, independent, and loyal countrymen. Suffice it to say, if this University take place, as it will be highly beneficial to the revolutionising *schemes* of the modern Sons of Liberty and Egalité, adieu to the present happy state of European tranquillity; since a more effectual method to *rekindle* the *smothered embers* of Jacobinism could never enter into the heart of man to conceive; and, whether it apply to Mr. Broom or not he knows best; convinced am I, that many who subscribe to it will subscribe with the idea that they are patronizing a Nursery for English Patriots, likely to tread in the steps of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, &c. *patriots by name*, but great only when plunder or state villainy happens to be the order of the day. For *poor scholars*, like *poor soldiers*, in the hands of *rascally* Jacobin

leaders, are the most dangerous subjects in *civilized society*. Wherefore, till this intended New University, like the late countless and madheaded London Speculations, die away, I propose the following addition to the Church Litany:—From Lawyer Broom, and his City University Associates, good Lord deliver us; that is, in other words, Good Lord, keep us under the protection of those true Patriots and Prophets, who, under thy guidance (for without thy assistance the *wisdom* of *man* avail-eth *nothing*), have safely conducted us through a long and arduous war, from the *pinnacle* of *destruction* to the haven of universal peace, and to such a national prosperity, in spite of the forebodings to the contrary from *most* of these new University Advocates, as never was known by the British Empire in the proudest annals of its commercial history, ancient or modern. Nay, I will say still more, if I could be astonished at any thing in this extraordinary age, nothing could have more *astounded* me than the *incredible* and *unwarranted confidence* of a set of men, when speaking in favour of this *dangerous National Institution for Mechanics*, (an Institution *unique* and *untried*,) who, if their pusillanimous councils had been followed twenty years since, would have made this now happy and independent Kingdom, a French Province, and

whose *State Predictions* during that period have *almost* universally proved *false*; yes, and their recommendation too of a Literary University in the heart of London for Tradesmen and Mechanics, during the ebullition of a speculative rage, greater than that of the South Sea Bubble at the height of its frenzy, which proves nations, like individuals, have their periods of *insanity*. For, if a nation ever was mad, the City of London may justly lay claim to be called insane, if we look back for the last nine months on its countless absurd and mad-headed money calculations. As Dr. Towers observed forty years ago, in a pamphlet of his relative to National Insanity, that this country was mad for seventy years, during the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster (for what did it signify to the people of this kingdom whether the White or the Red Rose prevailed); I can easily imagine what his idea would be, were he now living, as to the numerous embryo speculations, that have so fortunately died away, and which for some months reminded us of the *many-headed monster*, who, on one head being *cut off*, was seen ready to produce *half a dozen more*.

If, instead of this City University, Messrs. Broom and Co. would institute Schools in Ireland, and endeavour to civilize that unfortunate nation, some good might arise, though

they are not the most infallible planners of good and useful public measures, and for this reason, that Politics, alias Party, or, more properly speaking, *Faction*, enters more or less into every thing they do for the Public, and gives it a selfish tinge highly detrimental to its success.

Hoping some one more capable than myself will take up the important subject alluded to in this letter, (for in the intended City University I see twenty years hence another French Revolution on English ground, more dreadful to Great Britain than a foreign one, though in a neighbouring kingdom, and that the kingdom of our natural enemy,) I shall conclude with urging the absolute necessity of a wide-spreading Reform in the two loyal Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to *meet* the *rational objections* made to them in their present *defective* state, and which can only be done effectually by making them less expensive, and thereby more calculated for the education of sons of persons of moderate fortune, coupled with a complete change in the discipline of the pupil and the present mode of delivering College Lectures, as a plan much more conducive to the future welfare of the British Empire than a new City University for *journeymen Mechanics, Artizans, and Freemasons*. For, if the Tutors and Heads



of Colleges did their duty, the reformation of their Pupils, by a stricter discipline, a less expensive mode of living, and a more enlarged study, would follow as a thing of course.

Impressed with a thorough conviction of the absolute necessity of an immediate but moderate Reform in our two English Universities, to *silence* the *growing clamour* of an ambitious set of hot-headed mischievous Demagogues, backed by a few respectable and patriotic, but *short-sighted* literary *characters*, who, unfortunately, have lent themselves to the artful abettors and supporters of this new Republican School of unprincipled and turbulent Jacobins; for without a due mixture of *flats* and *sharps*, no State Scheme has any chance of passing with *successful harmony* through the two Houses of Parliament.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

T. LOWNDES.

*Blackheath, July 14, 1825.*

POSTSCRIPT.—*P. C. S.* means *Political Cobweb Spinner*; for the explanation or key to spider, lizard, viper, &c. see Mr. Broom's celebrated *Edinburgh Speech*, in which he so *triumphantly* and disrespectfully dragged the late Queen Caroline's unseemly corpse round the Edinburgh Dinner Table, in imitation of one of old Homer's

heroes, who, when slain, was dragged in *triumph* round the *walls of Troy* by his exulting conqueror. Whether the words spider, lizard, viper, &c. do not apply to the Edinburgh Orator with more *propriety* than to the *great crowned Heads* of Europe, the candid and loyal public are the best judges. At all events, the use of the above *reptile* names do not convey so forcible and apt a simile when applied to the Royal *Quadruple Alliance*, as to Mr. *Broom*, even if those Potentates had not been, which they were, the saviours, instead of the oppressors of Europe. For did he, or did he not, incontestibly prove his strong likeness to this *darling simile*, by making so *unmerited* a *comparison*?—Yes, was he or was he not convicted out of his own mouth, as in his Marplot conduct towards the late Queen he also proved, that an over-officious and selfish friend is the worst of enemies, if he did not give her Majesty the Letter *Ministers* intrusted him with till some weeks after it was committed to his care—a letter containing such terms as most probably the Queen would have accepted, had it been sent to her soon after it was written; though never can I believe, (whatever may be the opinion of others,) that this delay proceeded from the vain and ridiculous idea, that, if delivered by himself in his own *handsome fascinating person*, the *sight* of Mr. Orator Broom would *act as a charm*!

I now present to the reader a Letter sent by me to the *Morning Post*, on the 26th of May, 1821. It alludes to the Queen, at Brandenburg House:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—As many of the Brandenburg-house Ladies must have imbibed, by kissing Queen Caroline's sacred hand, such a *majestic* and *elegant* taste for the *sublime* and *beautiful*, as will perhaps make them for ever *despise* that *humble* but *respectable* sphere of life in which they were brought up, I shall trouble you with the insertion of a few lines of Poetry written twelve years since, hoping, in the hour of temptation, they will prove a useful warning to the young Plebeian Female Queenites, by putting them on their guard against those gay Lotharios, the dissipated Patrician Youths of great family and fortune, whenever (under the pretence of being honourable lovers) they happen to come with Loyal *sham* Addresses for their Queen of love, to the *lonely* and *motley* Court of St. Giles's. The verses, accompanied by a present of a Lady's brooch, representing young Phaeton driving the chariot of the Sun, were written and sent by me to Miss C—— of ——, in order to put the good-natured but thoughtless daughter of a respectable shopkeeper there on *her guard* against some smart gay Officers, who (*pour passer le temps dans les Champs D'Elise*,) frequently amused themselves by flirting with her, and *acting the lover*, but which ended, a year or two after, (as might be naturally expected,) in this *giddy girl's* being *run away* with, and adding one more to the *long list* of unfortu-

nate females. Extraordinary too, as it may appear, the warning turned out *nearly* as was *predicted* in a note to the Poetry.

Should my verses save but one *hapless* daughter of *Imprudence* from the sorrowful fate of the above Female, as I do not publish them to gratify any childish vanity, but to be *serviceable to woman*, lovely woman, *without* whom *life* would be a *Desert*, (not Arabia Felix, but Arabia *Infelix*, though sometimes *both* are joined together in the *same wedded pair*,) I shall receive a much more solid 'satisfaction than the jingle of my rhyme could afford, in patriotically sacrificing at the sacred Altar of Virtue and Humanity that inexpressible gratification to every true Poet, (whether he be free from vanity or not,) the hearing his verses commended for their sublimity, fire, wit, and smoothness, by the *liberal* sons and daughters of Parnassus; for, they alone being proper judges of his poetic merit, by *their praises*, and *theirs only*, will a sensible man feel gratified.

The young Lady alluded to in the verses having *lost* her *mother*, (the greatest *misfortune* that can happen to *females* just *coming out in the world*,) she very properly is recommended to pay particular attention to the *wise* admonitions of her father, and to consider him as both father and mother.

#### LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

LINES, addressed to those *feathered* NYMPHS of the Mop and Broom, *selected* for their shape, air, and grace; those crop fan-tailed Pigeons, who, in job barouches and four, at 10s. 6d. a head, with nodding

plumes and gay apparel, *all hired for the day*, honoured Brandenburg House with their august presence (Alderman Wood as *M. C.* hopping about like a parched pea), and *fancied themselves ladies*.

That you a father's judgment may respect, &c.

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*Notes to some of Mr. L.'s Prose and Verse.*

The wings of steel (mentioned in the above verses) are the springs of a post chaise and four rattling along towards Gretna Green on a sudden *Love expedition*, when, accidentally on *purpose*, one of these *steel wings* of Cupid at twelve o'clock at night *breaks down* near a *convenient* Inn on the road, at which there is no post chaise to go on with, and, as the fond believing girl is easily persuaded (from its being so agreeable to her secret inclinations) that going to be *married*, and *being married*, is *exactly* the *same thing*, the happy matrimonial couple not only stop here all night, and completely forget the Gretna Vulcan, and his sooty abode of bliss, but, finding the place an *Earthly Paradise*, continue there three or four weeks; in short, stay till the honey and money being alike exhausted, the silly love-sick girl feels to her eternal shame and sorrow, that this busy Bee of Cupid, fond of fluttering from flower to flower, has, with his *honey*, left his sting, and poisoned both *body* and *mind*.

In the 3d line of the Contrast, page 11, the two verses—

Who pay to Kings in spite of common sense,  
And thus subvert the works of Providence.

allude only to the impious and sycophantic court the

French jacobins were then paying to their infernal idol Buonaparte, their new Emperor, (whom these *anti-monarchists*, with all their *pretended aversion* to royalty, were *worshipping as a God*,) and have no reference to that *fair and just tribute of obedience*, then and now so properly offered up by their loyal subjects to the *legitimate* European monarchs. The above apology, in defence of his long established character for loyalty, has been deemed necessary by Mr. Lowndes from thinking this part of the Contrast may appear to some of his political friends (as well as to his jacobin enemies) *inconsistent* with *Pitt politics*, and be thought an undeniable proof of his having become a convert to *Republicanism*; more especially too, as the electioneering squibs in favour of Sir Francis Burdett during the Baronet's first contested election for Middlesex, (and which are printed with Mr. Lowndes's other productions,) seem to favour this erroneous opinion. Having so said, it may be proper to mention, in order to *rebut* any future charge of gross political inconsistency, that Mr. L. ceased canvassing for Sir Francis, as soon as that terrible blot appeared in his electioneering *escutcheon*, the Isleworth *forty shillings a year* mill voters. For, after so *degrading* an electioneering *fraud* on the part of Sir Francis's Committee, it was impossible that any honest independent man could continue to countenance his election. Previous to this, having long entertained a high opinion of the celebrated Baronet's eloquence, talents, and independence, Mr. L. has no hesitation in saying, though he deeply regretted the violence of Sir Francis's politics, he had great faith in what has subsequently happened, that many years political expe-

rience would soften down the coarse dark colouring of his jacobinism, and make the popular Baronet a more loyal M. P. by shewing him the *impossibility* of *adapting* his *liberal* political theory to any *practical* benefit, till man be formed *anew* in a more *angelic* mould, i. e. till men have more *purity* and *virtue* than is now to be found in the poorer classes of society. Besides, *previous* to the Middlesex contest, Mr. Lowndes, an old electioneerer, had frequently seen, that during all violent contested elections, the *popular tinge* of the Democratical *independent* candidate was very highly coloured, and laid on *thicker* than *life*, to catch the *fleeting* and *capricious* applause of the *Sansculottes gentry*.

Though Mr. L. does not claim any right to be considered a prophet, as well as a minor poet, yet, in his loyal *predictions* relative to the late war, from the beginning to the end of it, (however contrary to the *gloomy prognostication* of Opposition, and their *croaking* friends,) he is happy to say, that, whatever he and the Pittites said concerning the *absolute necessity* of the war, and its probable *glorious* result, has *invariably proved true*. In other words, that, upon the above occasion, the Pittites (who have always had the good luck to be on the right side in politics) may *proudly exult* in their *good sense* and *perseverance*, when they reflect on the present *incredible prosperity* of the British Empire, and compare the *state of England now* with what it was *twenty years since*.

But much more reason has Mr. L. to plume himself on his accurate knowledge of the *human heart* in that part of the Valentine to Miss Charlotte H. when he makes the open-hearted, graceful, and fascinating

Charlotte very solicitous to marry a peer; for, in the *peer trap* she had been so *long setting*, Miss C. H. actually does, *after this*, at the middle of life, become a Countess, by *marrying* an old and *respectable British peer*.

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*Notes to Eliza and the Captain.*

For some years past, since the cavalry officers have had their boot heels and toes *capped* with *iron*, their footsteps may be heard at a considerable distance; and, in the *sound* of their *tread*, as *nice* a *distinction* may be observed, as in the different inflexions and modulations of the human voice; for instance, a military man, with the *shoulders* and *legs* of a Hercules, and the *voice* of a *Stentor*, generally sets down his foot with great *force* and *emphasis*; whereas, a little, thin, *effeminate*, *shrill-toned* officer commonly *treads* as *light* as a *fairy*.

The stumbling block of fools (mentioned in *Eliza and the Captain*) may, without any just charge of presumption on the part of the expounder, be explained to those, who have not had a University education, to refer to the 47th Problem of Euclid, generally denominated the *Pons Asini*, a name much more applicable to the *Highgate Archway*, that stupendous proof of the incredible folly of some of our modern speculators, as on it above £60,000 was thrown away, from attempting to let day-light through the Highgate Hill, by making in it a most absurd *subterraneous* passage, as dark as the celebrated cavern in *Gil Blas*, till lighted, as was intended, by *perpetual lamps*. The Highgate Tunnel too, (had it not been wisely given up,) would probably



have been used for a similar purpose, as a rendezvous for thieves, till, from its exposed situation, those occasional storms of wind, snow, and rain had set in so strong at the mouths of the Tunnel, as to *blow out* the *lamps* and *thieves* at the same time; for which reason, it might have been more properly called, an entrance to the Temple of Eolus, the God of the Winds.

Respecting the *indelicate* colouring to the words Captain Dash, and tête-à-tête, as different constructions may be put upon each of them, according to the *purity* or *impurity* of the *reader's mind*, like the camelion, which takes its hue from the *colour* of the leaf it *moves* on,—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



WHETHER the following Address, written thirty-six years since, (and which was my first printed production, for it was published in Mr. Topham's paper, called the World, in 1790,) applies to the *present times*, I leave the public to judge; but, in order to show how *I think* on the subject, particular passages (that seem to come in contact with Sir *Francis Burdett* and *Hobhouse's extraordinary re-election* for the most *opulent city* in the world, and to be more or less applicable to them and their constituents) are *printed in italics*. With this fact staring us in the face, who will deny that the *commonalty* of this happy kingdom have not, in *one instance, too great a share* of *election influence*, when, to the *disgrace* of the *freedom of election*, a few *obscure shopkeepers* and

*tradesmen*, forming themselves into a political *retail oligarchy*, *stinking of beer, gin, and tobacco*, presume to return the two members for a great and rich city; though that city (the most *splendid* in the world) contain not only the *King's Palaces, Westminster Abbey, both Houses of Parliament, and all the Inns of Court, with the public Government offices of every description*, but also the *magnificent, beautiful, and numerous town residences of most of the British nobility and gentry*. And this exorbitant and *preposterous election interest* in the potent city of Westminster, thus *usurped* by a select committee of tradesmen, not exercised by them *twice or three times*, but apparently for *ever*, till the nobility and gentry summon up proper resolution, and show their *independent and patriotic* determination to return *one*, if not *both* the *members*. So completely is Westminster now in the ambitious grasp of a low aspiring juncture of shopkeepers and tradesmen, that Burdett and Hobhouse (against whose respectability I have nothing to say, for it is to *their mode of election* only, I object) were *unanimously* chosen two months since by some *thirty or forty* electors out of ten thousand, not only without asking a *single vote*, except their High Mightinesses the Westminster Election Committee, but without the slightest expense for hustings, &c. . Yet these are the gentlemen electors and elected, who used to be so fond of levelling their satire against the nobility and gentry, for *corruption at elections*, by *padlocking the open boroughs*, and taking every *unfair means* of extinguishing the *rights and privileges* of the *poorest class* of voters by crushing and overwhelming them with the *colossal power* of a few *wealthy and talented in-*

*dividuals* under their *immediate borough* or *city influence*. Yes, these are the gentlemen, some of whom in their zeal for parliamentary reform, like Cherubims and Seraphims, continually do cry, howling and complaining that every man has not a right to vote at 21, whether he have *property* or not, and who have long advocated a Running-mead election, a *mob assemblage* of tag, rag, and bobtail; or, at all events, a public balloting at every general election in all the different parishes of the British empire, by each householder voting for the British M. P.'s by popping into the *parish poor* box, his *black* or *white ball*. But, as *good* oft arises from *evil*, the present concise and cheap method of the Westminster self-elected patriots, in electing Burdett and Hobhouse, cannot fail to be of great use to every prudent and reflecting man, by *instantaneously* convincing him with what caution he ought to listen to the wild theoretic schemes of national reform from whatever quarter it come, and however *apparently respectable* the parties may be in talents, fortune, rank, and character, convinced that *theory* and *practice* (in the *hour of temptation*) are often, as I have stated in my political Westminster Address, completely at variance, by the one *basely yielding* to the other, and immediately losing sight, when *opposed* to self-interest or ambition, not only of *national reformation*, but of every patriotic idea that can directly or indirectly contribute to the public good, from the mind thus *degraded* by avaricious and selfish *views* being entirely *absorbed* in its own *individual gratification*.

BLACKHEATH,  
August 26th, 1826.

TO THE  
ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

GENTLEMEN,

ENJOYING the advantage of living under the best formed government in the world, as it was originally instituted by our wise ancestors, I cannot help ardently wishing to see those abuses which have crept into the legislature corrected, and our honourable House of Commons restored to that equal representation, which alone is necessary to complete its perfection, and make our government the envy and admiration of every other state.

Could this reformation be effected, Britain might justly claim the superiority in good government, as in arts and manufactures; and English freedom be every where respected.

At present, what have we left but the skeleton of liberty, which may serve, indeed, to show us the outlines, but cannot display to us that beautiful symmetry of parts which our once excellent legislature possessed. But now is the time—the season is come, and almost over—this is the last day—a patriot, steadfast in the cause of liberty, stands forth as a candidate for Westminster; and one who is willing to depend on your suffrage, whether he shall be elected or not.

If, however, you are dastardly determined that the power of choosing your own representatives shall be forcibly taken from you, and will suffer the two coalescing candidates to declare, without deigning to consult you upon the question, that they will be elected in the approaching parliament, whether you approve of them or not, I think you cannot reasonably complain that the parliament is corrupt, our liberties in danger, or that any other evil arises to the state, from the mal-representation of the people. If the tree is corrupt, will not the fruit be corrupt also ; and from men who have been once so unprincipled as to buy the freedom of election, what can you expect, but that those who have bought others will sell themselves when any opportunity offers ? And can ye stand forth as the champions of liberty, as advocates for abolishing the slave-trade, when you are fabricating much stronger chains for yourselves ?

- How can *you* pretend to have a relish for liberty, who throw the cup aside, and treat her blessings with such contempt, as to exchange a draught from the *pure spring of liberty* for a pot of porter or a bottle of *Champagne* ? truly may you be said, like Esau, to sell your birthright for a mess of pottage. Rouse yourselves, for shame ; show that you are men unbiassed by

the paltry gratifications of appetite, and that when public liberty comes in competition with the mean sordid views of personal interest, the private benefit is given up and blended with the public good. For I fancy it will be found upon mature reflection, that whatever is beneficial to the whole, is also of benefit to those different parts of which the whole is composed.

You, Electors of Westminster, ought to consider yourselves at the head of the electing body of this kingdom. As you reside in what is thought the better part of the metropolis, it behoveth you to set the example to other cities and boroughs; for, when the fountain-head is impure and tainted, the waters which flow from thence must necessarily be impure also. Other cities and boroughs are at this moment looking up to you to give a sanction to their actions—whatever you are pleased to do they will imitate. If you barter away *your* rights and privileges, they will also think themselves justified in selling theirs. But if you are determined to combat that two-headed monster, Coalition, more formidable to your city than the brutal monster who has so barbarously attacked your wives and daughters, other places will also attempt to extirpate this terrible species of monster, that thus threatens to stab the very vitals of the state, and involve us all in one

common ruin. Your liberties, which ought to be more dear to you than even your wives or daughters, will receive some deadly wound from the hundred hands of a Briarean Coalition, unless you look circumspectly around you, and ward off the blows thus aimed from every quarter at your dearest rights and privileges. Monopoly cannot be more ruinous to the trade of a country, than coalition is to the liberties of it.

But, at the same time, do not suppose that Mr. Horne Tooke will perform wonders if honoured, as your representative, with a seat in parliament. He has hitherto shown himself a man of principle; and having never been in parliament, may stand some chance of escaping the contagion for a while, for two, three, nay, perhaps seven years.

But Mr. Fox's principles, as uncertain as his dice, camelion-like, assume the complexion of that object he happens to be placed near. At one moment bellowing for the rights of the subject—at another, crying out for the increase of prerogative. We are all, in some measure, modified by circumstances; and a man, placed in a situation where there are so many temptations, as in the House of Commons, will ever find much difficulty to resist them. A prudent

man might, perhaps, resist the tempting gracefulness of an impure frail one, or a hungry school-boy one of Horton's puffs: but for a member of parliament to reject with manly independence the sweets of a pension to himself or friend, honorary or pecuniary offers, the lust of ambition, or the stronger one of avarice, are stories we may listen to with an agreeable astonishment; yet, like the romances of a knight-errant, or the high flown virtue of some hero in a novel, are all equally remote from probability.

Be not, therefore, at this critical period, led away by promises, which are never meant to be fulfilled; nor suffer yourselves to be dazzled by the brilliant name of patriot or the lustre of abilities. Remember, as

The same ambition can destroy or save,  
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave—

the man of the people may become the tool of the minister; and therefore the only security you can possibly have for any man's steadiness in politics, is to elect those candidates who have the most independent characters. Let that then be chiefly considered. It has often been remarked, too, that our principles change with our situation, (of which, indeed, Mr. Fox gave us a specimen when in power,) and that little



steadiness of conduct ought to be expected from a gambler.

Is such a man fit to have access to the public treasury? Let the comparative merits of the opponent candidate be considered.

Mr. Horne Tooke has a competent fortune, and a mind that seems to soar beyond the reach of temptation. When he exposed himself to personal danger, and the indignation of a court of justice, he made it probable (from the retirement in which he has since lived) that when thus prosecuted, public good, not personal ambition, was the object he had in view. His abilities, undoubtedly, are not inferior to Mr. Fox's; and, though Charles's eloquence flies out very rapidly, yet Mr. Horne Tooke's words are *winged*. I presume, then, it requires no uncommon strain of oratory to prove which of these two candidates will be the most eligible representative. *But Mr. Fox dares you to do your utmost, and declares that himself and Lord Hood will represent you, whether you approve of them or not. Is this the language of humble petitioners, or of haughty tyrants?—men, who usurp the power of others, or who are suing and entreating for that power. Were their usurpation submitted to, and they again placed as your representatives in parliament, their example would serve as a baneful precedent for future times and for*

other boroughs. The *old members returned* (without troubling any constituent for his vote) *would perhaps decree themselves seated in parliament for life*, then that their children should enjoy these seats; and, at last, that such seats, like their estates, should be entailed on the eldest booby of the family, whether he was fit for so conspicuous a station or not.

Misfortunes never come single, and you, Electors of Westminster, cannot accede to the present coalition, without involving others in the same calamities with yourselves, and producing consequences at which every sensible man must shudder.

We have a great many rotten boroughs, as they are properly termed; one of which sends *two* members to parliament, yet has but *one* constituent. You, gentlemen of Westminster, have only to *go on as you have done* for these *two parliaments*, and your *thousands* of votes will be of no *more avail* than a *single* one.

I have said nothing of Lord Hood, because I consider some gratitude is due from you to the gallant admiral who so bravely combated your enemies, the French.

To see you return to the envied state of *independent* freemen, shake off the *fetters of corruption*, and resume a free and unbiassed will; to hear you say, we will not act as we have

formerly done, when under the influence of a C——h or a R——ll, but will be directed by a noble spirit of *independence*, which spurns at the wealth of *overgrown lords* and *upstart commoners*, is the wish of

Your sincere friend,

AN INDEPENDENT ENGLISHMAN.

UPPER GOWER STREET,  
1790.

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THE *following Reflections* of Mr. Lowndes's, in 1804, upon a small patriotic poem made by him a few months previous, is now printed to show, by Mr. L.'s extraordinary *prediction* in that year, how *every thing* has *happened* that he then *foretold*, not only respecting the *restoration* of the *Bourbon dynasty*, but, that which is their best security, the *restoration*, through their influence, of the *rational liberty* of the *press*. As the comment on the Verses was written twenty-two years since, Mr. Lowndes, for fear he should not have due credit given him for his *almost incredible* foresight concerning *two* such *remarkable* political *events*, has the *satisfaction* to inform the public, that the above comment is written *verbatim* from a manuscript book of Mr. L.'s political effusions, penned in 1804 by a person whom he then employed, as his amanuensis, and whose hand-writing (for he has been dead these fifteen years) is well known to several of his acquaintance now living—a fortunate circum-

stance, which clearly proves the *ten years' prediction* of the *restoration* of the Bourbons, and through them of the restoration of the press, were not *shaped* from the *subsequent ebb* of Buonaparté's *good fortune*, and written at the *time* when Louis XVIII. was *put* by the *allies* on the *throne of France*.

BLACKHEATH,  
August 27th, 1826.

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“ IN consequence of some verses written in the preceding pages, which I read the other day at a parochial meeting of the inhabitants of Hampstead, it has been unjustly imputed to me by the Sermonic Speech in doggerel verse I put into the mouth of Mr. Grant, (the truly respectable and worthy Lecturer of Hampstead church,) that I meant to *ridicule religion*. I have thought, therefore, that the best way of confuting so erroneous a report, which I should be sorry to get abroad at any time, but particularly now, would be by printing off a few copies of those Verses to give away to some of my neighbours and friends ; that by seeing the *whole* of them, of which I only repeated a *part*, for fear of trespassing too much on the time of my fellow-parishioners and neighbours, they might be convinced the object I had in view by writing them was of a *political moral tendency*. And

under so excellent a form of government as we are blest with, which diffuses its salutary influence through the smallest capillary vessels of society as admirably as through the great arteries, a constitution, which protects all the *civil and religious liberties* of its subjects *equally*, and which is founded on a judicious selection that has been ages in making of all the wisest laws that have been framed for the use of man from the beginning of the world,—it will be unnecessary to show, that every thing written in support of it, (however *feeble* the *arguments*,) must also have a *religious* moral tendency. To treat religion with *contempt*, (for it is only the fool and madman that has said in his heart, there is no God!) and to say *prayers* will avail *little* in the hour of attack from a most implacable and enterprising enemy, *without great bodily, mental and pecuniary exertions* on our part, are, I think, widely different; and that was all the appearance against me of scoffing at religion. Our Saviour himself has said, it is not our saying Lord, Lord, that will entitle us to a place in the kingdom of Heaven, but doing the will of our Father, who is in Heaven. Now our *plain reason* tells us, (without wanting scholastic arguments to convince us,) it *never can be the will of God*, that *tyranny, rapine, murder and vice* of every kind should *govern the world*. To

believe so absurd a doctrine for a moment were to libel the Supreme Being, who is all goodness and mercy. And yet, if it so happened in the chances of war (a thing very *improbable*, though *possible*) that the *greatest* of *tyrants*, ancient or modern, Buonaparté, that horrid monster of cruelty, should *conquer* this *country*, he might and would, with the British navy and a French army, spread tyranny, rapine, assassination and vice of every kind over the whole civilized part of the globe. There is not a nation in Europe that he might not *then* make crouch to his footstool; and, with his unbounded lust of power, would not be sparing of his means from any conscientious motives, for he has *no conscience*, as every one must see, and his object is *universal empire*. At the same time, from his conduct for some years, it is to be supposed his attempt at universal empire will be soon frustrated. Because it would be erecting a monstrous superstructure on a *swampy bog*, with no solid foundation under it, to erect a *universal empire* on such principles as now govern the hearts of modern Frenchmen. It would *be building a house in the sands*, it would *be beginning* with that horrid system of diabolical villany and corruption that other empires have not *even ended with*. For I will venture to assert, (without any fear of contradiction,) that the Romans, at the

dissolution of their empire, (if we credit what we read in history, and each reader will judge impartially for himself,) had not arrived to a *tenth part* of the private and public corruption of every kind that the French have already attained to, under the *blessings* of a Marat, a Danton, a Robespierre, a Buonaparté government, and all the modern rascally patriots, that have figured away on the French state theatre for the last nine or ten years, in short, ever since the *second Convention Nationale*.

“ It is therefore evident, that, in defending the united kingdoms of Great Britain against the tyrant Buonaparté and his two hundred thousand assassins, Britons are *fighting* under the *banners of heaven*, and that this may justly be called a *holy war* on our part, *sanctified by God himself*, a *war of self-defence*. Under his special protection, too, *Great Britain will most probably be instrumental in pulling down the proud Corsican from the throne he has usurped*, instead of his *pulling down Great Britain* from that *proud pre-eminence of rank* she holds in the *scale of Europe*, by her excellent laws, and the public and private virtue of her inhabitants ; and will be *also instrumental in placing some person on the throne of France from the Bourbon race more mild and pacific* than Buonaparté, blest with a very opposite disposition to him, a sincere attachment to

religious and political freedom, and to that, which alone can secure both, the *rational liberty* of the *press*, which he has *long destroyed*. For all *tyrants*, as beasts of prey *love darkness*, hate the *light of truth*, because it flashes *conviction* on their *guilty consciences*."

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

Sept. 1st, 1801.

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## A LETTER

*that was intended to have been published in the Morning Post, containing a Letter of Mr. Day's respecting GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS.*

Dec. 1801.

SIR,

LAST week, in looking over the late Mr. Day's letters, which have been in my possession some years, as the heir at law of his wife, who was my aunt, and his sole executrix, (Mr. Day having married Miss Esther Milnes of Wakefield in Yorkshire,) I found one Letter containing an authentic anecdote of a great army contractor, so well worthy the attention of all nations in time of war, but particularly Great Britain, that I am sure your amor patriæ will incline you to insert it the first favourable opportunity.



I trust, therefore, you will not act towards me as the Editor of the Sun, who, in June last, refused publishing in his paper a letter from Mr. Day concerning Ireland, written in June, 1785, when the Irish Propositions were so much the general topic of conversation in all political circles, though that letter was flattering to the measures lately adopted by the present administration, as it contained his decided opinion at this early period, that nothing could prevent a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, but a *well planned union* between the *two kingdoms*, effected with the mutual *approbation* and consent of the English and Irish legislatures, and as it was also a high eulogium of the Irish propositions which passed in 1785.

Till the *refusal* I met with at the Sun office, I always thought anything in favour of government upon so important a subject as the Irish Union, written by a political author of such established reputation as Mr. Day, would have been gladly received, though *unaccompanied with a fee*.

If, therefore, sir, you expect to be paid for inserting the following letter, you will be much disappointed. I will neither bribe you, or any other editor, (like an advertising quack doctor,) to publish a letter in his paper, written by so literary and respectable a man as Mr. Day—a

man, whose very name with all true patriots is at this moment a tower of strength; a name, too, that to all sincere lovers of their country, still sounds in their ears like the name of a friend. If Mr. Day's political or moral disquisitions cannot excite respect from their own intrinsic merit, I will not insult his talents by making them shine from the *borrowed lustre* of a *British guinea*.

The present awful crisis being, undoubtedly, (in every point of view,) the most alarming that has happened to this country since the Revolution, I hope all British subjects will have the good sense and humanity to *drop* that *party animosity*, at all times so baneful to society, but particularly so at present; and that each contributing his quota of ways and means to save old England from impending ruin, will manfully unite with heart and hand to tow the shattered state vessel into port. Like a distressed ship's company, if we now quarrel amongst ourselves, we are inevitably lost. There are few, perhaps, that would be rascally enough to wish to run the ship into the enemy's port, and to those men all the punishment I wish them is, that they were transported there without the ship; for *soon* would their great ideas of the great nation descend to the *humble wish*, that they were serving in England, though

it were with some of their *relations* on board the *hulks*. Let us not suppose, because some of the ship's company are now put upon short allowance, that they will always be stinted to that; besides, if the *officers* set the example of *frugality*, surely the *common sailor* has no right to complain.

When I read of a great man treating foreign ministers with *baked sliced* potatoes instead of bread, though the malevolent may turn the idea into ridicule, *nil desperandum tali duce*. Such apparently feeble efforts of economy have a good effect upon the community, and are truly commendable. It augurs a forthcoming system of *economy* at home and abroad, highly salutary to a *spendthrift state*. The good housewife, that begins her career of economy by saving *bits of bread*, will hardly be so inconsistent as to neglect the *candle ends* and *cheese parings*, which are *ramifications* of the same *system*. Indeed, as a proof that the candle ends begin to be thought of importance, *save all* is now become the fashionable cry with many of the most opulent partizans of government.

Having heard this, I flatter myself every department of the state will hereafter be managed with the most rigid frugality, and that the economy adopted in private houses will lead to economy in the public offices. And indeed my

hopes of seeing some such reformation take place are the greater from a flying report, that many of those respectable members of administration alluded to, who have for some time made use of *potatoes* instead of *bread*, and have *large* private fortunes of their own, *hereditary* or *acquired*, have nobly offered their future services to their country *without fee* or *emolument* ; making good the old adage, *economy is the fountain of generosity*. When, too, I consider how many country magistrates, with large families and small fortunes, have devoted their whole lives to the service of their country without any emolument whatever, merely from the honourable motive of being useful to their countrymen, and that perhaps with more zeal and alacrity than many who are *paid for serving it*, I cannot feel surprized to hear, that some of those gentlemen (who have been long sharing in the loaves and fishes) now offer their *future services gratis* ; I say I cannot feel surprized at such an event ; for, though I never yet *saw a miracle*, like a true Christian I can believe in one. Such *disinterested* conduct on the part of men high in office, accompanied with their sincere endeavours gradually to abolish all sinecure places, would do much at this critical period towards rousing every latent spark of patriotism in the generous but emaciated bosoms of my countrymen.

As a stronger incentive to the patriotism of those gentlemen in office, (who have large fortunes at stake,) *their arguments* to the volunteer associations may be applied with equal justice to their own case, only in a way a thousand times more forcible, as they have taken (individually) so much more to lose. “ You cannot serve your country without, at the same time, essentially serving yourselves. If you, who have *large property at stake*, will not do what you can, as volunteers, in *support* of it, you do not *deserve* to *have any*.”

What may be saved in the public expenditure by national economy, particularly with regard to army and navy contracts, the following Letter of Mr. Day's is a most extraordinary proof. It is written from Portsmouth by him to Mrs. Day one summer when he was making a tour with his friend Mr. Lawrens, a gentleman well known to the English nation, from having been president of the American Congress during some part of our unfortunate war with that country, and from his having been employed at Paris, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, to draw out the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and America. Upon which occasion I have a letter to Mr. Day from Mr. Lawrens, dated Paris, telling him when the peace was likely to be signed, and to make what use of

the intelligence he pleased; that, as a particular friend, he had informed him of that important event before any other friend, and as early as the English minister knew of it, certainly much earlier than the administration would publish their intelligence. As it serves strongly to mark Mr. Day's singular delicacy of feeling, and his romantic ideas of honour, (if I mention the use he made of his early intelligence, though few will credit it,) I shall hazard the experiment by asserting, what I know to be matter of fact, that the use Mr. Day made of Mr. Lawrens's letter was to run the risk of *losing a considerable sum of money* instead of *gaining one*. For he had near 20,000*l.* lent out in such a way that he could have had it paid into his banker's hands in the course of a few days, by which sum, laid out at that time in the funds, he might have gained some *thousand pounds*, besides what he might have got by buying in for *time*, a sum as *unlimited* as his *ambition* or *avarice*, and the peace was not signed till a month after Mr. Lawrens's letter to Mr. Day; but he would not lay out any of his floating cash in the funds, *much less make a time bargain in them*, because he thought it highly *dishonourable* to take *advantage* of the *secret*.

After that fact, which I will swear to the truth of, his offer to serve the public *gratis* (an

offer he made at the close of the American war) will not be considered as an *insidious* trap at *popular applause, offered*, because he thought it would be *refused*.

Two such proofs of the most romantic honour coming within my own knowledge, (for I lived some years with Mr. Day, and knew the most secret motives of his conduct,) I cannot possibly wonder if men with ten times his fortune, enjoying a proud superiority of rank, and with those elevated sentiments that often accompany high birth, should offer their future services *gratis*, and nobly disdain any longer to add to their own princely fortunes, by draining the almost exhausted resources of their country.

The anecdote which forms the subject of Mr. Day's letter was told him by Mr. Lawrens, who had it from Mr. Oswald himself. Besides, I have no doubt there are very old officers now living, who served in the German war, that can vouch for the truth of it. At a time when it is given out by many of the French jacobins as the *cant* of the *day*, that every *rich man* must necessarily be a *rogue*, or have had *rascals* for his *ancestors*, who made his fortune before him, it may be of some use to inform those answering to that description in this country, that the property Mr. Oswald acquired, (which was a landed estate in Scotland of near 16,000*l.* a year,) and

now, since his death, in the possession of his nephew, was realized by a *single* contract in a very short time, and yet, as the public may see from the following anecdote in Mr. Day's letter, in a manner highly honourable to his reputation. And of large fortunes acquired as honourably, I have no doubt we have some thousand instances in this great commercial nation. For which reason, though Mr. Oswald's *palace* rose like an *exhalation*, and his splendid style of living *blazed* like a *meteor*, neither have *disappeared*; a proof, among many others, that wealth *honestly* acquired generally remains a long time in a family, but by no means tending to disprove Dr. Johnson's sensible and witty observation; as the Doctor, in what he said, alluded to rich contractors, who had *suddenly acquired* their immense wealth by *cheating the public*.

When we have so many Scotch contractors, it is to be hoped, from that *instinctive* partiality to their countrymen so inherent in Scotchmen, they will look with peculiar veneration upon their honest brother contractor and countryman, Mr. Oswald, and, admiring, imitate him. Our resources would then have every fair opportunity of being exerted to the utmost for the preservation of the kingdom, and fresh ardour would be infused into the desponding spirits of my countrymen; while Britannia, at the sight



of foreign or domestic foes, grasping her shield, not with the convulsive pang of a miserable being at the point of death, but with the vigour of a Hercules, would, by her reanimated figure, stimulate Britons to unparalleled exertions of strength, and rouse them to such daring and hardy feats of courage, as, like the *lion* at Britannia's feet, would make them more than a match for the *French tiger*, the *Russian bear*, or any other beasts of the field, that have the *presumption to attack them*.

Without some plan for diminishing the public expenditure, upon a broad and firm basis, such as the few hints I have thrown out, may lead to, should some abler head take it up, I fear the eating potatoes for dinner instead of bread will be something like stopping the chinks of a flood-gate, when the waters are rushing out in torrents at the dikes, through a thousand different breaches.

EXTRACT FROM MR. DAY'S PORTSMOUTH LETTER.  
(*Dated 1782.*)

“ I want to record a story, which Mr. Lawrens told me he had heard from the gentleman himself, and which I shall therefore transcribe here, as it tends to show, that all the *strength* of eloquence and *virulence* of abuse, (which can be used upon these subjects, (fall infinitely below

the actual *practical peculations* of our government.

“Last war, during the time that the Duke of Marlborough commanded the English troops in Germany, a complaint was sent over from the contractor there, that he could no longer continue to furnish the rations at the usual prices, fifteen pence each:—a ration is a particular quantity of meat or bread, furnished to the soldier by the contractors at a given price.

“This matter was canvassed at the Treasury board, and proposals were ordered to be delivered from any individual, who chose to undertake the business. Upon the next meeting, when the proposals were to be examined, there appeared *one proposal* for furnishing the same at *eight pence each*. The Duke of Newcastle, who then presided at the Treasury bench, said, that surely the proposer must be *insane*. Here, says he, is a commissary, that cannot afford these rations *at fifteen pence*, and therefore *flings up* his contract, unless the allowance is increased, and yet here is a Mr. Oswald who will furnish the *same rations for eight pence*.

“To this a gentleman present answered, (and whose name was also Oswald,) My Lord, I know this Mr. Oswald, he is a man of character, and a distant relation of mine; and whatever he engages to do, I have no doubt of

his performing. Upon this, it became necessary to call this Mr. Oswald before the board. How is it possible, Sir, (says the Duke,) that you can furnish for *eight pence*, what another man is incapable of doing for *fifteen pence*? ‘My Lord, I have nothing to do with other men; but I am ready to make good my own proposals, if your lordship chuses to give me the contract.’

“The worthy gentlemen, who presided at the Treasury board, were here thrown into some embarrassment; they had intended nothing more, by all these manœuvres, than to increase the prices of the ration to the contractor, who probably (from the very great deduction which was made out of his profits by his employers) did not think the public pillage *sufficiently ample*. But it was not possible to refuse such an offer made in so public a manner, and therefore Mr. Oswald was told that he might have the contract, provided the Duke in Germany had not made an agreement with any other person.

“Mr. Oswald accepted the conditions, went home and told his wife, that she must instantly set off for Germany. By great accident or address, he found out the very messenger, who had been dispatched to the Duke by the English ministry, to tell him that he must immediately agree with the old contractor. He travelled with this man, till within a day’s journey of the

army, without informing him of his own business, supped with him at night, and bade him good night, as if retiring to bed. But, as soon as the messenger himself was in bed, he ordered horses, travelled all night, and arrived at the English army by morning. He directly waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, whom he took care to speak to in the presence of several of his own officers, told him his business, and asked him if he had made any other agreement. ‘No,’ says his grace, ‘Mr. Oswald, we have no engagement; you are come as our *guardian angel*; and if you will wait upon me to-morrow morning, you shall be informed of all the particulars of your employment.’

“Mr. Oswald bowed, and retired. Towards morning the messenger arrives, delivers the letters of the English ministry, and throws the Duke into the greatest degree of embarrassment. Accordingly, when Mr. Oswald called the next day, the commander-in-chief (with the usual meander of great men) told him, that to be sure he should be very happy to employ him, but that there was a kind of previous engagement which he had forgotten before; that he had the highest opinion of Mr. Oswald, but that . . . . . Mr. Oswald, with great politeness, said, his grace was the best judge; he should not repine at whatever he determined; but that, as he came in a kind

of *public capacity*, by order of the government, it was necessary *his grace* should give his *determination* in his own *hand-writing*. The Duke was too much a *man of honour* to give a lie under his *hand*, humm'd and ha'd, and told him that was unnecessary. But Mr. Oswald still adhered to his point, and that in the hearing of the very officers, who the night before had heard his grace assert that the business was entirely open, so that at length the Duke, finding no subterfuge left, said plainly, ' Well, Oswald, *I think you must have the contract.*' Mr. Oswald accordingly attended the army during their stay in Germany, behaved in so *liberal* a manner, that he was called the *honest contractor*; and yet, at *eight pence* a ration, found means to clear between *three and four hundred thousand pounds*, although his *honest* predecessors had been obliged to fling the contract up at *fifteen pence*. By this authentic story, which Mr. Lawrens asserts upon the evidence of Mr. Oswald himself, some idea may be formed of the conscientious management of the public money."



DEAR MADAM,

AN absence from home of more than a month, during which time I had left no orders for letters to be sent after me, as I had no correspondent, from whom I could expect a letter, but my father and a namesake of mine in Oxfordshire, (both of whom I had informed where I was going, and consequently knew how to direct to me,) has occasioned my not answering your obliging letter sooner.

For to such a respectable female correspondent as yourself, I should be extremely sorry to appear deficient in that polite attention, which is in some measure due to every woman, but particularly due to all, who are, like Mrs. S., an *honour* to their *sex*. To such ladies, a kind of chivalric spirit should actuate the men, and give a delicate politeness and refinement of conduct somewhat similar to the courtly hero of an old romance.

For though it is too commonly supposed by the ladies, that we bachelors, seeing, unfortunately for us, the worst part of the sex, become *prejudiced* against women in general, I am happy, as to my own private feelings, in being able to say, so far from my being *disgusted* with the *fair sex* from such a cause, I feel a *more* than

common *respect* for ladies of *honour* and *virtue*. And for the same reason I dare say a sensible Parisian (could he dare to speak the sentiments of his heart) would feel an uncommon respect for a modern French statesman of honour and virtue; nor would he, with Brutus, (because he had seen such an inglorious succession of the most unprincipled knaves,) cry out that *public virtue* was an *empty name*: but, having seen so *little virtue*, would, when he saw it in all its glory, pure and unalloyed, kneel down and worship it, as some Pagans are said to worship the sun. No, believe me, madam, virtuous married ladies, like yourself, form very erroneous notions of the inmost recesses of a bachelor's heart; as we bachelors sometimes form very erroneous notions of the inside of a lady's head. The one is no more full of *vice*, than the other is of *folly*; and whoever judges of human nature from *extremes* will always be *deceived*. It is for that reason I profess myself a great enemy in general to *female novelists*. Their pulses beating quicker than the men's, the hero, or heroine of a female novel, and all the characters introduced into it, are *superlatively good* or *superlatively bad*. They think and write with *enthusiasm*. They feel strongly, and express themselves with peculiar energy. Their pencil does not glow with the mild splendour of a Claude Lorraine, when

his setting suns lightly gild the foliage with their golden beams, but with the effulgent brightness of a Wright, when representing in the most glaring colours the *scintillating blaze* of a blacksmith's shop. Therefore, with such outré ideas of every thing, no wonder their characters are such as *never existed* but in their own *heated imaginations*, glowing hot from the furnace of their sickly brain. But I perceive I am trespassing upon the time of a lady, who sees through the medium of good sense whatever she beholds with her mind's eye, and therefore am like a conceited fortune-teller, informing her of what she knew before, and take up that time, every moment of which to her is valuable, because with Mrs. S., every moment is employed to some good and useful purpose. Respecting the letters you alluded to of *eminent Men*, I am sorry to say I have very few. Of Sir William Jones not a letter can I find, which I have been much disappointed at, as I naturally expected, from Mr. Day's and Sir William's intimacy, to have been in possession of many valuable letters. I have one or two of Mr. Erskine's, of Dr. Darwin, of Dr. Price, and Mr. Lawrens, President of Congress, and some of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon at your service, if they will be of any use to you. Though I cannot rank the Countess of Huntingdon among *eminent*



*Men*, I presume you do not intend to exclude your own sex from the collection you are making. But upon looking at your letter again, I perceive, with that accuracy peculiar to yourself, you say the hand-writing of *celebrated characters*; which includes, of course, *Lady Huntingdon*. Her Ladyship's letters are the more *extraordinary*, as they were written a year or two before her death, when I believe she was near eighty, and are written with a very steady hand, and with a clearness of head, too, as extraordinary for that *great age*.

With my respectful compliments to Mr. S., Mr. and Mrs. C., Mrs. R., and Mr. and Mrs. H., who I hope are all well,

I am, Madam,  
Your obedient humble Servant,  
THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
June 6th, 1805.

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## THE BACHELOR'S BALL.

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*Extracted from the Morning Post of Saturday, June 21st, 1806.*

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ON Monday, Mr. Lowndes, of Hampstead Heath, gave a PRIVATE DANCE to about a hundred of his friends and acquaintance, at No. 3,

Little Argyle-street, in the house where the late Subscription Masquerade was held, and which consists of a suite of apartments so admirably adapted for *bachelors'* assemblies, that the young man of fortune (living, *en garçon*, on a first floor) has no longer this *convenient* excuse to the girls of his acquaintance :—

“ My dear lovely creatures, *'pon honour*, I should like of all things to give you a dance; but on a first floor in another person's house, it is impossible to entertain you as I could wish; and I should be truly sorry to show girls of your uncommon charms and merit any appearance of disrespect : *when* I have a large house, which I hope to have in a year or two, you may depend upon my complying with your request.”

But, independent of civility to the ladies, so natural to all men, *many bachelors* of *grateful* dispositions have now an opportunity of giving the private families they visit *one ball and supper* in return for *many dinners*. At the same time, in common justice to the hospitable disposition of some of the bachelors alluded to, it should be observed, they have long wanted Assembly-Rooms at the west-end of the town of such a *moderate* size, as to make a private party appear *tout à fait en famille* — Willis's Rooms and others being too large for that purpose.

As the fruit at supper was furnished from the

hot-houses of the late Mr. Milnes, of Egremont House, being a present to Mr. L. from his worthy friend and relation Mr. Gaskell, (whose *noble and generous mind* make him truly deserving of the fine fortune he has inherited from Mr. Milnes, in conjunction with his own,) it may afford some entertainment to the public to give some account of a Ball and Supper thus rendered interesting to the gay world, by the fruit from Yorkshire, reminding them of scenes of fashionable festivity presented to the higher circles of society by a zealous votary at the shrine of fashion ; one indeed who may be said, by a nightly succession of hot rooms and late hours, to have died a martyr at that shrine.

The rooms, lighted up for the occasion, were a suite of apartments in Argyle-street, on the first floor, they being exactly suited to parties from one hundred to a hundred and fifty; of these, the supper-room and ball-room were so *spacious* and *cool*, that not even the dancers complained of heat or want of space.

Among the public characters present, we noticed Lord Percival; the Honourable Lieutenant-General Leslie; the Honourable and Reverend J. Cathcart; Sir John Frederick, Bart. M.P.; Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. M.P.; Mr. H. Jodrell, M.P.; Mr. R. Thornton, M.P.; Sir Thomas Turton, Bart.; Lieutenant-

General Arabin; Messrs. Walsh Porter, W. Churchill, Temple West, Fitzgerald, Stratton, Millman, Braham, and Kelly the actor, &c. &c. We should not omit noticing Sir W. Bagshaw, though a private country-gentleman, as he sang one or two songs in a most melodious strain; and if the imperious call of civility to the ladies (who sent several messages to the gentleman) had not required an early secession from the supper-room, would have long entertained the lovers of harmony with his mellifluous notes. General Arabin (in a song of his that enlivened the company not a little) imitated *Monsieur Frog* most admirably; indeed, he was a complete Frenchman.

The supper was served by Escudier, in a superior style, and, what does not happen always at public suppers, the eatables were not only good in quantity, but were abundant. The wines, too, were well flavoured, particularly the Champagne; and the Hesperian fruits, from the late Mr. Milnes's, were truly exquisite. Two noble pines were of such a grandee size, and so excellent in flavour, they would have done honour to any table, even the *little great Man's*, who so long has had the *cutting* of all the Continental productions, from the gentleman's hot-house to the farmer's granary. Besides the two pines, there were five dozen

of very fine peaches and nectarines, four pounds of cherries, and about fifteen pounds of grapes. The tables were disposed in the form of a horse-shoe, with a circular one in the middle.

The company chiefly consisted of that truly honourable body of men, with their families, the independent country-gentlemen of large fortune, who (living within their incomes) are not tempted by their embarrassed situation to court administration, for a place or pension. Among these we particularly noticed Messrs. Meyrick, Lowndes Stone, Jodrell, Gaskell, Baker, Fuller, Eyre, &c.

The first dance was led off by the accomplished Miss Scott, (daughter of the celebrated Sir William Scott,) and Colonel Hill; the second by the lovely Miss Frederick and Mr. Fellowes; the third by the charming Miss Porter, and Mr. Stanley—Miss P. attracting particular attention, by her uncommonly elegant dancing and figure. The ball concluded between four and five on Tuesday morning, when the company withdrew; the young ladies perhaps anticipating, from *other bachelors* of their acquaintance, many *future balls*, equally, if not more agreeable.

N.B.—The preceding address, written by Mr. Lowndes, *à la Christie*, to *ridicule* the *modern art* of

*puffing*, and printed *verbatim* in the Morning Post, is now inserted in this collection of Letters, &c. of a *political* tendency, from its allusion to the great plunderer of Europe, (the renowned and immortal Buonaparte,) and the compliment paid to political independence, when speaking of some of the country gentlemen, who honoured Mr. L.'s Bachelor Ball with their company.

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### CONNUBIAL BLISS.

As a Wedding often follows a Ball, (a truism proved by Mr. Lowndes's Ball and Supper, two out of the three couples mentioned, as leading off the first dances, having since married their partners,) and as some pages wanted filling up, the following Letter to William Lowndes, Esq. eldest son of Wm. Lowndes Stone, Esq. of Brightwell, Oxon, was deemed by Mr. L. a better companion to a festive dance than a grave political essay.

DEAR LOWNDES,

YOUR very friendly Letter should have been answered before now, had I not waited for the arrival of the *wedding-cake*, and till I had disposed of it in a way that seemed to me most agreeable to your wishes, and best adapted to show my gratitude and respect for Mrs. Lowndes and yourself. The cake, in a deal box, had been at Mansfield two or three days before the receipt of your first Letter. Upon receiving that, my man was immediately dispatched for it, and brought it here last Monday week. For this truly acceptable and kind present, far exceeding my expectations, (as I only meant you should send half a pound or a pound

of cake,) I return Mrs. Lowndes and yourself the warmest thanks, at the same time acknowledging an attention of this kind on such an occasion, from a lady of Mrs. L.'s age, rank and consequence, has been so flattering a mark of distinction to a poor solitary old bachelor in a country village, that he hardly knows how to express his gratitude.

Had I devoured the cake myself, (*like Little Jack Horner, in a sly corner, eating his Christmas pie,*) I should have acted with a degree of selfishness, unworthy the name of Lowndes, or of the kind and friendly *civility* of your lady and yourself, as also in a way very opposite to the feelings of the *old school* of gentlemen, which I so *much* admire. Therefore, after mature deliberation, I sent the box, unopened, to Mr. A., a dissenting minister of Chesterfield, and a very respectable man, under whose tuition, Strickland (a brother or uncle of Mrs. L.'s) was placed, about thirty years ago, for a considerable time. Mr. A. having a wife and several unmarried daughters grown up, I knew it would be a very agreeable present, upon the terms on which it was sent, namely, with a dozen of good old wine to keep it company and to wash it down; but a copy of my letter to Mr. A. (and which you will receive with this epistle) will show how much I have been occupied with the wedding, and how anxious I have been to pay *proper* honour and respect to your nuptials, by trying to give as much pleasure to the young ladies in this neighbourhood, in a *quiet* way, as their unmarried state and the customs of civilized society will admit of. I will not encroach much upon your *sweet* precious time, by a prolix congratulatory epistle, as you have something *better* to do than read long stupid letters;

besides, the one to Mr. A. is full of your marriage, and contains a letter of two pages, written for your particular perusal, and intended, at some future period, to be sent with the silver goblet. Two such letters as mine to Mr. A., in one day, would be making you work double tides, and exhausting your *mind*, the *seat of love*: for whatever may be supposed as to the *heart* being Cupid's *throne*, I am convinced the notion is a false one, and that the *mind* is his only *constant* residence: for whoever heard that the muscles and blood-vessels of the human body were blessed with the power of thinking? whereas the brain, from time immemorial, has been considered the seat of the imagination. Shall I, too, be less considerate than Mr. Jodrell, sen.? No; for which reason I will conclude with congratulating you on the excellent and judicious choice you have made, wishing Mrs. Lowndes and yourself, health, happiness, and every earthly blessing,

And that your prattling hive  
Of pretty babes may thrive  
In knowledge, virtue, wealth;  
And, like a swarm of bees,  
Cling close to Billy's knees,  
Each little boy and girl  
A sweet picture of health.

The above stanza, whatever other merit it may want, I am sure you will allow, is particularly applicable to a *honey-moon*; for one naturally thinks of hives, and swarms of bees, and every thing that is *sweet* on such an occasion. As this situation, though beautifully picturesque and fertile, is very barren of news, I can only assure you, as the eldest branch of the Lowndes's, that when I heard my friend William was going to unite



himself to the ancient, honourable, and respectable family of the Stricklands, I felt a sweet pleasure and satisfaction, which convinced me my friendship for a certain person was much greater than I imagined; and, in the ebullition of that friendship, could not help exclaiming, "May the union of the Lowndes's and the Stricklands, by an uninterrupted posterity, continue for ever."

With my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Lowndes, whom I shall be proud to have the honour of being introduced to, and who, I hope, is as well as can be expected, during the agitated state of mind attendant on a honey-moon, and with kind remembrance to the Brightwell family, when you write to them, particularly *sweet Anne Page*, the *intended bride*,

I remain, dear Wm. Benedict,

Your's, &c.

THO. LOWNDES.

Mrs. Lowndes is one of the daughters of Sir William Strickland, Bart. of Boynton, Yorkshire.

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## AN ELECTION ADDRESS.

*To the Mayor, Aldermen, Assistants, Common Council, and Free Burgesses of the various Cities and Boroughs in that part of Great Britain called England, who have the distinguished privilege of sending Members to the British Senate, and are so Independent as to send Loyal and Independent Members.*

A BROTHER Englishman, about forty, possessed of an *ample* fortune, and which he *intends to keep*

*unimpaired*, that he may *preserve* his *independence*, offers his humble services to any city or borough, where the opponent parties run so high, (neither being disposed to give way to each other,) that, to promote the *peace of the place*, and produce that portion of *unanimity necessary* to an *election*, it is thought expedient to *call in a third candidate*.

As honesty and openness of disposition are qualifications this advertiser hopes he possesses, and that he possesses them may be easily learned in Leadenhall Street from the East India directors and proprietors, who (whatever humble opinion they may entertain for the last ten years of Mr. T. Lowndes's talents) will, he has *no doubt*, give him *credit* for *honesty* and *independence*, the above Mr. T. L. declares candidly and explicitly he will not spend a *shilling* to get into parliament *beyond* the expense of the *present advertisement*, or any *future ones*; but faithfully and solemnly promises, if honoured with a seat there *free of expense*, that (should he ever be tempted by the loaves and fishes of government) he will, neither *directly* or *indirectly*, accept of place, pension, or emolument of any kind, but will honestly endeavour to discharge his duty to his constituents and the *kingdom at large*, *unbiassed* by any *interested motives*. If a declaration of his political principles be neces-

sary, Mr. T. Lowndes avows himself an ardent admirer of the British Constitution as established at the Revolution, except that he wishes to see every indulgence granted to religious sects, consistent with the safety of church and state, both of which are manifestly so interwoven with each other, that whatever attempt at reformation strikes at the *interest* of one, must, more or less, *endanger* the *security* of the other.

As *independence* of fortune is *supposed* to create *independence* of mind, Mr. T. L., in addition to a good income, has *few wants*: for riches being only comparative, a man of *three thousand* a-year may sometimes be more independent than another with *twenty thousand* a-year. The first wanting little, and living within his income, may be proof against *ministerial corruption*; when the latter, having many *wants*, being fond of *show* and *parade*, and perhaps a *gambler* too, suffers the temptations of government to get the better of his parliamentary independence. The Roman senatorial *purity* of character, and *inflexible* integrity at the *honestest* period of the Roman republic, seemed to arise from the above cause, the *paucity* of *their wants*.

Should this advertisement meet with the approbation of any *honest independent* electors in a corporate body, who have sufficient influence

in their respective city or borough to return a member of parliament during the present general election, they will have an opportunity of setting a laudable example of *disinterestedness* to other cities and boroughs, and of beginning *parliamentary reform where it should begin*, with the *electors*, and not with the *elected*; and should Mr. T. L., through *their means*, have the honour of obtaining a seat in parliament *free of all expense*, his political conduct there shall be bot-tomed on a *broad and liberal basis*, he being no party man, but thinking, with the celebrated Rochefoucault, that party is the *madness of many*, for the *gain of a few*. If any doubt arise as to the sincerity of Mr. T. Lowndes's professions, he solemnly declares, when honoured with a seat in the House of Commons on the above terms, that he will resign it to his constituents at the end of any annual session of parliament, during which his parliamentary conduct has been so much disapproved of as to make the majority of his constituents repent they ever elected him.

As to *private* character, except a few of the *modern saints*, he believes his conduct to be as *moral* as that of men in general, only some perhaps are more *circumspect* in their *immorality*, and go more *slily about it*.

Partial to the middling classes from a *con-*

*geniality* of feeling and sentiment, Mr. T. L.'s mode of life being, by *choice*, not unlike theirs, in simplicity and plainness of living, he will always endeavour to promote the interest of that *numerous* and *respectable* body, sensible that the *middling* classes, the *peasantry*, and the sober, peaceable, and industrious mechanic and manufacturer form the *purest* part of the British population; and that, as they constitute the *strength* of a nation, whatever aims at their *vital* interest, inflicts a *mortal* wound on the dearest and best interests of these kingdoms.

As a strong recommendation to what is commonly called the *high and low* church parties, Mr. T. Lowndes acquaints the aforesaid *corporate* bodies that he is *half and half*, his father's family and connexions being all of the established church, and those of his mother, (who was a Miss Milnes,) *presbyterians*.

This address being conveyed through the medium of a public newspaper, that every thing may be fair and above board, Mr. T. Lowndes cannot attend to any answer unless communicated through the same channel; but should Mr. T. L. become a member of parliament by the above *open* and *honourable* conduct on the part of the electors and elected, it will be a *convincing* proof, that the elective *franchise* of cities and boroughs is *sounder at heart* than

some *reformers* imagine, and that election *purity* is not *extinct*, but has only *lain dormant* for want of proper ways and means to convey it in a direction most conducive to the *honour*, *safety*, and *welfare* of his Majesty's dominions.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

BATH,

Dec. 5th, 1806.



To MATTHEW WINTER, *Esq. Secretary to  
the Tax-Office.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received your civil Letter, and return you many thanks for it, though at the same time I must confess its contents have not a *little* surprized me; and I therefore cannot help thinking there must have been some mistake, like Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors, where Dromio of Ephesus and Dromio of Syracuse, Antipholis of Ephesus and Antipholis of Syracuse, occasion so much laughter by being mistaken for *one another*. As there are two Thomas Lowndes's of Hampstead, a similar mistake may have arisen. For I gave such *particular* orders to the collector of taxes at Hampstead, Mr. Hearne, in consequence of the 27l. I paid two years ago, and

which I consider *still due* to me from the *Exchequer*, that if there has been any *blunder* at my house, he is the *author* of it, and not *me* or my *servants*; and consequently he deserves Mr. Dromio's *rope-end*, and not they or your humble servant. But, as long as the collectors throughout the kingdom are *suffered* to receive such *pretty pickings* from the *unintentional errors* of the public, such blunders will be *perpetually* arising. After the unpleasant business alluded to in the beginning of the letter, Mr. Hearne said to me,—This *mistake* (arising from your absence, and the letter not being sent after you) shall never occur a second time while I am collector: for if any letter of a *similar* nature is sent to your house, your servants shall have *particular* orders to *send* it to you by the next day's post; and as to the return of your assessed taxes, if you don't tell me to *make any alteration*, I will every half year send in the *same* return, taking it for granted by your *not* informing me, that there has been *no alteration* in those *expenses*, or that mode of living, which can in any respect *affect* your assessed taxes. Thus you see, like Othello, I a *plain unvarnished* tale deliver of my whole course of life in paying taxes, for these two years past; therefore with such proceedings, as I am *charged* withal, let the collector pay the forfeit due (saddle me

the *ass*, and they *saddled him*.) If, therefore, after this plain and simple fact, which I will *swear* to the truth of, Mr. Hearne has not, from *neglect*, or any *other cause*, chosen to write me word, that he should not *advance* the taxes for me, which I understood him he would do if necessary, though I never meant to trouble him on that head : who's *to blame*? the collector : who's *afraid*? not *me*; because I have committed no *breach of the law*. Having paid my taxes last August up to April, I then said, Mr. Hearne, as I am going into the country for two or three months, how shall we manage about the payment of my Michaelmas taxes? Oh, *never mind* that, says he, if you pay *once* a year it is *quite sufficient*; and as you desire me to make *no alteration* in the return, your assessed taxes shall be made to amount to the same sum this half year as they did last. However, I am not the less obliged to you for your friendly letter, and remain,

My dear sir,

your obliged

humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD,

1809.



## A COMPARISON

BETWEEN

*JESUS CHRIST AND BUONAPARTE.*

**JESUS CHRIST**, *the Son of God*, came into the world to teach mankind humility, brotherly love, justice, charity, and every virtue that can adorn human nature; and, as a proof that his Divine Mission was to promote peace, unanimity and good will on earth, and to repress all the baser feelings of the heart, envy, hatred, malice and revenge, he bore the most ignominious treatment with a fortitude and patience almost incredible; nay, exemplified in his own benevolent disposition what he was continually inculcating into others—Love your enemies; hate not those that persecute you; and speak well of such as do spitefully use you. So that our Saviour was *consistent* to the last moment of his life, and did not, like some modern divines, *practise* one thing and *preach* another.

That the poor might be contented with their humble station in life, and not envy the rich, seems to have been the great object of his assuming the human form, and living among the poor.

For Jesus so little desired either wealth or honours, empire or dominions, that he chose (being the son of an obscure mechanic, a carpenter by trade) to live and die among that humble class of men, far removed from the society of kings and princes, the noble or the wealthy. Indeed, he frequently observed, during his divine mission here,—My Kingdom is not of this World, but of the next; and his benevolent actions proved that he thought so.

BUONAPARTE, *the son of the Devil*, seems to act, as if sent into this world to teach mankind to bow down to Baal, instead of worshipping the only true God, and to show them who and what the Devil is; for which purpose, though the son of a petty attorney in Corsica, and educated by *public charity*, he was ambitious of ranking with the kings, princes, and nobles of the land, and of living among them: a prototype of pride, vain-glory, arrogance of heart, injustice, cruelty, discord, rapine, revenge, and all those ferocious passions that most degrade human nature. Instead of brotherly love, he fomented divisions and animosity among the sons of men, setting the son against the father—the mother against the daughter—the hind against his master—and the subject against his king. Instead of peace and good-will to men, he carries fire and sword, plague, pestilence

and famine among all the surrounding nations ; till, by these terrible scourges of the sins of man, he has reduced those nations to such an abject state as to bend to his imperious will, and become the base, servile instruments of his diabolical tyranny over other nations.

That Buonaparté's kingdom is of this world has been, unfortunately, too evident from his daily conduct; for all his thoughts, words and actions are of the most *selfish* nature, and his great *destiny on earth* the perpetual theme of *his own* admiration. As Christ *died* for mankind, nay, suffered the most ignominious death of the cross, this *Antichrist*, this son of the Devil seems to act, as if he thought all mankind were to *die* for *him*—as if they were created only to contribute to his temporal grandeur—to gratify his blood-thirsty ambition—his inordinate love of power, splendour and parade. Whatever he *wills* must be their *law*: instead of practising humility and lowliness of heart, he makes all his beggarly brothers and sisters kings and queens; his ragged and poor cousins, princes and princesses ; nay, dissolves one of the most sacred compacts of man, his brother's marriage contract, not from any vice in the lady's conduct, but because, though an opulent merchant's daughter, Miss Patterson's plebeian blood is not good enough for the Buonaparté family. From

the most *obscure birth* he has raised himself to the *despotic sovereignty* of all Europe by such diabolical acts of barbarity as make the stoutest heart tremble only to think of. His prisoners *slaughtered* at Jaffa, and his own sick troops *poisoned* at his express commands, will, if possible, rank Buonaparté higher in iniquity than all the most infamous tyrants, ancient or modern, whose infernal crimes have so long polluted the page of history. Therefore, great as this horrid monster is in vice and iniquity—the king of assassins—a wholesale dealer in human blood—blaspheming and denying his God—the curse and scourge of mankind; who can he be but the DEVIL'S OWN DEARLY BELOVED SON, of whom, methinks I hear old Belzebub say—This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; come thou and enjoy the kingdom of hell, prepared for thee by the Devil and all his imps.

SOUTHAMPTON,

1809.

N.B. The above Comparison between Jesus Christ and Buonaparte was written by Mr. Lowndes, at Southampton, for the edification of a *Jacobin Quaker*, who, to Mr. L.'s *inexpressible surprise*, was advocating in his company the transcendent merits of that great champion of *liberty*, Buonaparte. For who could imagine that the *spirit* could ever move *peace-making* Obediah to *eulogize* the political conduct of the greatest tyrant that ever existed—an extraordinary being, so *fond of war*, that, like the salamander, you would suppose he could only live in a *fiery* element, and whose *destruction* was his fondness for war, alias, his inordinate ambition.

But from the late inconsistent conduct of some of the broad brim fraternity, who, by their *rapacious avarice*, have fallen at least *fifty* per cent. in public opinion, I cannot help exclaiming, from having formerly been very partial to Quakers,

Alas! poor Obediah!

## A LETTER

written to a Gentleman at Chesterfield, and printed by me from its being peculiarly applicable to the *present Distress* among the Manufacturers of Great Britain.

SIR,

As I only received your Letter the day the *Committee* were to *meet*, and give their *final determination*, it was impossible for me to answer it so early as you wished. But as I am not without hopes that a plan so interesting to humanity may yet be adopted, though perhaps on a smaller scale than was at first intended, I beg leave to inform you, that I shall order the sum of fifty pounds to be paid into any banker's the committee may appoint in London to receive subscriptions for the institution alluded to.

That *no* account of the *different* sums subscribed should have been sent to persons applied to like myself, who live at a great distance from Chesterfield, and who, from the smallness of their property in that neighbourhood, have little *local* interest there, has much surprized and *disappointed* both me and my father. For in that case some *independent standard* of *liberality* might have been set up for public notice, to serve as a *beacon* or landmark to regulate *individual* charity, and to guide it safely, where those three great cross roads of public subscriptions meet, *humanity*, *interest*, and *vanity*.

From not sending a list of the subscribers, and the amount of each subscription, it looks as if the *public liberality* had not kept *pace* with the zealous *expectations* of the committee. But why an application should have been made to me individually, who have little or no property in the county of Derby, I cannot conceive, unless it arose from the inscription I had engraved on a monument lately erected in Chesterfield church to a most worthy and humane character, who married a person as distinguished for humanity, my mother's sister, Miss Hester Milnes. For as the Milnes's representative, I shall always think the *small* fortune made by my grandfather, Mr. Richard Milnes, and his father, Mr. James Milnes, during fifty years *toil, risk* and *ingenuity*, with the public services rendered by them to the town of Chesterfield, and some *individuals* in it, place the *debtor account* on a very *different* page of the ledger of gratitude from what some may imagine.

I have mentioned the above circumstances, but which are founded on fact, merely to show my intended donation of fifty pounds does not arise from any impulse of gratitude to the town of Chesterfield, but from humanity only; and if the committee will apply one half of the building meant for an Infirmary, as a Military Orphan School for the children of soldiers and sailors

who have lost their lives in the service of their country, I will add one hundred and fifty pounds to the fifty already offered, and make up the whole sum *two hundred* pounds; for the children of such men ought to be looked upon by the public with *peculiar respect* and gratitude. But as to the persons employed in cotton manufactories, mines, iron founderies, potteries, &c. the different masters, who have profited by their labours, ought to keep them in sickness, infirmity, or old age; either by a *fund of humanity* supported at the expense of those masters, or by money kept back for that purpose, at so much a week from the weekly pay of their work-people. I have allowed an old servant 28*l.* a year for these twelve years; and gentlemen's servants are unproductive labourers; instead of increasing their master's fortune, they often contribute to *diminish* it. Surely then the *productive* labourer ought to receive more proofs of gratitude from *his* employers, than the *unproductive* from *theirs*, particularly too, when perhaps the labour of such persons has, in the course of twenty years service, increased their master's fortune *tenfold*. The committee, I dare say, are not aware that, my little landed property being scattered in five or six different counties, I have as many *national* and *local* subscriptions to put down my mite to,

there being at one time a call upon me for the yeomanry, at another time a subscription for volunteers; to which may be added subscriptions for patriotic purposes, such as the Patriotic Fund, a *most excellent institution*, and which I take the liberty of recommending to the notice of the committee, I myself having given, at different times, near a hundred pounds to it. Even on the score of *religion*, I come in for my share of subscription, being occasionally called upon to assist my mother's unitarian connexions from their being dissenters, and to support the *church* from my father's family being of that persuasion. Being also called an *independent* man, I had no less than three applications the last general election for *three* cool hundreds to support the *independent* interest of *three independent* candidates, one of whom some years ago having a hundred pounds from me as a donative to assist his independence, thought himself justified, at the last general election, in laying claim to a *second* hundred for a similar purpose.

Having mentioned to Lady Sitwell near three weeks since the sum I meant to subscribe, one morning when she was writing a letter from this place to one of her Chesterfield friends, I did not think it necessary to answer yours so soon as I otherwise should have done, particu-



larly too as her Ladyship promised she would then mention the amount of my present offer, and what I intended to give should half of the building be converted into a public school for the maintenance and education of the orphan children of soldiers and sailors, all of whom, from the embarrassed state of the finances of the country, government cannot provide for so well as they *could wish*.

Hoping *both* plans will be put into execution, and succeed to the utmost wishes of the most zealous patriot and philanthropist, and with respectful compliments to the committee,

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

THO. LOWNDES.

BATH, 1810.

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P.S. I will thank you to inform me, if my idea of a Military Orphan School meets with the approbation of your respectable committee, because if it do, I think I can answer for near a thousand pounds among my different friends and acquaintance, and some persons connected with government. Besides, an appeal might be made with great propriety to the humanity and gratitude of the public, by advertisements in some of the London papers, and each of the provincial ones. The cheapness of the different articles of life, from coals being cheap, the

salubrity of the air of Chesterfield, and its distance from the corruptions of the metropolis, might be urged with great effect and propriety; also its being in the neighbourhood of many great manufactures might give the rising generation a taste for trade and commerce instead of the idle dissipated life of a soldier.

In the plan I have proposed, all the ground belonging to Mr. Jebb's house would be wanted as a play-ground for the boys and girls, and to furnish them with vegetables; and I flatter myself an appeal to the humanity and gratitude of the public by the advertisements alluded to would produce at least *twenty thousand pounds*. The criterion by which I judge of the amount of such subscription is the sum raised for British prisoners in France, that not being less than 40,000*l*.

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#### WORKSOP ROAD.

*To Cornelius Heathcote Rodes, Esq., Barlborough  
Hall, Derbyshire.*

DEAR SIR,

TILL Friday last, I have not attempted to put my boots on, since I had the pleasure of coursing with you at Sutton, which must be my apology for not riding over to Barlborough to pay my respects to you. On Friday and Saturday I was at Chesterfield, and intend setting out to-morrow or next day for London.

Being lately subject to the rheumatism, I was afraid, by riding at a distance in cloth gaiters, of getting the rheumatics in my legs from some unexpected shower of rain, for which reason, till Friday last, Sutton has been the greatest distance I have ventured from home since the beginning of November. During the last three months, I have only *hovered* within a mile of Palterton, making what I call the home-circuit. Having made use of a word which is generally applied to birds of prey, you will, I dare say, compare me to an hawk, a vulture, or an eagle. In that case I can truly say, if I had only eaten what I fleshed, I should be as lean as a scarecrow, not being able to pounce upon any animal that I could make a prey of. I believe it is the Barlborough esquire that makes *such game scarce*. For the last thirty years he has been as great a *terror* to *young girls* and maidens, as Jack the Giant Killer to *little children*; or as the giant himself who puts one of them in each waistcoat pocket, and crams two at a time into each of his small-clothes pockets. What your *terry diddles* may contain I won't pretend to say. I should suppose though the pockets are not quite so large as those of a giant; at the same time you must possess *gigantic* strength, and be grown quite a young fellow, to be laying bets against men of forty, to run, jump, and carry

weights with them. If you are so strong as to be able to carry a *grown* up man on your back, a race of fifty yards, and you would hardly bet as many pounds on such an occasion, unless you were pretty sure of winning, I should think you had better make your strength more *useful* to the state, by *marrying* and *getting* children, unless you have so high an opinion of your prowess, as to think you can carry better than your wife, and that she will only *miscarry*. When a *married* woman carries her *burden* before her, she only does what nature *intended*; but when you carry a man on your back you counteract nature, lay a burden there she will perhaps not submit to, betray your weakness, lose your money, and are laughed at into the bargain. As you very often favour my father and myself with your advice, I have now given you a little in return, as a small *token* of *gratitude*; and I can assure you, having no sister, or near female relation to recommend for a wife, my advice is very *disinterested*. I will candidly acknowledge that the most honourable patriotic motive, a love of my country, has inclined me to turn your views towards matrimony, for I do think it a *pity*, as it is a great *public* loss, that such a *well made Hercules* as you are, should so long have remained *single*. Intending to return in the summer, and hoping then to *partake* of your *hospitality* at Barlborough, I should wish to keep

you alive and well, till the *summer* is over. This, perhaps, has been one motive for giving you the above advice, so that upon second thoughts I am not entirely *disinterested* in what I have said. I shall say nothing of your being *at times* a very pleasant companion: I say *at times*, because I will not flatter you, by saying you are *always* pleasant; as you know yourself, there is *one way* in which you are the contrary; *that way leads from Chesterfield to Worksop*, and is *sixteen miles* in length, unfortunately for me much *longer* than I could have wished it. So that as a man is seldom equally kind to all his relations, it is not all *Roads* that you treat with *kindness*; no, the one mentioned by me, though you have been so much indebted to it, would, like a *natural* child, have been *starved* for any *attention* you showed it; for I well recollect, you once attempted to *stone* the said bantling to death, by an *old stinking* 100*l.* stone quarry bill, which was not accepted but protested against. But as we see with *different* eyes at *different* periods of our life, and you have lately felt yourself so *juvenile* at *fifty-eight*, perhaps you may now see the great *advantage* that has accrued to you, the inhabitants of Barlborough, and your estate, from an old family friend, the Worksop road, coming through your estate; and certain it is, but for *that friend*, like the traveller lost in the snow, you would, after some Bacchanalian

*fête*, have been stuck fast in the mud ; or, had you been on *horseback*, have been pitched with your *head in it*. The following paragraph, which *perhaps you never saw before*, and which, I should suppose, was cut out of an old *Derby* or *Nottingham* paper, may give you some idea of the *danger* you have *avoided*, *by one good way*.

“ On Thursday night, about eleven o'clock, as — Rodes, Esq. of Barlborough Hall, a very pleasant agreeable man, but fond of his bottle, was coming home from Chesterfield, where he had been dining with some friends, and, *as usual*, had poured *many libations to Bacchus*, he was thrown from his horse, which stuck *fast* in a slough a little beyond Staveley. His groom, in attempting to assist his master, met with the same fate, for, when the *blind lead the blind*, they must both *fall into the ditch* ; and if a cart had not accidentally passed, that was going to a neighbouring foundery, the carter of which was not so *tipsy* as Mr. Rodes or his man, *there they might have remained a whole winter's night*, in the month of December, frozen in with the mud ; for the wind chopping round to the east about an hour after, the weather became uncommonly cold and frosty ; but for the above fortunate occurrence of the cart's passing by, from which circumstance they got almost *immediate* assistance, both master and man would probably have perished with cold. This accident

we have mentioned the more *circumstantially*, hoping the public will be *now* less prejudiced against their *best friends* the *mortgagees* of turnpike roads, because to *them* that public is *greatly indebted* for the *large sums* of money *expended* in making bye-lanes *firm* and passable; as the mortgagee can only receive *five per cent.* by a general act of parliament, but, on an *average*, *does not receive above three per cent.*, with a great deal of *ill will* into the bargain. We understand, in consequence of the above accident, those gentlemen who have estates contiguous to the road which goes from Chesterfield to Worksop, but is now only a bye-lane, mean to apply to parliament *next* session for a bill to make it a *turnpike road*, for which purpose a meeting has already been held in the town of Worksop; and to show the *uncommon* zeal of the noblemen and gentlemen who attended the meeting, we are told (but cannot vouch for the *exactness* of each sum) the Duke of D—— put down his name to 500*l.*; the Dukes of N—— and P—— 500*l.* each; the Duke of L—— 500*l.*; Duke of K—— 500*l.*; Esquire H—— 500*l.*; Esquire R—— 500*l.*; Esquire S—— 500*l.*; and various other landholders and monied men of less consequence, 100*l.* and 200*l.* each. Mr. Milnes, a merchant of Chesterfield, but a very liberal and patriotic character, with only *two* acres of land near the road,

subscribed 500*l*. Mr. M. said he put down so large a sum because he thought a good road would be of *great service* to the *public*, and of *some use* to his business ; though, as he had given up two-thirds of it to two third cousins, had then no son to succeed him in the other third, and was besides not likely to live many years, being in a very infirm state of health, *little benefit could accrue to his family*, from the *bye-lane* being made a *turnpike road*."

Apologising for the *length* of my letter, every *part* of which I hope will meet with your *approbation* ; and in which I have endeavoured, like a good painter, to make the light and shade, the *comic* and the *serious*, blend so together, that you can hardly distinguish where the one *begins* and the other *ends*, I shall conclude with respectful compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reastone, hoping they are well, and with wishing you and them, if not too late in the season, a happy new year, assuring you I remain, my dear Sir, Yours, &c.

PALTERN, Feb. 2d, 1812.

THO. LOWNDES.

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N.B. My mother and aunt, who were co-heiresses, had ultimately 20,000*l*. less for their fortune, from their father being almost the *sole mortgagee* of the Worksop road, a deficiency occasioned by Mr. Milnes liberally, though unwisely, beginning with a *sixpenny toll* for *sixteen miles* for a carriage and pair, and the Chesterfield canal being afterwards made, which, by taking off all the heavy carriage, reduced the *gross tolls* one half. And yet, instead of taking a *less toll* than usual, Mr. Milnes, in his *first act* of Parliament, should have had an *additional one*, to pay for the expense of *burning* the stone, a singular process, essentially necessary on the Worksop road, as without it the stone would soon become a *mere sludge*; whereas, by burning, it grinds under the wheel into a hard red sand.



## A POLITICAL LETTER

TO

SIR WILLIAM SCOTT, NOW LORD STOWELL.

DEAR SIR,

As the public in general has done me the *unmerited* kindness of supposing I was the real author of Rabelais' story concerning the *devil* and *farmer*, and as Doctor Darwin's letter (from which I quoted that story) is unique, and a perfect original, being truly characteristic of the peculiar cast of genius of its celebrated writer, I have taken the liberty of inclosing, for your entertainment, that extraordinary physician's ingenious and witty epistle. The Doctor and Mr. Day were intimate and bosom friends. Though written thirty years ago, it has not lost a *particle* of its Darwinian flavour; but at the same time, from its present *mutilated* state, I fear, like old wine, it will not be *meliorated* by age. To me it has the venerable appearance of an old Roman or Grecian *statue*, that has had the *misfortune* to lose a hand or foot, but the *face* and *bust* of which is *perfect*; for every feature of Doctor Darwin's literary turn of mind, every odd and crooked line of his singular genius, remains entire and unbroken; the few words dropt off from the letter, (and which I have

faithfully supplied from memory,) being of no more consequence than so many fingers and toes found wanting in an otherwise complete model.

If you should think it worth while to have the doctor's letter copied for the amusement of your constituents or of yourself, I beg you will do so; but as I have not a copy of it, shall be much obliged to you to take great care of the *original letter*, and which I will have the honour of calling for at your house about two o'clock on Monday next. Though frequently urged to send it to the newspaper, it has never yet appeared in *print*, not being able so completely to divest myself of all consideration for the literary reputation of a *great author*, as to expose his private thoughts (communicated in the honest zeal of friendship) to the prying eye of curiosity, for the little wits and detractors of departed genius to feed on his fair *fame*, by publishing their comments and criticisms, like worms and grubs generated from the human body, when mouldering again to its parent earth.

Permit me to say, Sir William, it was with much regret I read your note, as it deprived me of one of the brightest ornaments of my party; but though Gay only says,—“when a lady is in the case, all other things give place,”—I feel most strongly, and particularly in these times, that

when a *regent* is in the case, all things *should and must give place*; for which purpose, I hope *party spirit* (which most certainly is an *evil spirit*) will give way to *Christian charity, brotherly love, patriotic sympathy*, and all those gentle bonds of union, that, like the fable of the bundle of rods, *tie up statesmen together* to make them *stronger*, and not to form a bundle of Roman *fascies* to *whip* the state with, and create *factions* and democratic ideas subversive of all permanent benefit to the commonwealth, or the ambitious individual. I am also sorry I shall not have the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Townshend's company, both of whom I hope are well.

Animated by truly patriotic feelings, having, like yourself, some stake in the country, though but a small one compared with your own, I hope, Sir William, the three great parties, *Pittites, Foxites, and Saintites*, will be *tria juncta in uno*; for which purpose *suaviter in modo* and *affability of conduct* will do more to reconcile the jarring interests of the state, than great skill in mathematics, or deep classical learning. How much our late illustrious and virtuous premier did by *suaviter in modo*, Mr. Whitbread's eulogium of him furnishes an ample proof.

Having been all the winter within twenty miles of Nottingham, I have unfortunately had too much experience of the great evil resulting

from the *fortiter* in *re*, accompanied by a brutality of manners that would disgrace the most ferocious savage, and a vindictive disposition, which, spurning at the idea of humanity, calls to its diabolical purposes the *assistance* of all the powers of *envy*, *hatred*, and *malice united*, from which *tria juncta in uno*, good *Lord deliver us*.

With sincere condolence to you for the awfulness of the times, and the irreparable loss we have all sustained by the untimely and premature death of our late illustrious statesman Mr. Perceval, whose public and private virtues will hand him down to posterity as one of the greatest and best of men, but particularly condoling with you, Sir William, for your private loss in him, you who are so well acquainted with his merits,

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your very obedient,

humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

June, 1812.



## AN APPEAL

TO

*THE LIVERY OF LONDON.*

AFTER taking much trouble in investigating your rights and privileges, (and which, I assure you, are of no common nature, for they are rights and privileges which have made monarchs tremble on the throne, and nations bow with submission to the British flag,) it appears, that since the year 1387, to the present period, no Lord Mayor has been elected to the same office for two succeeding years, except in the case of Sir Thomas Pilkington, who, being continued from state necessity, should not be offered as a precedent in the present instance. In the case of Alderman Beckford, I rejoice to find (though no man better deserved such an honour) that an interval of seven years elapsed between his two mayoralties.

How the perversion of these truths in the public papers originated, must be evident to every impartial, candid liveryman, viz. that in all probability the present Lord Mayor's partizans, from their enthusiastic and inconsiderate desire that his lordship should be elected two years successively, have (with the usual inattention to accuracy, observable in men of their political character) propagated and dissemi-

nated the above rumour, to serve as precedents for their own party purposes.

As a further caution, a close examination of the Roman history will show, that, during the consular government, there was discernible an habitual fear that those in power might protract their office beyond one year, a custom that (as long as it was observed) kept up the purity of the Roman laws, and barred the door to every species of corruption. I therefore trust the considerate and independent Liverymen of London (but particularly the Court of Aldermen) will not have the slightest hesitation in what way to act; they having only to follow the undeviated track of their wise and prudent ancestors for the last 420 years and upwards.

What, then, must be thought of the inordinate ambition of a chief magistrate, (a magistrate to whom I am willing to allow every possible merit while in office,) who wishes the Livery of London, in this particular instance, (but without having done anything extraordinary to claim *such a triumph*,) to deviate from a custom so long established, by re-electing him for the present year? Surely that man's love of liberty must be of a very unreasonable nature who wishes to have the *liberty* of doing what no Lord Mayor has done before him for 400 years: a liberty that, if once exercised, endangers, not

only the salvation of the rights and privileges of the Citizens of London in their *corporate* and *integral* capacity, but, by setting a baneful example to every other corporate town in the kingdom, (more especially the manufacturing ones,) endangers the lives and liberties of the whole British empire, and lays open to the insatiable power of a lawless mob, the manufactures, commerce and agriculture of Great Britain.

What Adam Smith says of *capital* applies to *power* as much as to wealth and population; for a popular magistrate of great power and authority, who has been in office one year, by being re-elected the following year, has such a fatal opportunity of increasing his stock of popularity before it is in any way diminished, that in a few years he may be rich enough in popular favour to set up for himself—trade on his own capital of liberty—and do *as we have seen in modern times*, set his foot upon the necks of those besotted persons who have *madly* raised him to power, until, from a good magistrate and a true patriot, he become one of the *greatest tyrants*.

I have the honour to be

Your humble servant,

A (*self-elected*) CITIZEN OF LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1816.

## LOWNDES'S ASTRONOMICAL PROFESSORSHIP

PROPOSED TO BE CONVERTED INTO A NAVAL ONE.

*To Mr. Brougham and the Gentlemen of the Committee for Investigating Abuses in Public Charities, Schools, &c.*

GENTLEMEN,

AGREEING with Mr. Wilberforce, (whose *enlightened* and *moral* conduct I wish I had followed on all other occasions,) that your *high national commission* will be attended with the most *beneficial consequences* to the British empire, I request particularly to turn your attention to the following very remarkable, and, I hope, unique fact, to show how *abuses* grow up in *public foundations*; but especially those of a *clerical nature*. By which observation I do not mean any thing disrespectful to the clergy of the established church, but that every species of *monastic life* has a *natural tendency* to encourage *indolence*. In the year 1748, Thomas Lowndes (a bachelor uncle of my father's) died, having signed a *will* the *day before his death*, (but first cancelling one in my father's favour,) in which will he *founded* an *Astronomical Professorship* in the University of Cambridge, ordering it to be for ever called Lowndes's Astronomical and Geometrical Professorship. The estate left for that purpose is at Overton in Cheshire, being



now four or five hundred pounds a year, and had been in possession of the Cheshire Lowndes's some centuries, it being the *last wreck of an old family estate*, from which my father's family, the Lowndes's of *Lea Hall* in Cheshire, and the Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire Lowndes's are *all* descended. But to enable you, gentlemen, to judge the *better* of this most *flagrant abuse*, I should inform you, that (though the *following* passage will prove how zealous the testator was to make the professorship as *useful* as possible) *not a lecture* has ever been given from the *period* of its *foundation* to the *present* moment, it having been made, from that time to this, a perpetual *sinecure*. Therefore that in this *solitary instance*, whatever Mr. Peel may say in *defence* of such a *scandalous* abuse of a *great public university* institution, (and no man can have *more respect* for the *solid talents* and *moral character* of that honourable gentleman than *myself*, and also for the *soundness* of his *politics*,) you will, I hope, squeeze the juice out of the *orange*, and, *sans ceremonie*, (for it will not be *worth preserving*,) throw away the *peel*.

*EXTRACT from the Will of Thomas Lowndes, the Inventor of the Bay Salt, (that goes by his name,) and for which not a Sixpence of the Reward promised by Government in 1746, has ever been paid, though this country, by the invention, has gained above Fifty Mil-*

*lions sterling since June, 1748, the period when the above Mr. Lowndes died, and though One Thousand Two Hundred Pounds of his own Fortune was expended in trying experiments.*

“ Which Professor, I will, shall be for ever called Lowndes’s Astronomical and Geometrical Professor in the University of Cambridge, and shall be from time to time chosen and appointed by the Lord High Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the Seal of Great Britain, the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord High Treasurer, or the first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, the Lord Steward of the King’s household for the time being, or the major part of them; and I *will and desire* that *proper statutes, rules, and ordinances* in relation of the said Professorship, and the *number* of the lectures to be *read* therein, and the *time* for *such reading*, and all other *regulations* for the *perpetual* government of the said professorship, shall be made by and under the hands and seals,\* &c.”

The executors of the above will were Randle Wilbraham, and Thomas Booth, Esquires, *relations of the testator*. The present professor,

\* *Under the hands and seals*] of Sir Martin Folkes, Bart. President of the Royal Society, Dr. Penfold, F.R.S., my much honoured friend William Jones,† Esq. F.R.S. and Nicholas Fazakerly, Esq.

† Father of the celebrated Sir William Jones, who died in India.

the Reverend Mr. Lax, is, I believe, a very *learned* and *scientific* divine, and therefore a very *proper* person as to *talents* for the above professorship. But if this learned gentleman (which is a *true bill*) gives neither *Astronomical* or *Geometrical* lectures, he might as well live in the *moon* for any *use* he is of as a *professor*. However one thing is certain, that Mr. Lax was *born* under a *lucky planet*, and has great reason to *bless* his *stars* that have put him into such a lucrative *situation* without any other trouble but what is necessary to his existence: namely, eating, drinking, and sleeping. Many years ago, at the *death of Doctor Smith*, who had long held the Lowndeian professorship, (for being so *good* a government thing it generally falls to the lot of some person of great consequence in the University of Cambridge *politically inclined*,) I suddenly came up to town, having travelled all night, to be as expeditious as possible, intending (being then a member of the University of Oxford) to get a *bene decessit*, and move to the University of Cambridge, provided I had any chance of succeeding to *this land of promise*; for (as you will perceive, gentlemen) *properly* might it be called the *land of promise*, the Lowndeian professorship having (as I afterwards found) long been *promised* to the *Reverend Mr. Lax*. The day after my arrival here, for the purpose

above stated, (while walking on Hampstead Heath,) I accidentally met Mr. Erskine, now Lord Erskine, whom I had the honour of being acquainted with through his intimacy with my late *uncle-in-law* Mr. Day, a brother barrister. After a few minutes conversation, and my telling him the object for which I had come from Worcester, he said, in his Lordship's *neat and sarcastic* manner, if you are come up to town to *stand for* Lowndes's Professorship, you are come *too late*, for it was given away *three days ago* at a *privy council*. I answered, that cannot be, for Dr. Smith has not been *dead much longer*, therefore the *place* must have been *applied for before* his death. Yes, says Mr. Erskine, so it most probably was; for are you so *ignorant* of the ways of the world as not to know, that if you mean to succeed to any *good thing* the *public* have the *disposal of*, you must apply for it *before the breath is out of a man's body*? What *indelicacy*! I replied, to ask for a place before the *occupier of it* is *dead*, or has an *intention of resigning*; and what a *complete death-blow* to all competition, so *useful* when applied to offices requiring *great talent*, though the Lowndes's Professorship (being a sinecure) is an *exception* to this *excellent rule*; for most assuredly had *Astronomical abilities* been *necessary* I should not have had the *presumption* to aspire to a professor's chair. True, said Mr. Erskine, it is *inde-*

*licate*; but, however, without *this precaution* you will never succeed to any lucrative office, and particularly, when in the gift of government, as there are so many *hungry people* to *provide for*.

Last spring four years I had the honour of an *interview with Lord Melville*, to tell his Lordship that (though not possessing the *magic wand* of Harlequin) I could *conjure up* for the Board of Admiralty a good place of *four or five hundred pounds* a year, by *merely adding one word* to a Professorship in the gift of government, which had, for near *seventy years*, been made a *mere sinecure*, namely *naval*: for, by uniting that word to Lowndes's Astronomical and Geometrical Professorship, it would convert an *old useless sinecure* into an *active nautical* employment. That this was not difficult, too, to *accomplish*, his Lordship would easily *suppose*, when I informed him the *excuse* for not *giving lectures* had always been that there was another *Astronomical* Professorship at Cambridge founded *before* the Lowndeian, and in which lectures were given; consequently there was no occasion for the Lowndes's Professor to give any. Lord Melville thanked me for my communication, saying, a *place* of this sort would be *highly acceptable*, and particularly *then*, (it being just after Buonaparte's *compulsory abdication*,) as government among the chaplains of men of war

had many *naval clerical friends* they wished to provide for. But before I made *my bow* and went away, to guard myself against the probable accusation of being considered an enthusiastic, theoretical speculator, I told his Lordship that, so far from my proposal being, like many *plausible* schemes, *impracticable*, or too remote in its execution to be interesting, it was not only *feasible*, but might be immediately converted into a *useful institution*; for (as the Lowndeian Professorship was in the gift of five of the great servants of the crown) these *noble* and *illustrious* personages had only to *get* from their brother, the Lord Chancellor, who was *one* of the *five*, a *living* of *seven or eight hundred pounds* a year, and present it to Mr. Lax, in exchange for his Professorship, and I had little doubt that Rev. M. A. would gladly embrace such an excellent opportunity of *serving himself*, and of showing his *gratitude* to *government* by *resigning* his *Astronomical sinecure*, provided the university *permitted* it. However, if their *consent* were not attainable, and that this *learned* body *insisted* upon the Rev. Mr. Lax keeping his Astronomical Professorship, (under the grievous *pain* of *incurring* their *high* and *mighty displeasure*,) from the *idea* that any alteration in the nature of it, would take it out of the usual course of candidates, and be a *dangerous precedent*, I told

Lord Melville that Mr. Churchill of Henbury, Dorsetshire, (whose grandmother was a *Miss Lowndes*, niece of the testator, she being the *only child* of Mr. Thomas Lowndes's *elder brother*, for my father was descended from the youngest,) might, in *return* for such an *unaccommodating* spirit, as *heir* to the *testator*, *file a bill* in chancery to *compel* the *Lowndeian Professor* to give lectures in Astronomy and Geometry, or *give up* the *estate*; and that this *point gained* (independent of the individual merit of the professorship itself) would (from correcting the dangerous and shameful principle of allowing sinecures) be of *no little benefit* to the British empire.

Hoping the very *extraordinary* fact here mentioned will be useful to gentlemen of the Committee for the Investigation of Abuses in Public Charities, Schools, &c. and be entitled to their patriotic consideration, and making every possible apology for the *length* of this *letter*, which I have endeavoured (by *compressing* my *ideas*) to make as *short* as *possible*, I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your very obedient,  
humble servant, and well wisher,  
THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD,  
1818.



TO MR. BROUGHAM, &c. &c. &c.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE taken the earliest opportunity of correcting two unintentional errors in the letter I had the honour of leaving yesterday in the Journal Office of the House of Commons to the care of your secretary : the *first* consists in my having stated that *no lectures had ever been given* by any Lowndeian professor ;—the *second*, that the other Cambridge astronomical professorship was founded before the Lowndes's professorship, when, in fact, it was founded at a subsequent period. For, upon my calling yesterday, an hour or two after I had been at the House of Commons, on my worthy friend Mr. Lowndes, the chairman of the Tax Office, and accidentally stating to him I had just left a letter concerning the Lowndeian professorship for Mr. Brougham and the gentlemen of the Committee for correcting Abuses in Public Charities, &c., and mentioning what a disgrace it was that no lectures should ever have been given ; he answered, “ *none*, I believe, have been given by Mr. Lax, though a proper man for the situation from his learning and talents ; but Dr. Smith certainly gave lectures on astronomy, as I can positively assert, being then at



Cambridge, a member of the university." I now said, " You can perhaps also inform me, whether the other astronomical professorship was founded before or after the Lowndes's professorship ; for I mentioned it in my letter as founded before that professorship." Upon which Mr. L.'s answer was, " that the other astronomical professorship was, he believed, founded after the Lowndeian, but the Red Book would show the exact time." For want of that court calendar I had no opportunity, either at my villa here or at Hampstead, of rectifying the latter error, as I honestly confess, being no courtier, or place-hunter, it would (except upon the present occasion, and perhaps once every six months) have lain upon my shelves a neglected and useless addition to my library. I believe I can now assert (these two errors corrected) there is no other mistake in my letter to you, gentlemen: for I have still a very lively and accurate recollection (though one of the conversations happened above twenty years since) of the minutest circumstance that passed in the two short interviews I had the honour of having with Mr. Erskine and Lord Melville, and of course my memory may naturally be supposed to be much stronger than theirs on a point so *interesting* to my private feelings. With the

multiplicity of similar conversations between them and their respective friends, who have had occasion to apply for their patronage, and the multifarious interviews with different individuals in the discharge of their great public offices of Lord Chancellor and First Lord of the Admiralty, it will not be at all surprizing if Lord Erskine and Lord Melville have *both* forgotten, not only the sum and substance of my conversation with them, but that I had *any* interview at all, till some important circumstance be mentioned to bring it to their Lordships' recollection. But for myself, though what has been said by me as having passed at the interview alluded to, may not be exactly similar in point of language, the sum and substance of what was said at the above interviews with Mr. Erskine and Lord Melville is very accurate; and for this reason, that having an idea of appealing to the public in print respecting the *debt* due from government for Lowndes's Bay Salt, I wrote down what was said by the above gentlemen a few days after my tête-a-tête, as likewise what I said to them.

With every possible apology for troubling you and the gentlemen of the Committee with a second letter so soon after the first, but which letter I have made as concise as the subject of it

would admit without being obscure, I have the honour to be

Your and their  
obedient servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
1818.

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A LETTER TO MRS. DRAX (*of Knowle Cottage, Blandford, Dorsetshire.*)

DEAR MADAM,

PRESUMING you are in London at your usual place of residence, I have taken the liberty of sending you the inclosed; convinced, from your exemplary female conduct in every point of view, time has not yet extinguished every spark of affection from a dutiful and only daughter, to a most excellent mother.

Having taken in hand the investigation of our great-uncle's invention of bay salt, for (like the radii of a circle, when drawn from one common point to one common circumference) we both stand *precisely* in the same *point of relationship*, I found, among the Lea Hall Papers, a very friendly letter from Mrs. Churchill to my grandmother, Mrs. Lowndes. As I have no doubt that letter, as well as the two others that accompany it, will afford you some pleasure to read, I am happy in sending them. The two last letters are, as you will perceive, written by your

father, and Wm. Lowndes, eldest son to Mr. Secretary Lowndes ; the former of them proves the great friendship your father felt for my grandfather, in consequence of his acting the part of a faithful and honest guardian to Mrs. Churchill, but which fidelity lost him his brother's fortune ; for it is certain but *for that quarrel*, (which commenced by his accusing my grandfather of paying *more attention* to his *niece's interest* than his brother's,) my father, his eldest son, would have inherited all Mr. Thomas Lowndes's property, he having made a will to that purpose about a *fortnight* before his death. The letter of Mr. Secretary Lowndes's son shows the *ardent* friendship that had for many years subsisted between him and your grandfather, who was, as I have been told, a remarkably good tempered man, and of a most hospitable and generous disposition. But to show that *honesty* is the *best policy in the chapter of accidents*, an *honest* but *poor parent* has generally an offspring on some part of whom Providence showers down her blessings most abundantly ; and, as a proof of it, I need only mention my father's great success in life ; for both he and myself have been fortune's favourites, as yourself and the world would have seen had we clambered up to the top of the *may-pole of fortune*, tempted by the splendid *garlands of gold and silver* that pre-

sented themselves (not like the grapes to the fox *out* of his reach, but within our easy grasp). Fate, however, has ordered otherwise; and, though we never gained the summit, we have each been rewarded far beyond our deserts, at least I must honestly confess that to be the case with regard to myself.

In looking into the papers relative to the Bay Salt invention, I see the vast importance of it to the dearest and best interests of the British empire in a way that clearly proves to me, had I taken up the business *thirty years* sooner, something very beneficial would have been done for our family, besides paying the *reward at simple interest* to the *University of Oxford*, for the *purposes specified* in *Mr. Thomas Lowndes's will*. Instead of 100,000*l.* being sent out of the kingdom every year for *foreign salt*, previous to Mr. Thomas Lowndes's *invention*, I find *little less* than 500,000*l.* a year British money was expended *abroad* for that most *useful* and *necessary article*. Thirty thousand tons of salt were *imported* yearly, the value of which is estimated in my namesake's printed Pamphlet, which I have now before me, at near 500,000*l.* a-year, taking the average of the last seven years previous to 1746. You may easily imagine, from the increased population of the country since that period, our

navy, commerce and fisheries more than *doubled*; that if the English bay salt had not been invented, and brine salt improved, so as to do away the necessity of *importation* from *abroad*; that if little short than 500,000*l.* was the annual importation of foreign salt, according to the most moderate calculation, for seven years preceding 1746, a *million* would be required to pay for the *annual* importation of that article in the *present* times.

The duties arising from common salt were lately stated in the House of Commons to be *thirty* times the *value* of the *manufactured article*; therefore, it may naturally be supposed this kingdom must derive an immense revenue from the duty of every other species of salt. With this idea, feeling that *great ingratitude* has been shown by the former governments of this country to the *inventor* of the *bay salt* and his *representatives*, I have ordered a seal to be engraved in St. James's-street, (and which will be finished on Saturday next,) with these *two mottos* at the *top* and the *bottom* of the seal.

Over the crest, WAYS AND MEANS; at the bottom, by way of answer, BAY SALT GRATIS; that is, for *nothing*. But to enable you, my dear madam, to enter into the *spirit* of the *motto*, I should inform you that my friend, Mr. Selby Lowndes, M. P. for Buckinghamshire, has

adopted for his motto, *WAYS AND MEANS*, to prove that he is a *descendant* of Mr. Secretary Lowndes, (and his other descendants, Mr. Lowndes of Chesham, Bucks, and Mr. Lowndes Stone, of Brightwell, Oxfordshire, have followed his example,) and also to show that his *descent*, though a *younger* branch of the Lowndes's of Overton, is more *illustrious* than that of the parent trunk which we belong to. Mr. Secretary Lowndes, being a celebrated financier, and having been thirty-two years secretary to the treasury, was called *Old Ways and Means Lowndes*, as a compliment to him for his *financial skill*. My motto, therefore, comes in very apropos by way of answer, as it signifies that we are of the same family as Old Ways and Means Lowndes, and have also had a clever man in our part of the Lowndes's, who invented the Bay Salt, and for which neither himself or representatives have ever received one sixpence ; but the spirit of it consists in the concise reproof to the ingratitude of the British empire ; it says more in *three words* than the most famous barrister would say in *three hours* : it is *multum in parvo*, and accidentally came across my mind like a flash of lightning. I as quickly put the idea into execution, by going that morning to a celebrated engraver's in St. James's street. Indeed, I like the idea so much, that I intend to add a codicil

to my will, that the successors to my property shall not only bear my *name and arms*, but also shall take the *above mottos*, on pain of *losing* the property, and its going to the *next* in *succession*.

If government in some shape or other reward your part of the family as well as myself, I shall leave out the word *gratis*, as it will be a most *grating* word to government, by reminding them how *ungrateful* they have been. Till then, I shall retain the word.

I have sent you a copy of Mr. Thomas Lowndes's will; it was composed by himself, but not signed till the day before his death, and about a fortnight after he had made a will at Congleton in Cheshire, leaving every thing to my father, except 1500*l.* to his younger brother. The will is written in a very *superior* style, and proves a clear and strong mind. His letters, about a dozen of which I have in my possession, are written in the same pure and nervous language; for his style of writing is so judicious that every word tells.

With many apologies to you for this long letter, and with respectful compliments to Lady Caroline Damer, who, I hope, is well; requesting my kind remembrance to your nephew, and respectful compliments to the family in Grosvenor Square, to whom I will be obliged to you to send the duplicate of the three letters,



Mr. Thomas Lowndes's will having been sent them a week ago ;

I remain, dear Mrs. Drax,

Your very sincere,

obliged, humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

June 5th, 1818.

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P.S.—I am happy to say I left my father at Bath about a month ago in his eighty-fifth year, looking not more than seventy. He often asked after your health, feeling a great respect for you, and will be particularly happy to hear you are well. My father is so active and upright, that none of his acquaintance will believe he is in his eighty-fifth year ; but think there must be some mistake as to his age. His appetite, too, is so good, that he eats and drinks like a young man of thirty, and with all the pleasurable enjoyment of the *greatest* epicure. His memory, too, is clear and unclouded ; a most surprising circumstance at his time of life : and though he has quitted society for the last twenty years, still retains those uncommon gentlemanly manners for which he was always distinguished ; and which, from the great similarity to your own *polished address*, incontestably prove a family relationship. Should I have the honour of being created a baronet, (for my father wishes to be

past over, and deposes me his representative,) I need not apply to the Herald's Office to prove I am the *son* of a *gentleman*. In short, when I look around me, and see the modern school of gentlemen, who look like grooms, coachmen, tailors and cheesemongers, I feel *proud* of my *father*, he being, as to his gentlemanly appearance, one of a *thousand*. But the difference alluded to between the old and the modern school of gentlemen, arises no doubt from those *levelling jacobin principles* that have unfortunately besotted and *rusticated* the minds of some of our democratic gentry for the last thirty years. To show you, my dear madam, how much I have endeavoured to keep alive the proper feelings of gentlemen among the proprietors of East India Stock, I take the liberty of sending a Pamphlet of mine written about eight years ago. I also send you a very *singular Epitaph* to ridicule *Scepticism*.



The following friendly LETTER, from DRAX GROSVENOR, Esq. to the Author, is printed to confirm his assertion that the other relatives of Thomas Lowndes, the Bay Salt Inventor, had not only given him their right and title to any honorary reward, but ardently wished his success.

MY DEAR SIR,

OWING to the gout, (which has attacked

me a good deal of late, and has been very troublesome and painful,) I have been obliged to defer the pleasure of acknowledging your kind letter and attention to me, which otherwise I should have been happy in answering before this time. I must own, I was very sorry to find your *name* omitted in the list of *baronets*, to the unusual number, I believe, of *twenty*. I did imagine it would have afforded a most *glorious* opportunity for your friend Smith to have had your name placed amongst the *number*. It would have done ministers *credit* to have done *justice* to your *claims*, so *cheaply* to themselves; and, if your mind had been *satisfied* by such an *act*, I should have been much pleased, I do assure you; but if you cannot command success at this time, you may at some future period, as you certainly *deserve it*.

I think your letter to Lord G. C. (as well as your other performances) has great merit, and is written in a very forcible and masculine style, and shows an able pen, of which you are a complete master. I will carefully return it to you again, whenever you will do me the favour to mention the time. I do not think there can be any objection to tell your friend Smith that you are much *disappointed*, and that it was a great pity your name had not been added to the *twenty*, which would just have made *twenty-*

*one*; it was such an opportunity, so good a time, I am quite vexed; and now all the trouble over again, and to tell a *story* all over again, and state your *cause* a *second time*, is a sad *dry* business, as no man can *patiently* state a case over and over again, let its merit be ever so great, or his *cause* ever *so good*. I cannot see what should have prevented your being added to the list, if your friend had put the case as *we wished* the case to have been put; but to whom did you imagine *it was* or *should* have been put, if put? I think, if I were in your place, I would *continue* to *ask why* it was *not done*, and what was the *difficulty*; for you would like to know, as the *sooner* you could find out the reason it did *not take place*, the *sooner* you might find a *remedy* for the *complaint*. I really wish you *success*, my dear Sir, and believe me to be ever most truly,

Yours, &c.,

R. E. D. GROSVENOR.

CHARBRO' PARK,  
Nov. 26th, 1818.

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P.S.—Mrs. and Miss Grosvenor beg me to add their best remembrance, and also Mr. Robert.

I have just heard a good account from our travellers, Mr. Richard and Mr. Moore, who are now at Genoa, and are going to Rome.

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TO

CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

As I thought it ungentlemanly to hurry you respecting the Baronetage that has been so long on the anvil, it appeared to me better and more polite to leave you for a *few weeks* to your own friendly exertions ; nor should I *now* have broken in upon your various public avocations, and particularly that of Farmer Smith, if it had not struck me, as well as some of my most intimate friends, that this was the time, when a new *baronet* has been just *gazetted*, (my father, I am sorry to say, being also in a very precarious state of health,) to get in the Lowndes's reward from government for the *rich crop* of bay-salt that has been seventy-five years in coming to *maturity*, and for which *sal sapientiae* many loyal and respectable men have expressed great surprise and indignation, that not a sixpence has ever been paid, or the slightest recompense given, for this British *golden* harvest. Nay, such is the sympathetic feeling in my favour, that I am advised by many sensible persons to throw myself upon the *generosity* of the *public* for some *reward* to one of the greatest *national services* that was ever *unrewarded*, should the kind efforts of yourself and friends to obtain me the

baronetage prove unsuccessful. They say, and truly, it is ridiculous for government to *plead* either *lapse* of time, or the danger of a *precedent* in a case of such *magnitude*, that there is not another instance to be produced from the journals of the House of Commons of a *similar refusal* to give some remuneration (honorary or pecuniary) for such important civil services; and when too I can give an unanswerable reason why this business has unfortunately *lain dormant* for so long a period, if it can be said to have lain dormant, when I myself, near *twenty years ago*, *spoke* to Sir William Scott on the subject, and requested *his* powerful interest to get my family a *pecuniary* recompense. I said not a syllable then about the baronetage, and for this obvious reason, that neither mine nor my father's fortune being at that time capable of supporting such a title with proper splendour, *money* was, of course, a greater object than *honours*; but now the tables are turned, and though money would be more desirable than any hereditary title, (except an English peerage,) as money is not to be had in the present impoverished state of the Exchequer, even the *smallest hereditary* title will be deemed *better* than *nothing*.

I should be very sorry, after your friendly and gentlemanly conduct, to lay the whole

business of my bay-salt solicitation before the public, in such a way as would give them reason to complain of the corrupt conduct of government, and their gross *injustice* to an individual, who, without vanity, flatters himself (whatever his private character may be) his *political* one is *highly respected*: and yet, as this lingering petition has been so much the subject of conversation among my relatives, friends, and acquaintance, and is mentioned too in the Letter to *Lord G. C.* (of which, at least, a dozen manuscript copies have been given away for the use of the public) I am, if attacked on that supposed weak point, should you be unsuccessful, more particularly bound to clear up my character for *independence*, having *nothing to console me for the loss of it*, by candidly stating every thing that has past concerning this troublesome and vexatious claim. Added to this, whether I get the baronetage or not, when my character for independence goes I shall lose the power of serving government: for any little influence I possess on that account arises solely from the favourable opinion of my honesty; my *abilities* being of too *humble* a nature to be of much service: so that in either case I shall, I fear, be under the painful necessity of proving I am no court-sycophant, by a public declaration of my conduct in the present long and

arduous solicitation. Besides the above powerful arguments, *consider the times*, and ask yourself, my dear Sir, this plain question—Will it be good policy, in these rebellious days of popular wrath and discontent against the administration, to compel me or any man to do that which (if I am unsuccessful) will naturally tend to increase the *present revolutionary* spirit, (for, as I have frequently told you, *my cause* is the cause of the public, *right* against *might*,) —that spirit which, at this very moment, requires the utmost vigilance of government, and the strong *arm of power* to keep under? Will it, I repeat, be good policy to have it echoed in the newspapers, that (though titles at different times have been given away in the most *corrupt manner* to the *sycophantic supporters* and servile *hirelings* of most administrations) an upright, *independent* friend of his country, the *sole representative*, (and, except his father, the nearest *male* relative of a truly honest and patriotic man, who has rendered such great services to the public,) was refused so moderate a request after three years solicitation, and great anxiety of mind to an aged father, now in his 86th year, who has written to his son upon the subject within these three days, expressing his *disappointment* no *reward* has yet been given? Yes, shall it be said, to the disgrace of the British



nation, that a complete negative has been put by the ruling powers to a *reward* of any *description* (honorary or pecuniary) for Mr. Thomas Lowndes's great and acknowledged services? those, too, so *meritorious*, that the *journals* of the House of Commons, as the *unanimous vote* of that *house* will *prove, record* them in a way most *honourable* to the *bay-salt inventor*, and highly flattering to his family connexions. Aye, in such a way are Mr. Lowndes's civil services recorded, that for *patriotism, disinterestedness, and national importance*, there are few similar instances on record. No, it cannot, it must not be, methinks, is the expression I hear you make use of, and which I most ardently repeat; for, with my lofty opinion of the *honourable* and *enlightened* conduct of the present administration, I cannot harbour for one moment a suspicion, that they will persuade the Prince *Regent* to put an *extinguisher* on my *just* and *moderate petition*; a suspicion which, without considering the validity of my claim, it strikes me most forcibly is so derogatory to the high-minded character of the present administration, as well as repugnant to my own feelings, being one of their most sincere and ardent friends, that it passes by me unheeded as the empty wind, or a light cloud on a summer's day, never to return any more.' For the clear azure vault

of our present political horizon will, I am sure, still *continue*, like a fine Italian sky, without a *speck* in it; that sky, purified, for the last *twenty* years, by the heavenly presence of Britannia's guardian angel, who has hovered over and protected us from the fell foe of human nature, (the late despot of Europe,) must *never* be sullied by our present honest and patriotic government acting like public *swindlers*, and *basely* pleading the *statute* of limitations, (for Mr. Lowndes's bay-salt debt is undeniable;) and thus doing that, which would not only make an individual (however high his rank) *an outcast* of society, *despised* and *abhorred* by all his respectable acquaintance, but a *disgrace* to the dignified and majestic form of man, the divine image of his Maker. Forbid it heaven, forbid it honour!

To prove to you my good wishes to the gentlemen now in power, whom I consider not only very *able* but *honest* statesmen, I have not written, nor intend to write to Mr. L. the M. P. upon the subject you and I talked about, (namely, his coming up to town to act as a friendly advocate for me,) from thinking, on more mature deliberation, that my employing him even in the most secret manner, upon a business where so great a favour was to be asked from government, would, if *whispered*

abroad, and *scandal* (when the doors are shut) will find its way, like air, through the key-hole, windows, or chimney, be greatly detrimental to Mr. L.'s *political* interest in the county of B——; and as for *nine years* he has been a warm friend to the *present* administration, (and every little makes a mickle,) whatever hurts Mr. L.'s *interest* will probably be injurious to them, as whoever *succeeds* Mr. Selby Lowndes will stand little chance of coming in, unless the opponent candidate start upon opposition principles. I do not mean, from the above declaration, to hint that you had any thing to do with the calling in Mr. L.'s assistance, for that intended act was entirely my own voluntary proposal at my last interview with you, from the idea he was then in town, and your wishing for a third person in my behalf, though *why* or *wherefore*, I cannot possibly *conceive*, unless you thought the business of such a delicate nature it required the presence of a third person. For, as the merits of my father's uncle's services are as clear as the sun at noonday, as self-evident as any *axiom* in *Euclid*, and if I had not thought so, (and nine out of ten of those to whom it has been mentioned,) I never would have troubled *you* to have *asked* for a *recompense* of *any kind*, I cannot suppose a third person is wanted to confirm, or alter your opinion on that subject.

Besides, had I thought otherwise, how improperly have I been acting for three long years in giving you so much trouble, and how many apologies am I bound to make you on that account, as it would imply a great doubt in my mind, whether I, or any of my family ought to have any reward. But if, from a *virgin* delicacy, you wish a third person to be present at this government transaction, to show there has been no improper *solicitation* on your part—I mean by improper, a solicitation in the slightest degree trenching upon your *purity* and *independence*, for, my dear Sir, I will never ask you or any other man to do that, which I would not ask my dearest friend and nearest relative to do, were he in your situation—if you wish, I say, for a third person, as a respectable witness of the honesty of your transactions, I think I could persuade a friend of mine, now in town, (Captain W——, R.N., first cousin and heir apparent to Lord M——,) to wait upon you with me any day you fix, if he happen not to go into the country before that time, and among his numerous excellent qualifications, possessing a clear understanding and a high sense of honour, (and, as I have known him for many years, I do not speak from report merely,) it is impossible to select a man more proper for

the purpose, especially as he is also a *complete gentleman*.

In one or two of the interviews I have had the honour of having with you, you have very properly *hinted*, in your usual *delicate* manner, (for I must do you the justice to say, and which is saying a great deal in these *sullen republican* days, that like Captain W——— you are always the gentleman, it being your nature to be so,) what *claim* I could possibly have to the *Wellesley interest*, were it very strong, which you modestly seemed to think was not the case, though, you will excuse me, if I think otherwise; to which delicate hint I have *invariably* answered with *truth* and *sincerity*, I could not possibly have the *slightest claim*; for though (since our intimate connexion as landlord and tenant) I have *done every thing* I could to meet your warmest wishes, without putting the staff of power completely out of my own hands, I never was so *besotted* as to imagine I had any other hold upon your *state-services* than what one *independent* friend has upon *another*. Therefore believe me, my dear Sir, I have never for one moment put my family claim upon any other footing than its own *merit*; and, as I now commit it to paper, (that, should it slip my memory, I may not hereafter deny it,) *never* will I receive a *baronetage*, or any other title

as a *mere* ministerial favour. I will *most gratefully* thank government, as tradesmen ought to thank a son, who *piously* pays the debts of a deceased father, for the very *honourable* conduct he *has shown* in *so doing*, even though, as in the present instance, it be only two shillings in the pound, when this *son* is not bound by *law* to pay a sixpence of his father's debts, and paying only two shillings, because he is too poor to pay more, therefore showing as honest a principle as if he had discharged the whole debt; but (except in *this light*) never will I consider myself under the *smallest obligation*: and as government will not make me one *jot more* their *friend* by *giving* me the *baronetage*, neither will they, I assure you, make me their *enemy* by *refusing* it. In either case, I shall not look to the men, but their measures, and (if I know any thing of true patriotism) this is the only criterion of an honest, independent British subject. Therefore, should you and the present administration call the trouble I have given you and them, *Much ado about Nothing*, (Mr. Thomas Lowndes's services being of so old a date,) though you show little respect to the memory of so great a benefactor, you must at all events respect the liberality of his namesake's feelings, when he thus declares, that, whatever way the scale of fortune turn, he spurns the idea, in his humble

political conduct towards government, of getting up *Measure for Measure*, by way of a dramatic set off to gratify his too just spleen and resentment. But, whatever may be your or their feelings on the present subject, you will, I hope, not be offended at the singularity and freedom of the following opinion; that, when an honest man asks for his just rights, he *pays a high compliment* to that person whom he does the honour of soliciting to be the mediator between himself and the government, from whom he solicits so honourable an act; because he pays an *equal* compliment to his *head* and his *heart*. Should this romantic and bold declaration not coincide with your ideas, do not blame me for entertaining sentiments so different from the present custom of fashionable society, but blame that *old school* of friends and politicians in which I was educated: these now unusual and lofty opinions being early impressed upon my mind by a much respected philosopher and patriot, the late Mr. Day, my tutor, relation, and friend. Upon this principle, too, have I myself acted for near twenty years at the India House, whenever my widow's mite has been solicited in any glaring act of oppression and injustice which has been laid before me: for on such occasions I have spared neither trouble nor expense to get an honest, able candidate elected a director, or a worthy man restored to the rank and situa-

tion he held in India, when the *strong* hand of *power* (as in the case of Mr. Cherson, bottomed on groundless and *malevolent reports* from interested persons looking up to his place) had *unjustly deprived* an honest man, and a man of talents, of the high reward *due* to his long and faithful services.

Suppose a countryman were to say to me, I think, Mr. Lowndes, you are the man ridiculed at the *India House*, and in some of the newspapers, for no other reason but because you are an honest, independent man; nay, are even called *eccentric*, because you are too high-minded, and have too much public virtue to *wink* at those dirty, shuffling manœuvres that so frequently *disgrace* their *public* measures—if you are the same person, I will be obliged to you for your assistance in exposing what I call an infamous piece of roguery, but which, in Leadenhall Street, is called fair play: for, as you know very well, *self-interest* reigns triumphant among most *corporate* bodies, and *catch who catch can* is the order of the day. I should say in answer, I feel *highly honoured* by the good opinion you have of my zeal and integrity, when actuated by a spirit of justice and humanity, and if I can *serve* you without much trouble to myself, and find what you ask *just* and honourable, though I never saw you before, I shall be very happy, with my humble abilities, to do what I can



for you. Exactly in this manner have I been lately requested to take up a business at the India House, in which a man has been most unjustly used, and whom I know no more of than the Man in the Moon; and his cause I shall ardently undertake to the best of my poor abilities, as I undertook two months ago that of Mr. Wilkinson, a perfect stranger to me, and who has just received 10,000*l.* from the East India Directors as a small *indemnification* for the Company's *arbitrary seizure* of a very advantageous contract he had made with some native saltpetre manufacturers, though the contract was fairly made with the *express* consent of the Bengal government; a case which I here mention, from its *similarity* and *gross injustice*, as a case in *point* to Lowndes's Bay-Salt Contract: and will the government of this country suffer themselves to be exceeded in liberality and a *proud* sense of *honour* by a private company of British merchants, and of merchants, too, though British, I am sorry to say, sometimes very *narrow-minded*, self-interested, and oppressive? I therefore (as you perceive) only say to you, what has often been said to me, but, from the difference of my *talents* and situation in life, without *your capability* of serving the public—

“ The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me :”

for I ask no other favour. Besides, as I must have a patron with parliamentary interest to present my claim, how natural it was (from the honour conferred upon me by your intimacy with me) I should fix upon such a *near connection* of the greatest and most honourable family in this kingdom; a family, whose political sentiments exactly accord with *my own*, and for which *illustrious House* I feel the most profound respect and gratitude for its pre-eminent *military and civil services*; particularly when, besides this very brilliant family-connexion, I take into consideration your own diplomatic talents, gentlemanly manners, and personal respectability. I should have again applied to Sir William Scott, had I not been *apprehensive* that you might have charged me with a want of confidence in your zeal and friendship, by seeming to imagine Sir William Scott, with whom I had no worldly intercourse, no reciprocal exchange of kind offices, would exert himself with *more ardour* and a greater desire to serve me than *yourself*. Nay, I might, from the *boundless gratitude* I feel for Lord Castlereagh, as the *political* pivot upon which the *fate* of *Europe* has turned, the great and celebrated *British negociator*, for, after the *immortal warrior* (in point of national importance) follows the skilful *pacificator*, an equally useful servant of the public, and to

whom (if his diplomatic abilities prove him to be a statesman as transcendently great in the cabinet, as the general in the field) we owe a *similar degree of gratitude*, from his having *equally* contributed to the public welfare—I say, I might (with the enthusiasm of a loyal British subject) have requested his lordship to take my *cause* in hand, and, from his *high-minded* feelings upon every *political occasion*, have no doubt that he would have received my request in the most liberal, gentlemanly manner. I was not, therefore, at a loss for a *patron* in *soliciting* your *attention* to my case, and did not *trouble* you, because no other person of equal consequence would take it in hand. No, Sir, I have done myself the honour of employing you in this *just and moderate request*, because I could not forget how *often* and with what friendly *zeal* and *ardour* you had frequently told me how happy you should be to serve me whenever it lay in your power; and, surely if Sir William Scott could get Phipps the oculist (a few months after his marriage) made a baronet, because, by marrying the Marchioness of Sligo's sister, he was *then* Sir William's *brother-in-law*, and because he had, by his *professional skill*, enabled the *blind* to *see*, (for I believe etiquette requires there should be some plausible pretext of *public service* besides mere *relationship* to some great man, to

induce government to make a person a baronet,) I must suppose, and without any arrogant presumption on my part, the *very same government* will not refuse to confer a similar dignity on *me*, with my bay-salt claim, who have also *opened the eyes* of the *people*, (*for none are so blind as those who will not see*,) nay, have flashed such conviction, (as my letter to Lord G. C. will testify,) that some of the *moderate whigs* have themselves told me, very good naturedly, I there ran them so hard, and have made the light of truth shine so bright, nothing but a determination *not to see* could, after reading it, keep the violent whigs in a state of political *blindness*, and make the *madheaded jacobins* still continue obstinately determined to persevere in their old diabolical habits of lying, plundering, and assassinating, and thus malevolently endeavour, by every insidious art, to undermine our excellent and glorious constitution; that constitution, which (for the honour of our patriotic ancestors) has for ages been the wonder and admiration of every civilized state, from the superior purity of its laws, and the *mildness* and *freedom* of its government.

Having now finished a third long epistle to you, I must again apologize for having a third time trespassed upon your invaluable time and patience in such a way as I should be inexcusable in doing did I not appear justified in my

own mind in taking so great a liberty, by the great friendship you have shown me, and the frequent promises you have made to serve me, nay, how happy you would be, if ever it lay in your power, to prove your friendship did not consist in professions only, but in a real, ardent desire to testify your regard for me.

With respectful compliments to Lady Ann Smith, Miss Fitzroy, Miss Smith, and your son, (who I suppose is now with you,) hoping they are all well, and particularly hoping the late oppressive heat has not disagreed with the ladies, and that you yourself are now completely recovered from your late illness; and also wishing, which I am rather surprized has not happened before now, that Madame Ceres this year may crown your industry and perseverance in the cultivation of such a barren soil (as requires the patience of Job to cultivate) with a rich *golden harvest*, a double crop of prolific grain, you who are such a general favourite with the *fair sex*,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very obliged,

obedient, humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD,

1819.

TO ROBERT LOWNDES, Esq.

DEAR FATHER,

I AM much obliged to you for two letters very near each other, and delayed answering either of them, till I could communicate Sir John Sinclair's opinion respecting your plan. I saw him yesterday by appointment at eleven o'clock in the morning. He spoke very handsomely of some of the ideas you suggested in it, and said no apology was necessary either for *debility of style* or want of *energy* in the *mental* faculties of the writer from age and infirmity. On Thursday or Friday, says he, I will send your father the printed bill for his perusal, hoping he will approve of it. Your Letter dated the 3d of March, I received only on the 7th, as, of course, it would be longer in reaching me by being inclosed in a letter to Sir Thomas Turton. Three days after I received your second epistle, dated March the 8th. The extracts from Mr. Bayley's Letter to you respecting Short Teams and Light Weights, Sir John seemed also to be much pleased with, for you sent him those extracts of your plan. When I called upon Sir John I found him seated at a table with two clerks writing at it, and such a *heap of letters* scattered in *different parts*, that one might have taken

him for a *secretary of state*. I thought to myself, if my father were here, I could easily anticipate the speech he would make me on seeing Sir John so busy, and up to his chin in papers; namely, "I wish, son Tom, you were half as *useful* to your *country* as Sir John Sinclair, you would then, like him, be *respected* as a *patriotic*, public character, instead of being, as you now are, an *idle drone* of society; you would then show by your own conduct you felt a proper sense of *gratitude* for the great *care* and pains I took in your education." To convince you I also intend giving my *widow's mite* of assistance to the public good, I mean to attend the quarterly meeting at the India House on Wednesday, March 27th, for the purpose of proposing a short but useful plan to the proprietors and directors of East India stock, in order to secure a comfortable pension for life to such *wounded* officers, and the widows and children of such officers *killed* in India, as happened at the time to be in the King's *service*. At present a most baneful, *impolitic* and odious *distinction* is made between the *Company's officers* and the *King's officers*. If a King's officer loses a *leg* or an *arm* in fighting the battles of the East India Company he has *no remuneration* from the *said Company*, as some sort of compensation for the loss of limbs, because, if

he applies to the directors for a pension, the answer is, “ you do not *belong* to the *East India Company* but are a *King’s officer*, therefore we can do *nothing* for you;” but if he did belong to the Company, perhaps in addition to his pension, he would get *Lord Clive’s Bounty*. Yet, methinks, Lord Clive, though very bountiful, was not very liberal, when he gave up his jag-hire in India, and confined it to the Company’s army, as if forsooth a King’s officer had not the same feeling, and the loss of an arm or a leg were of less consequence to him than to a Company’s officer. Yet, most certainly, till these meritorious servants of the King and Company, without whose powerful aid in this *Age of Liberals* no great nation can exist, are put upon the same footing as to pensions, in case of being *wounded*, and their widows and children on the same footing, in case of their *husbands* being *killed*, it is absurd to expect *unanimity* in India, particularly too as most of the troops are *natives*, which makes a zealous co-operation in the different military services so essential to the *vital* interest of the *East India Company*, and so absolutely necessary to prevent their immense empire from falling to pieces by its overgrown colossal weight.

The above noble object I have long had in view, and, being myself perfectly independent



of the East India Company, am considered a proper person to bring it on at the India House. My plan, though highly approved of by many proprietors of India stock, is not likely to be very palatable to the East India directors, as it would be attended, *if successful*, with a considerable *curtailment* of their *patronage*. But the directors are the *servants* of the proprietors, and shine like the daw, not indeed with borrowed, but with *stolen* feathers; for the vast patronage they enjoy has been taken, directly or indirectly, from the proprietors. It is very fair, therefore, that those proprietors should have some of that patronage back again which has been stolen from them. I only propose to take *half* of it from the directors, and leave them the other half; for, according to the old saying, half a loaf is better than no bread: or, if they do not like my plan of doing things by *halves*, I have another cut and dried, and that is, to take *all* the patronage from them, and give them a *certain* fixed income instead of it. For instance, to allow the directors two thousand a year each, the deputy-chairman, four thousand, and the chairman, six thousand; and, in lieu of twenty-four *nominal directors*, to have twelve *effective* ones. The salary of the directors now is only three hundred a year, the patronage being their grand object. I would then open an

office for the sale of writerships and cadetships, at a price varying according to the advantages likely to accrue from the species of writership, and other circumstances, as local situations, &c., and the *fund* arising from such *public sale* would be sufficient (as I am told by men more conversant with East Indian affairs than myself) to pay the *salaries* of all the directors, to *provide* for the widows and children of king's officers killed in India, and to *pension off* king's officers that are wounded, so as to put the Company's and the king's servants in India precisely on the same footing, and enable the latter to receive, according to their rank, a similar pension to what the Company's officers receive of similar rank. If I can be instrumental in the smallest degree to so useful and necessary a reformation, a reform which, by doing away all *jealousies* between the king's and Company's army, will, as it were, *regenerate* the immense empire of India, and frustrate all hopes of our enemies there to produce a *revolution*, I shall then be able to say, I have not lived *in vain*! I never pass a wounded soldier or sailor but he has sixpence or a shilling from me, and not from the degrading idea that he is an object of charity, but from a more noble and exalted sentiment, that each wounded soldier and sailor has a small claim upon my purse,

and that of every other rich individual, who has not been in the army or navy himself. Since that excellent military regulation, occasioned by the late Mr. Wyndham, the wounded soldier has less claim upon the humanity of the public than he had. But even now, whoever considers the great and glorious services of the army and navy during this war, cannot (I should think) hesitate a moment, from the natural impulse of gratitude, and the ardent love of his country, to give either a wounded soldier or sailor some small trifle to purchase him comforts in addition to the small stipend allowed him by government. For though the government allowance be a very handsome one, viz. a shilling a day, yet, considering the increased price of all the necessaries of life since the beginning of the war, and with a family perhaps to maintain out of it, a soldier or sailor, unable to earn anything by his industry, would be badly off without occasional relief out of the private purse of the public. From my grateful humanity to the wounded soldier or sailor, (a humanity founded on *fixed principles*, and on the firm basis of *justice*,) perhaps no person would enter into the subject of the king's officers with more *zeal* than myself, or is more adapted (if he had a head equal to it) to advocate their right and plead their cause with lips of fire.

As I shall certainly suggest the plan I have

mentioned in this letter, on Wednesday, March 27th, I cannot set off for Bath till the day after, March 28th ; but I should suppose one or two days will be amply sufficient to look over your goods, &c. Perhaps, instead of the 1st of April, you might get the investigation of the business put off a few days later. If you can, I will be obliged to you to let me know. I am as *zealous* in my plan, as you are in yours, because, if the *dead* could hear what was doing among the *living*, nothing would be more gratifying to those two god-like departed spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Day, than to know that a person so dear to them was employed in so just, so *humane*, and so *noble* a cause. To you, I have no doubt, it will appear incredible, that such an impolitic, odious and narrow-minded system should have *been kept up* for so *long a period*, by a company of British merchants so *over-liberal* to some of their servants, and possessing all the *fine feelings* of the heart, in common with the whole British nation, a nation celebrated for its characteristic humanity, and yet, that no one before, for fear of offending the Directors, should have *dared* to propose a plan so simple, equitable and honourable to all parties as the one I have hinted at. Indeed, the gross injustice of the *distinction* betwixt the *two* services in India flashes instantaneous conviction of the necessity of applying a speedy remedy ;

for it is not difficult to conceive, what even the most loyal Englishman would have said, if a *similar distinction* had been made in distributing the *prize-money* at the *capture* of *Copenhagen*. How would his honest mind have *spurned* and revolted at the idea, if a distinction had been attempted to be made between the services of the officers and soldiers belonging to the *German Legion* employed in that expedition and the *British officers* and *soldiers* so employed. Common justice would cry out, Where *all* have fought equally *well* in the *same cause*, natives or foreigners, they should be *equally rewarded*, as virtue or valour ought to admit of no *national* partiality. As the Company's charter expires in the year 1813, the present time has been considered particularly adapted for the introduction of the plan I have mentioned.

Hoping you are as well as can be expected at your advanced age, and with my respects to all friends who ask after me,

I remain,

your dutiful,

affectionate Son,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH, 1809.

To show that *good* often arises out of *evil*, and therefore that, no human institution being perfect, it is often very difficult to know *how* to advise for the *best*, I ought perhaps to state that, since my writing the preceding letter, the *jealousy* I have just complained of proved, a few years ago, the *salvation* of India.

*To a CANDIDATE for the East India Direction.*

SIR,

THE having been absent from home the last fortnight at a house I have lately taken in London, has caused your Letter on East India affairs to be so long unanswered. However, to come to the pith of it, I shall be happy to see you any morning that is most convenient, between twelve and two o'clock.

Though I fear neither of us can do much good in that Augean stable, the India House, yet putting our widow's mite into the purse-stock of general exertion for the purpose of removing some of the filth of corruption, can do no harm, if it does *no good*. For it should be considered, that, as all national power is only individual power collected into *one focus*, if *each* proprietor of India stock imagined, from his own *insignificance*, his personal interference were useless, no practical and effectual reformation of the numerous abuses that may be said almost to overwhelm that imperial Company would ever take place. Indeed, this is exactly the history of all national abuses, each man cries out,—I can do no good by my *single* interference; till at last (as things when come

to the worst must mend) the evil becomes so *rank* that the whole *mass* is *corrupted*, and the disease cures itself by a complete *overthrow* of every department of the state. Whereas, by a seasonable correction of these abuses, the *mortification* of the body-politic would have been *prevented*, and all the nobler parts (after being probed to the quick) might have healed up by a *salutary* and *well-timed* reformation. The twenty-four directors in actual employment may be represented by the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Some of these letters I would not only *change*, but I would reduce the number of them to one *half*.

For if A is an ass, B a blockhead, C clever, and D a dunce—I would convert the three *non-effective* directors into *effective ones*. One *non-effective* has resigned already. Had he deserved *well* of the Company by fifty years service, (for I profess myself totally unacquainted with the merits of Mr. Manship,) I should have proposed making a *yellow Admiral* of him, and allowing him to retain his 300*l.* a year for *life*. For this I am thoroughly convinced of, if you could persuade half-a-dozen of your present directors to *resign* by making a *species* of yellow admirals of them, you would receive and merit the thanks of the East India Company, by having effected a measure so highly essential to their

vital interests. It is not *every* change that is an improvement. Sometimes an *alteration* is a *deterioration*; but such a one as I have proposed in the preceding letter, though it reduced the number of directors one half, would, if the twelve directors were effective ones, leave a number sufficient for the proper management of the Company's concerns at home and abroad. At least such is the opinion of well-informed and sensible persons, who have been in India many years, and officially employed there. Besides, the six, that annually go out by rotation, prove that at all events there are six directors more than are wanted; so that the very directors themselves have furnished the best possible reason for having only *twenty-four real* directors instead of *thirty nominal* ones. Like some of our nobility and fashionable gentry, the East India Company are eaten up by their immense establishment abroad and *at home*. And whilst many of the *upper servants* roll in *wealth*, (as is frequently the case in private life,) the poor, foolish, *extravagant master* is overhead in debt. The servants of the Company who are in India ought to be handsomely, nay, *generously* paid; but there is a wide difference between *generosity* and *prodigality*, *liberality* and *profusion*; between paying *common clerks* enormous salaries, for doing



almost *nothing*, and rewarding *munificently military* men to whom you are indebted for every thing you possess in India. However, as some step towards a reformation, I am happy to see Mr. Grant is elected to the chair; for the East India Company has not a more faithful, vigilant, honest, and enlightened servant in any part of their Colossal empire. Indeed, the affairs of the East India Company are uppermost in his thoughts, as if their *welfare* and *prosperity* lay *nearest* his heart. But to me it is very dubious, whether, with some others, the Company's interest be not a *secondary* consideration, and their own *private* interest the *primum mobile* of their conduct. However, having imbibed the political principles of a truly honourable patriot, whom I know you were acquainted with, and by whom I had the honour of being partly educated, I profess myself of the class of *modérés*, a set of politicians, that, with a *mediocrity* of *talents*, but a good portion of *common sense* and *uncommon honesty*, *feel* the pulse of the people before they act, and never administer even their gentle doses of reformation, as long as the populace are in a *high fever*. Whereas violent political *quacks*, who boast of being able to do what others cannot do, and do not stick at the ways and means of doing it; who, like Doctor Last, *eradicate* in order to *cure*, and

*destroy* in order to *save*, would adopt strong *revolutionary* principles instead of the mild system of reformation; and acting by the state, as some savage nations are said to do with their children, would wish to throw their country into a *sea of troubles*. If the bantling be uncommonly *vigorous*, it escapes the watery element; if it be *feeble* and *ricketty* it sinks: while the poor, merciless savage walks quietly *home*, hoping to make a better hit, when he is in a more happy procreating humour. This violent remedy for state-diseases is a sort of salivation; because, though *mercury* be not made use of, *lead* (another mineral, but equally fatal) is used pretty largely, (for a *civil* war generally follows;) so that, instead of acting for the salvation of the state, these hot-headed reformers may be said to act for the *salivation* of it.

What I have said of East India proprietors may be applied to all corporate bodies; and corporations may be likened to young plantations of trees: for one *clever* fellow in a few years towers so far above the rest, that, with the wide *spread* of his abilities, he absolutely *overshadows* them and *checks* their growth. Wherefore, in most corporate bodies, instead of three out of four being *ciphers*, I believe you may say nine out of ten are; or, at all events, they are so *indolent*, as to leave the management of everything

to one or two clever members. Though they soon find to their sorrow, (but, alas ! too late,) that, by giving the staff of power out of their own hands, the *open* borough or city becomes a *close one*, of which Messrs. *Active* and *Clever* keep the *key*. This, for some time, to the *mutual* and *exclusive* benefit of their *two* respective families, they possess *jointly*, till a spirit of jealousy and rivalry enabling one of them to be the *uppermost*, he reduces the other to a *non-entity* by turning him into a government placeman and pensioner, or by putting him into some other dependent, but lucrative situation. From this time the borough or city becomes a *private family property*, and the stupid heir-apparent of the usurped possession is perhaps made a peer, a contractor, or a commissioner, in exchange for the two members he is enabled to return by his father's *stolen* and *corrupt* influence. This, I believe, no one can deny has been the true history of many of the most rotten boroughs in this kingdom ; but the misfortune does not end here : for it either entails on the country a set of *needy* but *clever* men, who are ready to catch anything that is offered from the ambitious paw of government, or it occasions a *rich, stupid block-head* to occupy that seat, which, if left *open*, would have been filled perhaps by the honourable, independent man, with *good common sense* ;

and, of what is of most use to society in these days of corruption, uncommon honesty, but who, from scruples of conscience, is shut out from a seat that is only to be had by sale or barter. Indeed, it is pretty evident, a reformation must begin with the electors and not the elected. If the fountain is corrupt, the streams that flow from thence must be corrupt too; for, as our Saviour says, do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? But, such is the absurdity of many of the most corrupt British *electors*, that they expect their representatives to be *pure* and *honest*, while they themselves are the reverse. As the honourable, independent man expects nothing from government, he says to himself, why should I *impoverish* my family by getting into parliament, when my sole motive for wishing to have a seat there is, not to *serve myself* or *connections*, but to *benefit* my *country*; and when I have determined to accept of neither place, pension, honour, or emolument, though offered me unasked, and *unconditional*? I will conclude what I have said of corporate bodies by the following story. It is founded upon fact, and is no bad representation of man in his individual and in his collective capacity; or, in other words, of man in his private and his public station. If it should be imagined by the severe logician that, in the preceding

observations upon corporate bodies, I have deviated from the path I set out in, namely, a discussion of the East India Company's affairs and the conduct of their directors, I beg to state, in my defence, that the remarks on corporate bodies very naturally arose from the constitution of the East India directors, who are a *body-corporate*, though they do not hold their situations for *life*, (as is the case with many corporations,) and are not elected by *their own body*, but by the votes of all the proprietors of East India stock, male or female. At the same time, in the half dozen that go out every year by *rotation*, and who are afterwards recommended by *name* to be elected by the proprietors in what is denominated the *House List*, it is very apparent this was meant as an *insidious* attempt to break in upon the *rights* of the *proprietors* to elect their own directors: for, till within these five years, the *House List* seldom had been *successfully* opposed, and the thing in process of time, if not checked, would have been a mere matter of *form*: while the East India proprietors might, by long usage, have lost perhaps the power of opposing such *list*. It might have been reduced to a mere matter of form, like the dean and chapter of a cathedral electing a bishop recommended by the government or king to the elective body; for who ever heard of any modern dean and chapter *resisting* a *person* so recom-

mended ? and the House List to this hour might have gone on without resistance ; that is, the executive body (presenting a list of names just for form-sake) would have continued electing *themselves*, if it had not been for the *struggle* that has been *lately* made by a few *independent* proprietors of East India stock against the arbitrary and *usurped* authority of the directors. But to the story alluded to, and which is founded upon fact : A clergyman (officially connected with a cathedral) had been *promised* a *living* by the dean and chapter ; but, notwithstanding their *sacred* promises, (for they were all *divines*,) the living, when *vacant*, though immediate application was made for it at the death of the incumbent, was given to *another* person. To show his opinion of his brother clergymen *individually* and *collectively*, this disappointed candidate invited the dean and chapter to dinner, concealing his contempt for their conduct till the day of vengeance had arrived. After dinner, a large bowl, that would hold two or three gallons, was set upon the table, and about *sixteen* different sorts of excellent wine, with a profusion of *lemons* and *sugar*. Having mixed no small quantity of sours, a little sugar and some bitters, he took each bottle, and emptied part of it into the bowl. My good friend, says a neighbour of his, what are you about ? you seem making

such a strange mixture as nobody can drink, and it is a great pity to waste such good wines. Stop, says the gentleman, a few minutes, and I dare say you will *then* see the *object* of my *making this mixture*. After he had emptied some out of each of these sixteen bottles, and *stirred up* the ingredients of the bowl, Now, says he, Mr. Dean and Chapter, give me leave to present you with an *emblem* of *yourselves*: *each* of these wines (like each of you *individually*) is, *by itself, excellent*, but now I have mixed them *together*, I have made such a strange, *heterogeneous combination of tastes*, as would *puzzle* the very *Devil* himself to find out their good qualities.

I am,

Yours, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD,  
July, 1806.

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*A PROLOGUE, written by Mr. L., for the Theatre at Worthing, the Play being "the School for Friends," which was patronised by the Portuguese Ambassador.*

TO-NIGHT the *envoy* of a gallant pow'r,  
O'er which may Heav'n every blessing show'r,  
From *gratitude* to Britons, brave and true,  
Requests us to present to public view

The School for Friends, conscious that *here* alone,  
 In England's happy isle, fair *Freedom's* throne,  
 The arm of Friendship (seldom stretch'd in vain)  
 Its *succour* nobly *gives*, without the *hope* of *gain* :  
 Unlike the Tyrant of a neighb'ring state,  
 Whose smile is *envy*, and whose *friendship's* hate,  
 That tries, with *honied* words, mankind to draw  
 Within the vortex of his monstrous crow ;  
 For which fell purpose he *corrupts* with *gold*  
 Such *sordid* souls as may be *bought* or *sold*.  
 Wretches, that strive with base insidious art,  
 (Each man a player, who performs his part,)  
 To fill with *discontent* the human breast,  
 Saying how happy, how supremely blest  
 Those honour'd nations are, who feel the sway  
 Of Gallic tyranny, and Nap obey.  
 But soon these traitors, to their *sorrow*, find  
 Nap's iron mill, or *friend* or *foe* can *grind*.  
 Nay, with more wrath o'erwhelms the coward state,  
 Which waits the deadly blow and courts its fate,  
 Than those great nations, that, with noble zeal,  
 Promote their *own*, promote the *common* weal,  
 By struggling manfully against that pow'r  
 Who madly aims *o'er all mankind* to tow'r.

May Heav'n's kind potent arm, which loves to save,  
 Protect the good, the wise, the free, the brave.  
 May *full* tho' *slow success* their steps attend,  
 That in distress to each their succour lend.  
 May Britain, Portugal, and Spain combin'd,  
 In all the *sympathies* of honour join'd,  
 (While Europe's secret pray'r to heav'n ascends,)  
 Be to the *latest times*, THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS,



TO THE  
COMMITTEE

OF THE  
COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND.

GENTLEMEN,

I REQUEST those two excellent and humane institutions, the THEATRICAL FUNDS of COVENT GARDEN and DRURY LANE, for *decayed performers*, will do me the favour to accept of my humble donation of fifty pounds, as a small token of grateful respect for the distressed sons and daughters of our British Thalia and Melpomene, being thoroughly convinced (and particularly in these times of *popular discontent*) of the great *national utility* and pleasure derived from those two unrivalled theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, by serving as a powerful *diversion* to prevent the public from *thinking* so much (as they otherwise would do) on those absurd, political and irreligious theories now so fashionable in the British court of St. Giles's, though long *exploded* by their tag-rag friends in France. Old-cast off French principles, too, that look more *ridiculous* and sit more *loose* on honest Master Bull than a ready-made coat from Monmouth Street, or the *gold laced* hats and *gorgeous* apparel from the wardrobe of the plundered Spanish dons, which, at the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, our sailors sported on deck over their *greasy trowsers* and *jackets*. As you may per-

ceive, I have put the comic muse first, because, though no auditor can feel more enthusiastic admiration at the inimitable acting of Miss O'Neil, accompanied by her two aides-de-camp, Kemble and Young, I must confess, as we have unfortunately for very near a *fourth* of a century had such a long *continental tragedy*, it is no wonder if a British audience be more disposed to go to the theatre to *laugh* than to *cry*. And I fear, from the *still gloomy* state of the political horizon, we shall continue to have a similar reason not to court the *Tragic Muse*, being likely to have much more of the *bloody dagger* and the *poisoned bowl* with Macbeth's witches and *spell-bound caldron*, than will be agreeable even to the *tragedy taste* of the misanthropic disciples of Shakspeare's melancholy, moralizing *Jaques*.

But, though an ardent admirer of tragedy or comedy *well* performed, I have, gentlemen, (independent of my good wishes to your respective *Dramatic Corps*,) a *national* object in view, as well as a *liberal* one, for troubling you *with* the present letter, namely, that, in this *enlightened* age, the prejudice of Quakers against *stage-playing* may be forgotten, and (especially at this time) when the greatest possible attention should be paid to *allay* all *religious* and *political* irritation, unless the object ridiculed be a public impostor. For *hypocrisy* of every kind always

has been, and I hope always will be, considered fair game for the stage. Wherefore, no theatrical performances or parliamentary oratory at this critical period should be brought before the public, that won't have a certain tendency, *more or less*, to promote *harmony* and unanimity. I have been induced to make the above remark from seeing the other night at Drury Lane (and which was admirably performed) O'Keefe's very *interesting* play of *Wild Oats*, where the broad-brimmed *puritanical characters* of Ephraim *Smooth* and *Zachariah* hold up to public ridicule in an *unfair*, unnatural, and extravagant manner, not only the *singular dress* and starchness of the Quakers, but give a very false representation of those old fashioned virtues (domestic happiness, honesty, and independence) for which they are particularly distinguished, and *universally* admired, by making the *friendly brotherhood* appear more studious of a *good name* than *good works*; therefore hypocritical, hollow-hearted, and insincere. Though, as a mercantile *set-off* against this caricature impression, I acknowledge the charming simplicity and tender sympathetic feeling of Lady Amaranth, the fair Quakeress and heroine of the play, leave the most delightful and amiable opinion of the uncommon humanity and charitable disposition of the *female part* of this truly worthy and *bcnevolent sect*. But, though I have always

admired the patriarchal and simple habits of the Quakers, and have the satisfaction to say I have never suffered my immorality to break in upon *domestic* happiness, sorry I am my private conduct has not always been conformable to their immaculate purity of character, however I may have imitated them in following throughout life their open and honest independence.

To lash vice and folly is certainly the business of the stage, but surely in such a wide field for religious hypocrisy, as is to be met with among some of those canting, whining, hypocritical sectarists, who have the arrogance, pride and *impiety* to call themselves *God's elect* and chosen few, our dramatists need not beat up the respectable cover of *Quakerism* to find game for the public, and turn out a wretched stuffed *Far*, a century and a half old, from the lumber room of the British Museum, instead of a living one from those modern *Gospel shops*, where the *House of God* is written in large letters over the door; as if God Almighty (who is here and there, and every where) was to be found *only* in their little conventicle, or, as if *all* the angels of Heaven were assembled under his feet, because a conceited, *drunken* cobbler, fancying himself inspired, (for, when the wine is in, the wit is out,) chooses to hold forth in the open air, on a tub of *spirits*, against publicans and sinners.

and vomit forth prophetic strains of rhapsodical nonsense.

With every possible apology for troubling you with this long letter, I shall conclude by observing, that, as the modern Quakers are not so stiff, formal and puritanical as they are represented on the stage, (being in that respect much altered from what they were *a hundred and fifty* years ago, though both men and women have more or less *kept up* a similar *style* of dress,) in like manner I shall also observe, and which I am very happy in doing, that whatever might have been the *immorality* of actors and actresses in Prynne's time, it must be said, (by those who are not blinded by *prejudice*,) the present second-rate performers at Drury Lane and Covent Garden have as much *private virtue* and *morality* as most of the middle classes in populous towns and cities. But facts being always *better* than *mere assertion*, I need only *mention* for *proof positive* those respectable actresses of these *two theatres*, who, for the last thirty years, have married noblemen and gentlemen of *high rank* and great fortune, and to whom they have made *excellent* wives. And indeed, if we consider, (provided a *discreet aunt* or *mother* accompany the *young* actress to and from the theatre,) there is no *reason* why the *star* actresses should be otherwise than

*moral*; because, (though there is a great deal of female *intrigue* in plays, these plays being mostly founded on *novels*,) a private gentleman's *sentimental* daughter is much more likely to be contaminated by *reading* about *profligate characters* than by *seeing them*, and *sucks* in more *immorality* in her mamma's *boudoir*, (with the kind assistance of the lady's maid,) than she would get by going to either of the theatres. Besides, all those characters Miss O. Neil performs are replete with such romantic and high-flown sentiments of virtue and honour, as cannot fail to impress upon the mind of the fair actress a much *higher* sense of both, than can be acquired even by the best and most polished female society. The principal characters in genteel comedy have also a similar tendency, unless some demirep of quality is held up to public contempt, and then the *scorn*, with which the audience *treats* her, serves as a good *mirror* to show the *deformities* of vice in their most hideous colours. In the English Opera, too, the same observation may be applied: for where can there be two more modest, artless and pleasing characters, being pure, uncontaminated, country-girls, than Rosetta and Lucinda, in that charming and justly admired English Opera, *Love in a Village*? But respecting the Beggar's Opera, this play, as it is a complete *contrast* to the other, and though

written by Gay, to whom we might more naturally have attributed *Love in a Village*, has none of his *simplicity*; nay, is so unlike Gay, as described by Pope, “ In wit a man, simplicity a child,” that we may say of the roguery, debauchery, and low, blackguard slang in the *Beggar’s Opera*, what our above English Homer says of straws in amber—One wonders how the devil they got into Gay’s simple and elegant mind,—I shall say nothing, except that I do believe (though the music be so exquisitely beautiful) the *unfavourable impression* left upon the *public*, after seeing that very vulgar, though popular play, has had no small effect in keeping *alive* the *strong prejudices* still entertained by many sensible, well-educated and candid persons of the gross immorality of *London actors* and *actresses*. But, as long as it serves to make the public *Gay*, and the theatrical proprietors *Rich*, it is useless saying any thing against its *immoral* tendency, even though it were asserted to be the universal opinion, that this *St. Giles’s Opera*, from the infamous sentiments it contains and the enthusiastic applause it receives from an audience, whenever it is *well* performed, has perhaps made more w——s and r——s (Tom Paine’s *Age of Reason* excepted) than all the *other immoral plays, intriguing novels, or licentious publications* that have made their appearance

since it *first* came out. As a still further confirmation that the London theatrical performers at the two great national theatres have been thought, by good judges of human nature, to possess in their *integral* capacity an equal degree of *morality* with any other public bodies, (but the quakers, dissenters and clergy of all denominations,) I will here quote *two* of the most respectable characters, as to their private morals and mental talents, that could be selected at any period of time, and in any country, out of that truly respectable class, the *literary* and well-educated gentry; namely, my uncle and aunt, the late Mr. and Mrs. Day. For both of them, being partial to dramatic performances, though possessing very superior moral characters, as may be seen in Dr. Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, and Miss Seward's *Life of Dr. Darwin*, used frequently to remark, when any attack was made on the *immorality* of the stage, that, in their humble opinion, the London performers, as players, were no worse in point of morals than most other congregated public bodies, (except the clergy, dissenters and quakers;) and though the strolling player was frequently very *abandoned* in his *morals*, it was not from *reading* or *acting plays*, but, like a vagrant, travelling from *town to town* without a fixed habitation, and constantly *associating* with the loose, idle characters of a



common alehouse. Indeed, said they, (as I have before observed in this letter,) why should the *licentious sentiments* of a play *undermine* the *moral* principles of youth, more than the loose characters of a modern novel, when, so far from this being the case, the *latter* are much more likely to *corrupt* the female mind, because, in the solitude of a country retirement, there is nothing to *counteract* the *poison silently* taken in and *incorporated* with the moral system? Whereas decoration, music, scenery, and the public society around them, *all* tend to do away some of the *evil effects* of attending the two principal London theatres, by *dispersing* their *private* feelings, and fixing their heads and their hearts on such a *diversity* of objects, that the *immorality* acquired by going to plays is like drinking brandy *lowered* in quality, by being *diluted* with *water, lemon, and sugar*; while, on the other hand, the mischief from reading novels is like taking a glass of ardent spirits on an empty stomach, *raw* and *unadulterated*. Assuring you,

I am, Gentlemen,  
your obliged, humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
Nov. 11th, 1819.

TO THE

## LONDON VACCINATION COMMITTEE.

SIRS,

THE having been only once at Hampstead since you did me the honour of sending me your diploma making me an honorary member of the London Vaccine Institution, must be my apology for not earlier noticing your polite conduct. As some friends dined with me this day three weeks, (when I first glanced my eye on your engraving,) and as I left Hampstead at nine o'clock the following morning, till last night, I did not *till then* perceive my name inserted *in it*, and indeed, it so happened, that in looking at the top of the print three weeks ago, (for I did not unrol the whole,) I took it for some hieroglyphical representation of the *Vaccine* Institution, therefore was not a little surprized when I yesterday observed the honour conferred upon me, and discovered, for the first time, it was a diploma, and not an *hieroglyphical* print allusive to the institution. The print and the rest of the papers being locked up in my cupboard, my servants at Hampstead had no opportunity of seeing them, and therefore did not apprise me by letter, (which they otherwise would have done,) that your agent, Mr. Robison, had had the trouble of calling two or three times respect-

ing the *subscription* to the London Vaccine Institution.

Having made the above proper and true apology, and which, as a gentleman, I could not avoid making, since, without this *unanswerable* excuse, (as it was founded on fact,) my apparently disrespectful conduct towards the managers would have appeared not only *ungentlemanly* but *ungrateful*; I shall now return my most cordial thanks for the honour you have done me, but, after returning thanks, shall, I fear, prove *how* little *worthy* I am of your diploma. But, as I could never act the *courtier* to individuals or bodies of men, id est, by *wholesale*, or by *retail*, I must, from having through life uniformly aimed to attain that greatest of all *earthly honours*, the character of an *honest* man, candidly tell you, gentlemen, that I do not think the *Jennerian discovery* so *essential* to the *happiness* of mankind as the world generally imagine, and for this reason,—that I think the *human race* had better be *thinned* by the *small-pox* in the shape of *children*, than that they should be plunged into eternity, with all their sins upon their head, at the *full* age of *man*, and all the intermediate stages from *maturity* to *old age*, by *epidemical* distempers, and every *species* of warfare *civil* and *foreign*, or, in other words, by

plague, discord, and famine. Whether we shall ever arrive at that period when, like the children in China, the little Londoners are thrown into the River Thames to *swim or drown*, I will not pretend to say, but this I may affirm without any pretence to be called a conjurer, that *wars*, from the *overgrown population* of Europe, will be *more frequent* than they have been, and, God knows, they have been *too common* at every period of history, *ancient or modern*. Every humane person, therefore, I should hope, (who has similar apprehensions with me,) would think as I do, and had much rather see sweet, innocent babes, before they have taken root in society, carried up, like Elijah, to heaven, from whence they came *spotless and undefiled*, than behold their fellow-creatures, with the ferocity, envy, and malice of *devils*, *hacking and slashing*, and *cutting each other's throats*, as they formerly did in the age of *religious fanaticism*, (pour *l'amour de Dieu*,) but, for love of a different kind, the love of *life*, and the dread of suffering that most horrid of all deaths, the cruel cravings of ravenous and *unappeasable hunger*.

Having said this, I revert to another point, and that is, inoculation with the *cow-pock*, after it has past through that infernal sink of corruption, the sinful *flesh of man*. For I thought at

first, and so did most other persons, that the great use of *vaccination* arose from having introduced a disease, which, taken from a clean animal, would not bring along with it the foul diseases of human nature that lie lurking in the system, as if to pounce upon man with the more certain ferocity. For, though common people have a great prejudice *against* the *brute* creation, forgetting that *man*, with all his self-conceit of superior virtue and humanity, is, when left to himself, the *worst of all brutes*,

Since *reason* raise o'er *instinct* as you can,  
In this 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *man*—

I should always prefer the *pock* of a *cow* to the *adulterated* pus taken from the *arm* of a human being. On the above account, the channel of *impurity* still continuing the *same* at the time of *vaccination*, but (as is frequently supposed) with an impurity of blood afterwards much *greater* from the *mildness* of the disease, than used to attend the *old* mode of inoculation, what *advantage* has accrued to mankind (since it has not stopped up the channel of other diseases) by a *vaccination* of *cow-pus* and *human pus* mixed together, except the saving of *life* during *infancy*, (but which I have considered, in the end, will be no saving at all,) and enabling the Grand Signior to fill his

seraglio with more beautiful Tartarian women, but with more *tartar* in their composition? For, at all events, cows not having the evil, or a certain fashionable disease, there would be no hazard of inoculating those foul and terrible disorders from cow-matter; and, (whatever *women* may think,) knowing that beauty is only skin-deep, it would matter not to me, whether I were as scabby as a sheep or a cuckoo, provided the malady were only *cutaneous*.

Apologising for the freedom with which I have delivered my sentiments, and also for having *dared* (with so many men not only of great *medical* knowledge, but *superior* to *me* in every other branch of science, *countenancing vaccination*) to deliver sentiments so diametrically *opposite* to them, I will crave leave to observe, that, for many years, even medical men themselves were greatly at variance on this subject, so much at variance that, for some time, it was a matter of doubt whether the discovery would not *die away* when the gloss of *fashion* (which takes place in *medicine* as well as everything else) had also *died*. But, as one strong motive for opposition arose from the injury the profession would sustain by *vaccination* from *medical gentlemen shortening the disease*, and therefore not being able to make out such *long bills*, the small-pox being one of their *sheet anchors*, (for,

I believe, it is universally allowed, this and its great brother, with the concomitant train of *diseases* following in its rear, are their best friends, their grand *reservoir* of wealth,) I should have supposed the introduction of a double inoculation, by enabling them to receive *two guineas* instead of *one*, had worked a marvellous *change of opinion*, did not my idea fall to the ground, *completely rebutted* by considering that, taking the professors of medicine in their *corporate* capacity, (at least the *higher* orders of them,) they are by far the most liberal class of men in this kingdom. As a proof of it, we have only to look at the *advice* and *medicine* daily given to the *poor gratis*, and the great number of public institutions to which *physicians* and *surgeons* have generously given a *considerable* part, if not the *whole* of their fortunes. I cannot, therefore, suppose for a moment, like *Counsellor Doublefee*, that with so patriotic and liberal-minded a set of men, *avarice* has at all influenced their change of opinion, whatever may have been done in that way by the *love of novelty*. Yes, strange it is, as human knowledge is said to *liberalize* the mind, that, when *medical* men have done, and still do so much for the public without fee or emolument, there is, I believe, scarce one instance upon record of a *lawyer* leaving his law-library or his estate to the public, or in any

other way showing a disinterested *patriotic* disposition, either in times past, present, or to come. So that present, past, or future cannot range among the generous *benefactors* of mankind, (though every civilized state can boast of *medical philanthropists*,) the gentlemen of the law with a robe or without a robe, with a wig or without a wig. So much for the difference between law and medicine ; alias, liberality in *words* and liberality in *practice*. To copy the above medical gentlemen in their liberality, (though but in a small way,) I have the pleasure to inclose a draft for ten guineas, requesting the managers of the London Vaccine Institution will do me the honour to accept of it—this little pecuniary donation being not intended, in the slightest degree, to show my *approval* of the *Jennerian system*, and particularly in its present adulterated state, but to prove *substantially* my unfeigned gratitude for the respect intended me by your learned and benevolent society in making so *insignificant* an individual as myself *one* of your *honorary* members ; having, likewise, sent the above present from the same motive that I have, for twenty-five years, given my *guinea* to the *Sunday-schools*, (though I have always disapproved of teaching every one to read and write,) namely, that I might not appear to shape my ideas of *vaccination* with a



sordid view of *saving* my money. Whether I am right in my conjectures, that the benefits resulting from these two favourite national discoveries have been greatly overrated, is at present hidden in the book of fate. But permit me to add, as some palliation for my high crime or misdemeanour in differing so much from public opinion, and (what is a greater degree of arrogance and presumption) from men so *highly respectable* in every point of view, that I ardently hope the womb of time will not be pregnant with all the national calamity which has for twenty years filled my mind with the most gloomy apprehensions, in consequence of supposing, by Sunday-schools making too many of those (intended to work,) idle ladies and gentlemen, and from vaccination enlarging the human capital, beyond the ways and means of getting their bread honestly, even if they were industriously inclined, that this unemployed population, like pike in a fish-pond when all other fish are destroyed, would be tempted, by hunger and dire necessity, to prey upon one another.

I assure you I am, Gentlemen,  
 your obliged,  
 humble servant,  
 THO. LOWNDES.

HAMFSTEAD HEATH,  
 Sept. 13th, 1823.

TO

CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER my long silence, you will, perhaps, think that I have abandoned my Bay-Salt Petition, as being (like some of the late Election Petitions) frivolous and vexatious; but so far from giving up this claim, on the *success* of which (if it be publicly known) I may perhaps say, *without presumption*, the enterprising character of Great Britain will, in some measure, depend, (mine being the *cause* of the public, as well as *my own*,) I am determined, from the *advice* of many sensible, respectable friends, no ways connected with my family, (therefore perfectly disinterested and impartial,) to pursue the object of my fair and honourable ambition with additional ardour, rousing myself from my late apparent lethargy, like a giant refreshed. And this good will, at all events, arise from my zeal, I shall show my countrymen whether it be necessary, besides great *public* services, to carry *four votes* in a coach to the House of Commons; because, in this *enlightened* age, if an administration act *wisely* they will act *honestly*, for public feeling must and will be respected; and the *present set* of ministers having proved themselves, to all *unprejudiced* minds, not only *clever*, but *honest*

men, makes me the more desirous of getting the *baronetage* while *they* are in *power*.

I have endeavoured (which you will perceive) to strengthen my claim to some public reward by sending you an epitaph on my late uncle, Mr. Edward Lowndes, who was most *ungratefully* used by that quintessence of corruption, the quondam East India Directors, that governed India at the time of Sykes, Rumbold, &c. As I am the representative of this Mr. Edward Lowndes, (being the only surviving son of his only brother,) and, as he also left me his lands in America, thus constituting me his heir, I feel I have the same right to expect to inherit any *national honour* through his merits, as the *nephew* of a *Nelson*, or any other *illustrious* character in public life. For, as property of inheritance is governed by the same just principle, whether it be an *acre* or a *hundred thousand* acres, public honours ought also to be governed by the same unerring laws of justice, whether it be the *nephew* of an ensign and lieutenant, or of a great general and admiral. But if, as some may say, Mr. E. Lowndes's public services had nothing to do with the British government, why have civil and military servants of the East India Company had *hereditary* honours conferred upon them from a *baronetage* to a *peerage*? a question to which I can easily anticipate this answer :—because they were ser-

vants of the East India Company, and a *mate* of an Indiaman is not. Yet if this be invariably the case, why was Mr. E. L. sent by the Captain of the *Hardwicke*, (who was called the fighting Captain, from his patriotic spirit for seven years during the war in India, at which period my uncle served him as first mate,) yes, I say, why was Mr. *Edward Lowndes* (if he was not to be considered a *servant* of the Company) sent from the *Hardwicke* with thirty seamen to assist at the storming of Masulipatam? For if Major Forde (he being in great want of men) had not desired Captain Sampson to send a party of sailors, (as the sending them just at that time was very inconvenient,) they and my uncle would have remained on board a ship. Now common sense tells me, as he was perhaps to have the honour of having his brains blown out in fighting the battles of the East India Company to *extend their empire*, he was, upon that occasion at least, a *servant* of that Company, and what is more, a *faithful* and *honourable* servant, and should have been rewarded as such; and to show what hot work it was, (while the attack lasted, which was about two hours,) I have heard my uncle say, he had a very narrow escape, as both the men were killed on each side of him. To show, too, that he was considered a servant of some *merit* by *government*, if not by the *Company*, Mr. Lowndes,

(Auditor of the Exchequer,) and Sir Grey Cooper, (Secretary to the Treasury,) in the most friendly manner exerted their utmost interest to get him a ship ten years after the storming of Masulipatam, and that is the reason Colonel Forde's letter is dated 1769, instead of 1759. But, as the administration of the British empire had not so much influence with the Directors then as they have now, Mr. Edward Lowndes lost a ship by one casting vote, and that was the chairman's, who happened to owe him a grudge for his *uncommon* honesty. The circumstance I allude to was as follows :—Some years before this election, a rich powerful ship's husband and owner sent several rum-puncheons on board a vessel my uncle Edward was the head mate of. It was, therefore, his business, during the absence of the captain, to set down the ship's stores, and see them safely deposited; but these rum-puncheons being called *sixteen* gallons, when they were only *fourteen*, my uncle calls out to the men in the barge, Who the devil sent these casks? they answer, Mr. B., the ship's husband. Then take them back again, says Mr. E. Lowndes, and give my compliments to him, and tell him there is a great mistake, as fourteen-gallon casks have been sent for sixteen. No, replied the men, it is no mistake; for Mr. B. told us himself they were *sixteen*.

*gallon* casks; therefore it is of no use taking them back. "Then," replies Mr. E. L., (and he was a very strong man, being near six feet high, and stout in proportion,) "I will" (putting his foot to one of the smallest of them) "make a present of this to Old Neptune," and with the utmost coolness rolled it into the sea: "for I'll be damned," says he, "if the poor fellows shall be pinched in their grog to gratify the *avarice* of any rascally ship's husband." The consequence of this was, after that period, the ships' husbands and owners made a point to oppose him whenever he tried to get a ship, thinking him a very insolent fellow, who (though only mate of an Indiaman) dared to utter such language against his lords and masters. When my uncle was a candidate for one of the Company's ships, he stood for it upon this ground: in the distribution of the *prize-money* at Masulipatam he was considered a *volunteer*, and (instead of ranking as a captain) only received the *share* of a *private*; but, says Forde, whenever you stand for a ship of the East India Company, I will give such a testimonial of your gallant conduct as will, I have no doubt, secure you one. At that time the East India Company had two ships of about 500 tons each, but, unmindful of his public services, (though he was *twice* a candidate for one of their ships,) he was

each time out-voted, and on the second unsuccessful trial quitted their service with disgust. The fact was, from his high-spirited and honourable conduct, he got (as the sailors say) into a wrong birth, for he should have been in the *British navy*, instead of such a low, shabby, shoeblack service as the one he went into; and as he would not suffer my father to advance money to get him a ship, there was no chance whatever of being appointed to one any other way, so that he must have been contented all his life (had he continued so long in the Company's marine service) with the humble station of *first mate* to an Indiaman. The reason Mr. Edward Lowndes always gave his brother for not buying a ship (as other mates did) was his *public service* at Masulipatam, &c., otherwise my father did several times offer to advance him 5000*l*. Thus you see by this makeweight in the scale of public justice, (namely, my uncle's public services,) I, as his nephew and nearest relation, have proved some sort of claim, through his merits, to the *bloody hand*, if I were not before entitled to it from that bourgeois attempt of obtaining it by Mr. Thomas Lowndes's Bay-Salt Invention.

In addition to the above claim through Mr. Edward Lowndes, I have also an equal right to call to my aid the *public services* of Mr. Samuel

Lowndes, (a bachelor,) as I am likewise his male representative, for he was a brother of the inventor of Bay-Salt. I shall, therefore, put him, too, in the scale of *family* state-services, as he was eight years in the Royal navy of Great Britain, one year of that period having the misfortune to be a state-prisoner in France. As an honourable proof of the *gallantry* of Mr. Samuel Lowndes's conduct, I have a *sword* now by me, which he took from a *French officer* in a very *brilliant* action between an English and a French *frigate*. Mrs. Churchill, (formerly Miss Lowndes,) some years after her marriage, gave the sword to my father, thinking, I suppose, it ought to remain with her uncle's descendants, (the Lowndes's of Lea Hall in Cheshire,) as a family heir-loom, conscious, like *stars* during the effulgent *light* of the *sun*, that this humble act of youthful British valour would be completely absorbed and lost in the glorious blaze of *military splendour* that will for ever *irradiate* a *Churchill*. She being the mother to Mrs. Drax, I had the curiosity one day to ask Mrs. D. whether she ever heard any thing of the aforesaid sword, when I had the pleasure to hear the above family-tradition confirmed by her. But as all my three uncles were more or less unfortunate, Lieut. L. got rewarded for his short-lived naval ser-



vices by being *drowned* on board the Romney, in 1707, when Sir Cloudsley Shovel made that *silly* blunder, by which he was wrecked on the *Scilly* Isles; for the Romney was one of his squadron. Mr. Samuel Lowndes, too, being a fine-spirited young man, only twenty-two, and much beloved by his Captain and brother-officers, for his amiable disposition and promising naval talents, made his *death sincerely* regretted.

Though last, but not least in love, I shall conclude with family-services of a much later date, (thus taking in more than a century,) namely, those of my uncle-in-law Mr. Day, whose representative I am, he having brought me up as his adopted *son*. To prove Day's public services to the country were of no *trivial* nature, I need only observe, that, in consequence of a publication of his, called the *Independence* of America, (which went through *nine editions* in two years, the best possible test of its merit, when accompanied with the following statement,) Mr. Pitt was induced, in the year 1783, to make a proposal to him through George Rose, Esq., to fill one of the subordinate situations in his administration; for which purpose he was to have been brought into parliament for a government borough; but this flattering offer to a very ambitious man, the philosophic Mr. Day declined, (even though he had the

highest possible opinion of Mr. Pitt's talents and integrity,) because he found, *right or wrong*, he must support ministers, when once *enlisted* in their *service*, and not be allowed a *will* of his own. As he had quitted the bar, because he could not bring himself to take *every brief* that was brought him, and affirm black was white or white black, just as suited the order of the day, or the whim and roguery of those barrister-jackalls, the attornies, it was natural to expect the above negotiation would prove abortive.

Wherefore, on the failure of this political overture, which (though I was in his house at the time) no one but Mrs. Day knew any thing of, not even his most intimate friends; and knowing that his faithful and prudent wife (though a woman) could keep a *secret*, he jocosely observed, I now see, the man who puts his hand to the *plough*, and *looks back*, is not only unfit for the kingdom of heaven, but is also unfit for a British *administration*. It was not, therefore, till Mr. Day's death, (though this happened six years before that melancholy event,) Mr. Pitt's proposal to him transpired: for Mr. Day's feelings were so sensitively refined on all occasions of such a delicate nature, that he thought an offer so confidential should never be made public till the *death* of

the *person* on whom a state-honour of such magnitude was intended to be conferred, because to divulge it till then, would not only be a proof of excessive vanity, but a most shameful breach of *private confidence*.

Having now finished my long memorial, I beg to make every possible apology for the length of it, as also for my *uninterrupted silence* since the *last* interview I had the honour of having with you, by stating that a lingering illness for near two months, and the unfortunate, subsequent death of my much lamented and worthy friend Mr. Drax Grosvenor, (for whom I had a very great regard, from the sincere friendship *he* had shown me,) so completely unhinged my mind, and enervated my spirits, that I have been till now incapable of attending to this business: therefore the long interval which has elapsed must not be construed into a *lukewarmness* to the bay-salt application, arising from indifference, pique, or despair: for, having embarked in a good and honourable cause, (though perhaps an uncommon one,) nothing shall divert me from my purpose; and should I be unsuccessful, I trust (as this has been so much the subject of conversation among my own family-connexions, and is a *public* as well as private concern) that I shall at least prove, if you and I cannot always com-

*mand success*, we can do more, we can *deserve it*: nay more, that if it came to a public vote, a *national canvass*, I should have ninety-nine out of a hundred with me; I do not say *ninety-nine* out of a *hundred* of the populace, (for I despise their senseless, bacchanalian clamours,) by which I do not mean to imply, *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*, but this—

Gustavus *exil'd* more true glory feels,  
Than Cobbett with the *tag-rag* at his *heels*.

Yes, I am proud in saying, the rational and most respectable part of my countrymen would, I have every reason to think, wish me *success*, particularly when they saw, by my father giving up his claim, and my being willing to surrender mine, (provided a *blank* patent for a *baronetage* be made out for my *male successors*,) that *vanity* has nothing to do in the *business*, but that the trouble I have taken arises in my mind from a firm determination to stand up for my *just* family-rights, and that (if I cannot get money, from the lapse of time) I will endeavour to get paid in some shape or other, that it may not be said mine is almost the only family in Great Britain, where *public virtue* is to be its *own reward*—such a reward as puts me in mind of what a wag said, when Dr. South was preaching upon the following text—The wages of *sin* are *death*;

upon which this wag (who was a drunken sailor) cries out to the Doctor, as soon as he had delivered his text, “ Damn’d poor wages, indeed, such as no man can *live* by.”

I should have observed, Mr. Day’s publication was so popular, that his “ Independence of America” is said to have had no small influence in *shortening* our disastrous American war, as (in consequence of that luminous pamphlet, which was published in 1782, *united* to some others of a *similar* nature) the different counties were induced to form associations to address government to make peace with America, by acknowledging her *independence*,—therefore, that Day rendered no small services to the country by thus mainly contributing to put a stop to the unnecessary and lavish waste of the blood and treasure of the British empire; and happy had it been if his advice had been taken some years before, as he always considered it a very rash and impolitic war, a war that a proper sense of justice and a conciliatory disposition would have easily *prevented*. For his political sagacity pointed *due West*, all the time those who could not keep their religious bigotry within compass pointed *due North*; for (true as the needle to the pole) these servile, narrow-minded, and ultra-royalists supported Lord North in all his indolent, obstinate, and injudi-

cious measures, as long as he remained in power; nay, some of them even after that extraordinary coalition between him and Fox.

I forgot to mention, in speaking of my uncle Mr. Edward Lowndes's merits at Masulipatam, that when Major Forde thanked Captain Sampson for the use of his men, (many of whom were killed or wounded,) he said, " Having only *two-thirds* the force of the enemy, though I felt the highest confidence in the valour and skill of my soldiers, and knew that they would do every thing that so small a number could possibly effect, I owe, perhaps, the *success* of my attack to your little party of seamen : for when the scales of fortune are nearly *even*, like *other scales* a *small weight* will turn them."

Though I have brought the public merits of the three Lowndes's into one focus, like the famous burning-glasses of Archimedes, when he set fire to the Roman galleys, I have pieced them together, not to act as burning-glasses, but as *mirrors of truth*, and without intending any other reflection by so doing, but the *reflection* arising from the humble merits of their *public* and *unrequited* services;—

These, when united to the name of Day,  
(Like the fifth act of an heroic play,)  
Will, I trust, show the virtuous and the wise  
That the proud road to Britain's glory lies

*In every man alike, or small or great,  
Sharing the honours of the British state,  
And each receiving with becoming spirit,  
The reward due to each degree of merit.*

Hoping Lady Ann Smith and the young ladies are well, to whom I have the honour of sending my respectful compliments, and that her Ladyship has escaped her usual winter rheumatic complaints, and with respectful compliments to Mrs. Smith and your son, when you see or write to them, hoping they also are well,


I remain, Dear Sir,  
with great regard,

your very obedient

and humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
May 12th, 1819.



TO  
THE DIRECTORS AND PROPRIETORS  
OF  
EAST INDIA STOCK.

HAVING incurred the displeasure of their *High Mightinesses* the Reporters of the daily newspapers, (except the Times and the Morning Chronicle,) I am under the necessity of anticipating the speech I intend to make on the 23d of this month, by entering my humble protest against the present *lavish* expenditure of the East India Company: for which purpose, whether *seconded* or *not*, I shall certainly move for a *Finance Committee* to investigate the state of the Company's Revenue and Expenditure; this being, in my humble opinion, much *more* for the *interest* of the Company, than voting any *more pensions*, unless it be intended to *kill* the *hen* that lays the *golden eggs*, an act so *proverbially foolish*, that, ~~instead~~ of it, I would recommend the East India Company to buy up all the *guinea fowls*, and, by high living, set them a laying as fast as they can; a recommendation the Bank perhaps would not do amiss to imitate, since the Restriction Act has made guineas



the order of the day ; but, whether wisely or not, I won't pretend to say. For stopping the *Bank Paper* mill, and (in the present revolutionary state of Europe) issuing *guineas* for foreigners to *hoard up*, or hide under ground, are two very different things. It strikes me, that the future issue of gold in this country should be governed by the political state of Europe, and the revival of its public *confidence*. Till all alarm has subsided, we shall, in my humble opinion, only coin for the benefit of Europe, as, in that case, when our guineas leave Great Britain, unlike the swallows, they will probably *go—never to return*, at least only in straggling parties, and a small number of them. But as my object is to gain as full a meeting as possible in Leadenhall-street on the 23d instant, and not to prevent the play of Midas from being got up at the Bank, (for in this free country, if some men like long *asses' ears*, in the name of *folly*, e'en let them wear them,) I shall return to the consideration of our resources and expenditure in India, by recommending the system adopted by the Dutch in their spice-islands, namely, to *nip off* a great part of our Leadenhall fruit, as soon as it appears *set*. For if that be not immediately done, the oriental parent tree will be exhausted, and perhaps rendered incapable of bearing any more. One would suppose the present promising summer for all sorts of fruit

had its *genial* influence at the India House, and that this was the reason of so *fruitful* a year of East India pensions. That Indiana though may not be completely exhausted by all this *bleeding*, I hope next year will be a *Jubilee year*, when there will be a total cessation of grants of *money* in the form of pensions. I do not mean, like the aloe, that the East India pension-tree should not blow again for 100 years, but that it should not blow *every month*, or at all events in due season, and not, like the Glastonbury thorn, blossom at Christmas, producing only *weak autumnal flowers*, and bearing, like the orange-tree, *blossoms* and *fruit* at the same time. To show in this instance I am a good parson, and practise what I preach, a few weeks ago I nipt off above 350 peaches, nectarines, and apricots from four small trees, for fear, by bearing so much in one year, they would never bear again, or, at all events, if they did bear, fruit not worth eating. What sign in the zodiac prevails at present in our Leadenhall East India councils I know not; one thing, though, is very evident, it cannot be *Libra*; for if it were, the Directors would have *duly weighed* their *measures* before they recommended so many *large grants* of money in *one* year. Should I be charged with inconsistency by having voted for so *large a sum of money* to Mr. Wilkinson, when, on other occasions, I have always shown myself so *econo-*

*mical* of the East India public purse, my answer in Mr. Wilkinson's case is this, that it *rests entirely* on a different ground from the grants alluded to; as the sum voted to him was virtually paid out of *his own money*, by taking a sum out of his *right-hand pocket*, and putting it into his *left*; that this grant, too, being only a fifth part of what the Company made by his judicious contract for saltpetre, it was at most only a sort of salvage at 20 per cent.

I will now conclude, by recommending a little more fairness in the proceedings at the India House, when proprietors get up to speak, for what the *Times* said with regard to myself was perfectly true. However, when I did at last get an *opportunity* of speaking, (for which I must thank my worthy friend Mr. Randle Jackson,) I flatter myself I gave the Directors and their *partisans* a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*, and which I trust will ever be the case, when treated in a similar manner. But I have every reason to think (from what some proprietors have said to me) such *gross partiality* will not be again *permitted*, lest it grow up into a confirmed habit, and few proprietors be allowed to speak, saving and except the friends or partisans of the directors, some of whom lay it on thick enough at present, but would in this case paint an *inch thick* ere they depart.

With thanks to you for having impartially stated, in the three or four lines you gave, what I actually did say; and sincerely wishing, that the Bank guineas, *when issued*, may return as *lovingly* to the *Bank coffers*, as the notes of a country-banker, an intimate friend of mine, who a year ago *jocosely* observed to me, that such was the *affection* of his notes to the *place of their birth*, that they *instinctively* returned *every month* to the banking pigeon-holes, *again* to be re-issued, and *again* to make their *monthly home-circuit*—with every possible apology, too, to Mr. Bull and his large family, for whom I have the greatest respect, for the *frequent* but *unavoidable egotisms* in this Letter,

I am their and your very obedient  
and grateful,

but independent,

humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

June 6th, 1819.

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P. S. As Boniface ate his ale, drank his ale, and slept upon his ale, all the harm I wish some of the most violent partisans for a *premature* gold circulating medium is, that for 24 hours the fate of Boniface may be their fate, and every thing they touch be *turned* into gold.

# ON SCOTCH NATIONALITY ;

ADDRESSED TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST,

(BUT NEVER SENT.)

SIR,

IN the Courier of December 17th, I see a motion has been made by a Scotch member, and which was followed up by several of his countrymen, for some parliamentary relief to the manufacturing poor of Renfrewshire. Now, though I perfectly agree with them that their poor ought to be relieved, their mode of relief and mine is as wide asunder as the poles. Because, with all my sensibility for the distresses of the Scotch poor, and all other poor, these very charitable North Britons must excuse me if I positively *declare* that I never will *vote* for any member of parliament (and I have five or six votes) who gives his *influence* to any *bill* in the House of *Commons* for *relieving* the *Scotch poor* out of the *British* purse, without, at the same time, giving a proportionate relief to the *distressed English, Irish or Welsh*. For, with the enormous poor-rates, tithe, and land-tax that I and my tenants pay, common sense, as well as *justice* and *humanity*, tells me, though the English nation pay some part of *their* land-tax, we ought not, *therefore*, to pay the *tithe* and *poor-rates* of Scotland. For I can satisfactorily prove, (taking a circle of fifty or sixty miles

round London,) every *landowner* pays 2*s.* in the pound land-tax, upon a fair *net rental*, while the Scotch are paying no more than 3*d.* in the pound; that is, one-eighth. Upon the same principle, too, that the English are now asked to contribute to the Scotch poor, they may be called upon at some future period to pay their widow's *mite* to the *Scotch clergy*, and yet, methinks, we in the south pay *pretty well* at *present* towards the church, as, on an average, we every year do not pay *less* than 33 per cent. for tithe, upon a fair *rental* betwixt *landlord* and *tenant*. I therefore very naturally, as a considerable owner of land, set my face against this unjust *precedent* of feeding the *Scotch poor* as well as *our own*. Nor can even any plausible reason be given, why the English landlord should be expected to pay towards the relief of the poor in a country where the *land* and *houses* (unlike those of *England*) are not *burthened* with either *tithe* or *poor-rates*, and the land-tax, as I have said, is only 3*d.* in the pound. It is, however, perfectly consistent with that *selfish Scotch* system, so *visible* in every thing they do. For we have plenty of *hungry* Scotchmen to *maintain* in the *British dominions* without *those* in Scotland. To be convinced of the truth of this *last observation*, we have only to look at the East India Direction, where (though the population of Scotland be

only a *sixth part* of that of the British isles) the Scotch directors are one-fourth of the *number appointed*; but at the *Bank* (in consequence of having suffered from Scotch nationality, when there was the great run on the *Air Bank*) the proprietors of English bank-stock *wisely determined* to have no more *Scotch directors*, and I think they have had none since then; but as for India, the Scotch have so completely monopolized that part of the world, that perhaps one half of the Europeans are Scotchmen, whence, if the *spirit of clanship* be *declining* in the *Hebrides*, it is only dying away *there to rise up* with renovated *esprit de corps* in the *Oriental Nova Scotia*. To give some idea how Scotchmen *swarm* in India, a gentleman told me some years ago, that, at a public breakfast at Calcutta given by a Mr. Campbell, he could have fancied himself in the deserts of Arabia from the great *number of Campbells collected together* in one place. I think the gentleman said there were near 100 Campbells, but I will not be positive as to the number. Like the African beast of burden, too, and which makes them *such good public servants*, the Scotch (while the burden is placing upon their back) can *bend the knee* as well as this *useful animal*, and, like him, can bear hunger, thirst, and fatigue with the most admirable *patience*; for I will candidly acknowledge they have much

merit on this head, and unite great *industry* with uncommon *perseverance* ; and to prove I am not unfairly prejudiced against *North Britons*, two of the most *intimate* and *independent friends* I have, and for *both of whom* I have a great regard, are *Scotchmen*. What a pity then, with so many *excellent qualities*, the Scotch do not oftener copy the *liberality* of the *English* and *Irish*, who have nothing *national* or selfish in their *public* or private *conduct*, or imitate my two aforesaid Church of England friends, who frequently *laugh* at their *countrymen's nationality* ! For which reason, it appears to me, (from *their* not belonging to the Kirk of Scotland,) that the *form of worship there* contributes not a little to their *narrow-minded selfishness*, as the Scotch, in general, are *presbyterians* : and I have observed, in an intercourse with the world for above forty years, that *presbyterians* and *sectarists* are most of them not only more *illiberal* in their *religious tenets* than modern *enlightened Catholics*, and persons of the established *English church*, but are much closer in pecuniary matters, being often very *avaricious*. Added to the above observation of Scotch avarice, (when I was in Scotland twenty years ago,) I did not see one *public situation* worth *having* occupied by an Englishman or Irishman ; but I leave the public to *judge* how many *good places* in Eng-



land, *public* or *private*, are occupied by *Scotchmen*. Even in the emigration to the *Cape*, there was more than the *due proportion* of Scots to *partake* of *British bounty*. Let gentlemen North Britons then drink *less wine*, and give what they *save* in *that article* to the poor; this of itself would be a *great relief*: and (instead of *many pleasure horses* kept only for *ostentation*) let them reduce their studs to *one half*, and have a coach and pair instead of a coach and four, or a carriage without the expense of horses. A *variety* of savings of this *kind* might be suggested far less *wounding* to *Scotch pride*, as I should think, than putting their *hand* into *John Bull's* purse. For why should honest *Master Bull* be made their *milch cow* on all occasions, unless it be that he is *often* a *weak, generous fool*? Witness the parliamentary contributions to Scotch turnpike roads, bridges, public buildings, &c., and, (as it was at the *Union*, when the *Scot* made such a *devilish good bargain* for himself,) so it is now, and ever shall be till Great Britain is no more. As the bear is said to support himself in *winter* by *sucking* his *paws*, let fat, rich Scotchmen suck their paws, that is, in other words, (instead of being so *close-fisted*,) let them spend *th* money, not *ours*. For I never yet saw a *proposal* to make the *Scotch* contribute to the *English, Welsh* or *Irish poor*; and,

if the proposal were made, I can pretty well *guess*, without being *blest* with the *gift* of second sight, what Sawney's answer would be:—"Hoot mon, not a baubee; ween a muckle poor of air own."

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient,  
humble servant,

PETER PLAYFAIR.

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N.B.—It was a very singular circumstance, that while I was writing the above, the Publicans' Paper of the 17th being brought me to read, there should be in it the *following* curious anecdote of a *Scotch heifer*, and which was stated to be a matter of fact, being a most *remarkable proof* that *avarice* in *Scotland* is not confined to the *human species*.

"Some time ago a butcher of Islington, in slaughtering a poll'd Scotch heifer, found in the *intestines* a *red morocco purse*, two half-crowns, a three-shilling piece, a sixpence, and a half-sovereign; all of which *coin* are now in his possession."

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
Dec. 19th, 1819.

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P.S.—To prove how desirous the Scotch are of making use of the *British purse* and saving

*their own*, Lord Liverpool said, in his speech in the House of Lords on Friday last, that applications had been made to him from Scotland for a *part of the 500,000l., still unappropriated*, of the million and a half assigned by Parliament for the relief of the unemployed poor; to which he had answered, the commissioners were ready to distribute upon proper security. "But," says his Lordship, "would it be *borne*, would it be *fair*, that England should advance money to places in Scotland, where no assessment had been made?" Lord Liverpool did not mention any application from any other part of the British empire.

## A LETTER

TO THE

ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER,

BUT NEVER PRINTED.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING formerly contributed my 100*l.* to the subscription in the Borough for Sir Tho. Turton's election, I take the liberty of congratulating you on the attempt now making amongst yourselves to recover your lost reputation for *promptness of decision, and steadiness of conduct,*

by that heaviest of *all charges* next to *absolute corruption*, which can be brought against any borough sending members to parliament;—namely, a *love of change*, such a fondness for novelty, as (like a capricious master) leads the *electors* to dismiss an *old and faithful* servant for no other reason but because they are *pleased* with *new faces*, or prefer a *rich member* to a *poor one*, though the *latter* be of *tried honesty* and *independence*. At the same time I own (while writing this letter) it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Sir Thomas (though a kinsman of mine) be elected or not, quasi Sir Thomas; but it certainly is no *matter of indifference* either to *me* or any *quiet* independent man, who is a true friend to King and constitution, whether *radicalism* shall be *suppressed* or not, particularly after the late horrid, *diabolical* conspiracy, the very thought of which makes the *stoutest* heart *skudder* at the *depravity* of human nature. In the honest impulse of my feelings, having *thus* expressed myself on this *infernal* plot, I hope I shall be *indulged* with mentioning the name of a *true patriot*, alas, no more! who (as long as I live and possess my rational faculties) will be dear to my memory, and interwoven with my very existence; viz. the late Mr. Day of Annesley in Surry, of whom I may say, for *purity* of character, *magnanimity* and *disinterestedness*,

I seldom shall look upon his like again. This truly good and great man (in speaking of *civil war*) used frequently to express himself with the strongest *indignation* against those *wild* and political theorists, who, to try their fanciful experiments of government, would set about their *Utopian system* with as *much coolness*, though it involved a *populous nation in civil war*, and *deluged* their *country with oceans of blood*, as the *practical philosopher*, who (when trying experiments with the air-pump) occasions the *death* of a *dozen* different animals one after another, though perhaps the destruction of *four* or *five* living creatures would answer his purpose as well as *fifty*. I mention Mr. Day, because he was so well known and highly esteemed in the Borough of Southwark from the great *merit* of his *political* and *literary character*, united to his *humane* and *charitable disposition*, as to have been *proposed* for a *candidate* to represent that *borough* in parliament at one of the general elections about forty years since.

Aware of the *enmity* I may bring upon myself by this exposition of my *political sentiments*, but thinking in these times that no man should *conceal* his *loyalty* from a *base, cowardly motive*, I feel no *little zeal* as to the *general turn* the *present elections* may take, trusting we shall all have the *good sense* to *distinguish* between *liberty* and

*licentiousness*, whiggism and *radicalism*, and that (whenever the *former* degenerates into the *latter*) the *jacobinical orators* and writers will, at all events, (by being *kept out* of parliament,) have no opportunity of doing any mischief *in it*.

And now, gentlemen, with the *frankness* I practise upon every other occasion, I will state (though I had once the honour to subscribe my 100*l.*, and therefore *consider* I have some sort of right to *address you* as *brother electors*) it is not now my intention to give you another 100*l.*, but merely to observe that, if you *elect* Sir Tho. Turton, you will only discharge a *debt* you have long *owed him*, the *debt of gratitude*, not for his *long-winded* and *verbose speeches*, but for being thoroughly independent; for being, too, a man of business, ergo, a good committee man; and, though last, not the least of his M. P.'s merits, for being always *accessible*, and ready with his tongue or *pen* to serve his *constituents*: not forgetting that most important duty in a member of parliament, for being also a *regular attendant* in the House of Commons, whenever the House met. If you suppose I am partial to your quondam M.P. as a relation, you are much mistaken; for, I believe, Sir Thomas and I have not exchanged *ten* words these *five years*: but, to say the truth, I thought he was *scurvily used* by you, *after* acting as your *galley-slave* for many years, to be

turned adrift for *no other reason*, but because he had not the mopusses. Show, therefore, that *poverty itself is no crime*, and *particularly* when your borough has occasioned it; and that, if a man be *independent* and *poor*, he is the *more entitled* to *your gratitude*. Sir Thomas, too, being a *tried man*, is *half* the battle, unless you think that (though a good character in a *servant* be *absolutely necessary*) neither the Borough which sends members, or the *member* himself, need have any *character at all*. But, whatever you may think, (if once a borough *loses* its reputation for *stability*,) no *prudent* man will be at the *trouble* and *expense* of *representing it*, for fear (without any cause but the *childish love of novelty*) they may *not elect* him a *second time*. Should it happen you have no *serious* objection (though it be a natural one in these times) to the violent politics of *one* of your members, I should think his partiality to a French capital could be no great *recommendation* to a *true Englishman*. For I must acknowledge, I am so complete a John Bull from not having been abroad in the whole *course* of my life, that, with all my sincere and *grateful partiality* to *British officers*, never will I give my *vote* to any *Frenchified Englishman*, however brilliant his talents, however *brave*, or however *respectable* the general *tenour* of his character. Men, with a *strong* political turn of

mind, cannot *spontaneously* reside much in *France* without imbibing a *taste* for *French politics*, besides the crying evil of spending John Bull's money in a *foreign country*; nay, where a gentleman has any *superior* intellects, it is a fair argument to suppose he resides there from a *congeniality* between his political taste and the Frenchmen he associates with.

Having made already one *considerable* subscription within these three months in the precincts of the Borough of Southwark to the school for the *indigent blind*, it may naturally be supposed I do not wish to *shut* people's eyes, but to *open* them, that my fellow-countrymen, by seeing clearly, may judge *rightly*. I am, therefore, so far from wishing mankind to *shut* their eyes against the *light* of truth, that I (on the *contrary*) wish they should *distinguish* the sun of truth from the new *radical lights* that, like the ignis fatuus, lead the *ignorant* and *unwary* to *bogs* and *precipices*; and which, while they serve to *enlighten* the *understanding*, (though it be at best only a sort of *dark lantern light*,) yet, by rendering the mind callous to every *humane* and *honourable feeling*, too *frequently* end in bringing them to the *gallows*, and, by *this means*, in bringing them also to a *premature darkness*.

With every possible apology for trespassing so long upon your time, (if you read this



through,) and with every good wish for the *prosperity* of the Borough of Southwark, but, like Gil Blas's uncle, *Le Chanoine*, giving the *independent* electors *my blessing only*, I will conclude with the old saying, *persist and persevere*—for it is *thus* we find most things *attainable* that are *possible*—and with sending an Extract from the Courier, March 7th, 1820, of an independent address from some of the noble-minded freeholders of the county of Durham to their picked and loyal candidate, Richard Wharton, Esq., assuring you I remain, Sirs, most respectfully,

Your obedient,

humble servant,

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
1820.

THO. LOWNDES.

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TO

THE MAYOR OF BRISTOL.

SIR,

IN these jacobinical times, if a stranger in a town (for the *safety* of the *state*) takes the liberty of writing to a *public magistrate* he has not the honour of knowing, no apology seems necessary for so doing, as necessity owns no law; but, though not known in Bristol, the writer of this is pretty well known in London,

and particularly to the infernal rascally radicals in that *Augean stable*;—no, I beg pardon, I mean the *Augean hayloft*, a *counterpart* of the Cave-scene in Gil Blas. Wherefore, with that deep-rooted *antipathy* I shall ever entertain for these consummate villains, I now write, Sir, to inform you, that there is a set of itinerant ballad singers in the city of Bristol, who about owl light take up their *nightly stand* in different parts of the town, singing the most inflammatory songs, some of the stanzas ending with this *line* so *gratifying* to the *mobocracy*, “ Down with the tyrants, and no slavery.”

A week ago, one of this motley singing crew stood opposite the church that is situated between the cathedral and the shipping, singing such inflammatory songs as *Wallace*, the favourite revolutionary *Scotch song*, which popular *air* appeared so *palatable* to his *tag-rag Hunt* hearers, (for he was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen and ladies of this description,) that he sang it *several times successively*, till at length, upon returning, half an hour after, by the spot where he was quavering this favourite *radical song*, quite in the *nightingale* style, I could not help observing to him : As you have sung *Wallace* so often, suppose, by way of variety, you give us a good *sailor's song*; and upon this I gave him 6d. in order to wet the rascal's whistle and

brush up his memory, when, to my great surprise, he said he had no sailor's song. What, says I, come to Bristol without a sailor's song? damn you, I see what you are come for; you are come to *inflame* the minds of the people. That being the case, I would have you take care you are not clapped up in *limbo* by the mayor of Bristol, which, as you have a good ear and voice, and sing like a professional singer, I should regret extremely. Confine yourself, therefore, to *innocent songs*, which will not corrupt the minds of the people, and then your evening vocal exertions may for some weeks to come give the people of Bristol a pleasant, harmless recreation. He thanked me, tuned up his pipes, and sang from memory, "By the deep nine." It is these itinerant ballad singers who, like the Sirens of old, besides fascinating the people with the charms of their voice, do so much mischief in our country towns and villages, from many of them (under the *humbug pretence* of singing ballads) selling or giving away the most incendiary and blasphemous publications. Surely these jacobinical minstrels ought either to confine their melody to songs that are not *political*, or should be *drummed* out of every town they come into; for *radical politics* are intended to produce *discord*, not *harmony*: and though these singing *vagabonds* do not bear *arms* them-

selves, yet, (what is worse,) they encourage others to use their *arms* and *heads* too, by inflaming the *public mind*, and not unfrequently, by their *jacobinical conduct*, bring poor, ignorant, *deluded wretches* to the gallows. The *Fable* of the Trumpeter, who (when taken prisoner) pleaded he did not carry *offensive* weapons, and therefore was *no enemy*, is a good instance of the justice of my *observation*. For he was told, though you do not carry arms yourself, by blowing your trumpet you cause others to make use of *theirs*, from inspiring your *comrades* with a warlike enthusiasm. Cromwell's psalm-singing army, and the Marseillois Hymn, are a more *recent proof* of the electric effect produced by *music* on minds *radically inclined*. In short, like a volcano, a very popular *liberty-song now-a-days* may be said to throw up *fire* and *smoke* from the mouth of the *singer*; so that, what with singing Mount *Ætnas*, and the jacobinical *lava* vomited forth in the radical *speeches* and *publications*, it is not the *devil* upon *two sticks*, but *three*.

Permit me also to observe, that the great number of poor, honest, and almost broken-hearted sailors out of employment, and whom I pity from my soul, make these revolutionary *rascals* the more *dangerous*. If any method can be devised, by a public subscription, to alleviate

the temporary distresses of the half-naked, woe-worn looking Jack Tars that we have lately had the misfortune to meet in almost every part of Bristol, I shall be very happy to *give my five or ten pounds to it.*

With every proper apology for troubling you with this long letter, though in these radical times, when England expects every loyal man to do his duty, all *form* and *ceremony* is out of the *question*, I have, Sir, the honour to be, not only a loyal man and a true friend of the people, but your worship's

obedient,

humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HOTWELLS,  
Feb. 26th, 1820.



**A LIKENESS**  
**OF**  
**COUNSELLORS PUZZLEHEAD AND DOUBLEFEE ;**  
  
**BEING A VERBATIM EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT PAMPHLET**  
**OF MR. LOWNDES'S, WRITTEN LAST SEPTEMBER, ON**  
**THE UNFORTUNATE MANCHESTER MEETING**  
*of the 16th of Aug. 1819.*

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**TRIALS BY JURY,**  
**ESPECIALLY IN POLITICAL CASES.**

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*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

SIR,

HAVING devoted a considerable portion of the last twenty years of my life to observations upon the practical judicature of my country, and knowing how much the dignity, glory, and, perhaps, existence of a state depends upon the purity of the administration of justice, particularly in placing the interests both of plaintiff and defendant, accuser and accused, above all the ignorance, prejudice, or stupidity of a jury, I have been induced to embody my ideas in the following Letter, and to transmit it to yourself for publication, believing that few

papers possess readers of greater ability and respectability than your own, and knowing that none have sincerer friends to their principles and purity than the Morning Post possesses in, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
Aug. 14th, 1820.

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“ According to the present practice of the judicial courts, even supposing all *juries* did their duty, I think I can show the fewer *public prosecutions* in *treason* causes the better, (whether against the putters-down of riot and treason, or the abettors,) because, whoever has read the great public trials on this account, that have taken place since the *French revolution*, must have observed the gentlemen of the long robe take such *liberty* with the laws of their country, and its *administration*, from the latitude and indulgence permitted them in defending their jacobin clients, pleading for excuse the safety of the subject, and the long established custom of our courts of law, as makes treason *infinitely more treasonable*, by enabling the counsel against government to *irritate* the *discontented* part of the people to a much *greater degree*

than they were *before* the trial, by long, *inflammatory* and *disloyal speeches*, fraught with a great deal of *malevolent, ill-founded abuse* against ministers, in which they are often very severely and unfairly handled, and no little ingenuity displayed by the counsel to prove that the *lawless, hot-headed radicals'* cause is the cause of the people, oppression against tyranny, right against might, even though it be a treason of the blackest die, and published by a *bottle-green traitor*, there being various shades of treason, from a *pea-green* to a *bottle-green*, the latter, though, (having a soul as dark as Erebus,) being most fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—nay, the case so clear too, as to be almost *incontrovertible*. But, as in the last crim. con. trial, where a *barrister* is retained for the *plaintiff*, this learned and *short-memoried* advocate generally endeavours to make out, that, in the whole course of his practice, and perhaps he has been at the bar thirty or forty years, he never recollected so *infamous* a *cause*, so, in an *inverse ratio*, the same accommodating lawyer, in *five minutes* after this cause is decided, (if a trial for *high treason against the state* of the most *malignant nature* chance to follow,) will turn round upon his heel, being then counsel for *defendant* instead of plaintiff, and with a versatility of oratorical talents, a pliability and fertility of tongue and



mind, as no person who had not experienced it would think possible, and with an enthusiastic zeal and ardour, as if his very existence depended upon the *innocence* of *his client*, and, should he be found guilty, they were both to be *hanged together*, will, with the utmost ingenuity and sang-froid, (for a barrister in *great practice* can blow hot and cold in the same breath,) the very brief in his hand *smelling rank* of *treason* at the same time, and the rogue of a traitor, a devilish clever fellow, gravely and *solemnly affirm*, he is *perfectly astonished* that government should think of prosecuting such a *poor, weak, inoffensive man*, as there is not an iota of treason in the whole transaction from beginning to end; and that if prosecutions for such *frivolous state-offences*, and against such simple, *harmless, poverty-struck* beings were *once permitted* in a *free country*, (as this *used to be*,) there was an end to all our *boasted liberties*, and we might as well introduce the *slavery* of *Algiers*; nay, that the latter would be a freer government of the two, because the tyranny would be shared *among all* the administration, and it would be much better to live under *one* tyrant than a *dozen*. Such, as I have here drawn from life, is the *happy result* and *blessed effects* of *trials* for *treason* when in the hands of men determined to *get on* in their profession, by

showing their oratorical skill on all occasions, *right or wrong*, and who think (which is true enough) they shall gain *much more credit* for *professional adroitness* by being victorious in a *bad* cause than in a *good one*, as the greater part of mankind never think at all, but let others think for them; and though, in this most important case to the state, (a case, in which the fate of *millions* is perhaps involved, instead of one rascally *traitor only*, and the peace, happiness, and safety of the greatest and most noble empire in the world *tottering on its basis*,) if we consider the *means* by which this great *law-victory* is acquired, there seems no real ground for triumph, it having been gained by the counsel for the defendant in consequence of some *informality* on the part of the lawyers for the crown, or by low cunning, trick and stratagem, (as Buonaparte acquired most of his victories and *military glory*,) instead of its being obtained by some bold and clever *manœuvre* in the *field*, like that hard-fought battle on the plains of Salamanca, where Marmont (as *Massena* was accused of doing, and which made his little, great master so *indignant*) fought *en polisson*, man to man, gun to gun, and sword to sword, namely, by argument being marshalled against argument, precedent against precedent, law against law, talents against talents, eloquence against eloquence;

thus establishing his legal fame, and after that ranking as a first-rate advocate, though this great *law-victory* is won entirely by the complicated machinery of the most despicable delusion grafted on some *petty quibble*, or some almost invisible *legal informality*, worked by the steam-engine of two *long-winded speeches* of eight or ten hours. So that, partly by *tiring out*, and partly by availing themselves of the *stupid ignorance* and *bewildered passions* of a *common jury*, (little above the mechanic or labourer,) having so *unnerved*, *bamboozled*, *roused*, and exhausted the poor fellows in the jury-box, that, scarce knowing whether they stand on their head or their heels, (these clever and celebrated counsellors, by their *criss-cross* examination of witnesses, and *technical lingo*, having also so *confounded* the few *brains* with which Providence had blessed them, that, on knocking their *simple heads* together to make out a verdict, they are unable to distinguish *right* from *wrong*,) they agree, as the famous Messrs. *Puzzlehead* and *Doublefee* had taught them, to give it for the *defendant*, being convinced by these learned counsellors' *home-spun* and *persuasive arguments*, that to bring the prisoner in *guilty of treason* would be *cutting their own throats*, and giving the *death-blow* for ever to the invaluable and ancient rights and privileges of themselves, their wives,

children and countrymen, to the latest posterity. In short, it would be tolling the *last knell* of departing freedom, and sounding the *tocsin* of Great Britain for the interment of all those invaluable liberties, that our brave and illustrious ancestors, from Alfred the Great to that period, had, in different reigns, so nobly struggled for, and for which they had *fought, bled, and sacrificed their lives*. But, as I have here attempted to show, the *lowest order of juries*, bothered by the quirks and quibbles of what are called clever lawyers,—that is, men whose *brilliant and captivating eloquence* can make *fiction appear like truth* in cases of suspicious treason, where, (though, as the Scotch proverb says, “Many a little makes a mickle,”) if there has been no *overt act of treason*, the *circumstantial evidence* is so strong as to be irresistible to those whose minds are too firm to be influenced by the blandishments of delusive oratory, practised only to deceive; for such sharp-sighted counsellors can see through a millstone without a hole in it, (because, if there be none they will *make one*,) that is, they will sift the evidence so *fine* that, if there was a legal informality of the slightest degree, a flaw in the *prosecution* not bigger than a *needle’s point*, it will serve, at all events, to bring their arguments to a point, and *there* they will direct all their oratorical rage and fury, till, like the

*electric fluid* drawn in a similar manner by a high pointed rod on the railing around some *ill-fated* house, they had worked this small legal flaw into a *large breach* wide enough for *two persons* to enter. Having thus made an opening, Counsellors Puzzlehead and Doublefee, with a sword in one hand, (which they call the *sword of justice*,) and a cap of *liberty* in the other, (but which is only a *fool's cap* with *bells* to put on the *head* of *Britannia* to hoodwink her,) take the mechanical jury by *surprise*, and on the foreman's declaration of his *verdict* of *acquittal*, to the no small joy of an *uproarious, radical mob*, make them all *prisoners*, and take their judgments captive.

In like manner, in some *other trials* for *treason*, with a *higher* sort of jurymen, where a *better* educated set compose *the jury*, and honest Master Bull is represented by an *English yeoman*, or *opulent shopkeeper*, men with a great portion of good *common sense* improved by a plain and simple education, they (not knowing what verdict to give, though not stultified in their faculties, as in the former instance, but only lost in a *wilderness* of bamboozlements,) are sometimes, from delicacy of *conscience*, (though ardently desirous to discharge their duty to their country, faithfully and honourably,) obliged to overlook the *treason*, visible

as the sun at noonday, and *acquit* the prisoner; because, their wavering judgments rocked to and fro in court, in the *lawyers' cradle*, (unlike the *Rocking-stones* in Wales, that were in old times put there to *find out the truth*, the intention of attorneys and barristers, when they rock their cradle, as in this instance, being frequently to *lull truth* asleep,) the clear and circumstantial *evidence* brought forward to *prove* the *treason* is overlaid with such a load of queries, quirks and quibbles, and thus *sifted*, that the foreman and his brother jurymen have no *other method* to satisfy their conscience, and get their dinner, but by *acquitting the prisoner*. I say to get their dinner: for how often has it happened in different causes and trials for treason, within the last *thirty years*, that three-fourths of a jury found for the treason, but *two* or *three* were either such *stupid* fellows they *could not* see it, or so *jacobinical*, which was most frequently the case, that they *would not* see it, and therefore, by their *obstinacy*, have obliged the other *nine* to acquiesce in their decision? How ineffably absurd to expect *twelve people* to be *unanimous* on *political questions*, where they are much more likely to differ than in *any other*, and when every one knows, from his own experience, that high or low, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, no *twelve persons*, meeting toge-

ther accidentally in a private room to dinner, supper, or any other social entertainment, ever agreed unanimously upon any subject, on *politics* or *religion*, nay, hardly on any of the most *common* subjects of human life! But how much more *absurd* that the *nine* should be expected by the *three* to give way to them! I believe it is a certain *fact*, that, on some of the trials for *treason* within these few years, *one* or *two* notorious jacobins (subpœnaed on the jury) have declared, *before* they went into *court*, that neither themselves nor their brother-jurymen should breakfast, dine, or sup, till they had *acquitted* the *prisoners*. Does not this circumstance prove the necessity, in these *licentious, jacobinical times*, of some alteration in the trials by jury for *high treason*, PRO TEMPORE, LIKE THE SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT? and in this instance (when the lives of *millions* are at stake) it is surely more just and *consonant* to sound *common* sense and every principle of *equity*, that these *millions* of quiet, industrious, and peaceable subjects should not have their lives and property *put in jeopardy* by *two* or *three* stupid fools, or rascally *obstinate jacobins*, (for the people on these occasions are only a *flock* of *sheep*, who follow *some favourite ram*,) than that, at a time when the danger of *royal tyranny* in this country is a *complete absurdity*, and instead of

a *one-headed* monster, we are much more in danger from one with a *hundred thousand* heads—and therefore it behoves every wise and loyal man, who considers his own happiness and that of his children, to *assist* government in preventing the *majesty* of the *people* from getting uppermost—a notorious jacobin should be suffered, from an *overstrained* delicacy, to save one hot-headed *rascally traitor's* life, merely for want of *unanimity* in twelve jurymen, (nine, ten, or eleven finding him guilty:)—this most dangerous of all foes—a domestic foe—thus escaping the punishment so justly due to his crime.

But, besides the *acquittal*, (as it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good,) this celebrated cause establishes the *fame* and *fortune* of the *victorious barristers*: for, being trumpeted abroad, they become great *favourites* with the *populace* and hot-headed *partisans* of turbulent *liberty*, and, thus introduced to *public notice*, are, from this day, the two most rising men at the bar, and particularly patronized by the jacobin attorneys, *bottle-green* whigs, and radicals of all descriptions, who now pin their legal faith on their sleeve, and hereafter take whatever opinion they give on *treason*, or any other knotty legal point, for *law-gospel*. Though most of it is only *barrister moonshine*, or what my Uncle Toby calls *flim flams*, they may both say and do just what they please, *for*, or *against* govern-



ment, the *popular soil* (when a man of *real* talents and respectability is *deeply rooted* there) being the *strongest* of all soils to take root in. For it must have been observed—as it is said, *once a captain, always a captain*—that when once a great lawyer, or any other *public* or respectable *political* character has *raised himself* to that most enviable of all honours, (when attained in an *honourable manner*,) the *people's affections*, so as to be called the man of the *people*, he is *sure to continue* so more or less to the end of his *life*. Even though *government* should heap upon him the highest *legal honours*, (as King *David* still continued, with all his sins upon his head, a *favourite* and chosen *servant* of the *Lord*, to the hour of his death,) he is still, with *all his courtier-spots* and *blemishes*, dear to his *country*, and liked by the *populace*, (*fickle* as they are thought to be, when their *favourite's popularity*, being of sudden *growth*, springs up like a *mushroom*, and *without much personal merit*;) aye, and however extraordinary, though he now become more or less a *placeman* by *holding* some high *official* situation under government, is still a powerful focus of their constant political *attachment*, a picked man of their *hearts*, and one of those choice *sheet anchors* they make use of in thunder and *tempestuous weather*; in short, the people's fondest love, their *pride*, *veneration*, and *glory*.

*To the EDITOR of the MORNING ADVERTISER.*

SIR,

As I perceive in your paper a very incorrect Report of the few observations I thought it my duty to make at Blackheath (where I occasionally reside) upon the subject of a *Loyal Address to his Majesty*; and as I am well aware the fault could not have originated with yourself, I trust to your candour to give the earliest contradiction to it you can, and by giving the following words, as the *only* expression I made use of regarding her Majesty, (for I did not mention her name a second time,) it will best show what were the *opinions* I advocated, and what was the *language*, as far as I can recollect, in which they were couched. I said, in speaking of the Queen's answers to the addresses, the *revolutionary* tendency of which occasioned and sanctioned, in my opinion, the *counter-addresses*—"that some hireling writers and self-opinionated orators appeared to think, because they were in the councils and confidence of the *queen bee*, that, by sounding their *political frying-pan* to *swarm* the young *hives* of *radicals*, they could, with the clatter of their nonsensical rhapsodies, collect these half-formed democratic insects from every

quarter, on the various branches of their *tree of liberty*."—The term "*queen king*," in your Report, I positively assert, I did not make use of; and I am sure also, as a gentleman, not altogether unacquainted with the language of polite literature, you will at once allow, that the following elegant *Filch* slang-language was never uttered by me, viz., "I could not stand *that there metamorphose*;" at least, if I could have stood "*that there metamorphose*," I should not now have the pleasure of subscribing myself, Sir,

Yours, &c.

THO. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
Dec. 18th, 1820.

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TO

CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I DULY received your favour of the 12th instant, and return you my warmest thanks for the friendly intention therein expressed; and, as you are to be in town early this week, I shall direct this letter to Upper

Brook street, to say, whenever you are inclined to honour me with an audience upon the subject of the baronetage, I shall be happy to wait upon you, either at the Custom House or Brook street, your time being my time. I do not altogether understand what is meant by a communication with some distinguished *legal* character, my *bay-salt claim* being upon parliamentary records, and irresistible, except from a plea, not very *honourable* either in *corporate bodies* or *individuals*, the *statute of limitations*. But as this claim is a *money* claim, though Churchill, and Mrs. and Miss Drax Grosvenor, (by being descended from the elder brother of the inventor,) would have a *stronger pull* upon landed property, *all the descendants* from the *two* brothers of Thomas Lowndes, the bay-salt inventor, according to their respective relationship, are *equal claimants*. Added to this, Churchill and the Grosvenors have given up, some years since, all their claims, for the express purpose of *consolidating mine*, and thus making me the *focus* of ministerial *favour*. I have only, therefore, to state Mr. Lowndes's invention, and that I, the only surviving child of his nephew, Robert Lowndes, crave the British government to give some recompense of an *honorary* nature in *lieu of money*, throwing myself on their mercy. But, if it be thought

that *acknowledging* a debt contracted for so *long* a time will be a *bad precedent*, I then hope that my *late* public services (for the utility of my Coke and Curwen pamphlet is admitted by all monied men who have read it) will, united to many little mental and loyal effusions of a similar nature for the last twenty-five years, in support of the Pitt system of politics, be *deemed of sufficient importance* to *entitle me* to a *baronetage*, more especially since there is not *only fortune enough* to support the *title* with *suitable dignity*, but as, from a *proper qualification* in *land*, a *long family pedigree*, and my being at the *head* of the *Lowndes's*, (for I represent the *family trunk*,) I come within all the particulars mentioned by James the First, when he established the order of Baronets. So that in no one particular would my elevation to a baronetage be the slightest *violation* of any of the rules laid down by James the First.

For the above reason, all the necessity to say any thing of the bay-salt invention in the patent for a baronetage is completely done away with—a circumstance, that could not have taken place without my *late publication*; and upon *this ground*, and *this only*, may that title be now granted. The great *impediment* for the last seven years (namely, the bay-salt invention) being completely done away with, the patent may run:—

“ We, &c. in consideration of the loyal ser-

vices of Thomas Lowndes of Annesley, (for this place of abode, and not Blackheath or Hampstead, would be inserted in the patent,) during the last twenty-five years, grafted upon a national service known to us, but not necessary to mention, do raise to the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom, *him*, the said Thomas Lowndes, and his *male issue lawfully* begotten. In failure of such issue, to Thomas Gorst, Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, and his son, or sons, lawfully begotten; with remainder to Edward Gorst his brother, and his legitimate male issue in due succession; and in failure of Edward Gorst, to his first cousin John Gorst, son of John Gorst of Preston, Lancashire, 'and his lawful male heir or heirs."

With many apologies for thus troubling you with this long letter, hoping Lady Anne Smith and the ladies are well, as also your son when you heard from him, and requesting you to present my best respects to Lady Anne and the preceding members of your family,

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful, obedient,

humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
June 17th, 1823.

TO

THE HON. PERCY WYNDHAM.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR classical letter, dated August 3d., should have been respectfully *answered* soon after I received it, had I not deferred the honour of writing to you, till I had found your second *witty* epistle, which had been most unfortunately *misplaced* by taking *too much care* of it. For, it not unfrequently happens, as in this instance, that *too much care* in putting away the *highly prized* letter of a favourite correspondent occasions more trouble to find it, than when left to the chapter of accidents. The *delay*, therefore, in not earlier noticing the two last favours of a correspondent so literary as Mr. Wyndham, having arisen from the cause above stated, will, I hope, be received as a proper and sufficient apology for my apparent disrespect to a person of your rank and consequence in life, and for whose sensible and friendly advice on many occasions for more than twenty years, (though generally accompanied with some pleasant raillery at my expense,) I must here gratefully acknowledge myself much indebted. I trust, too, the preceding apology

will make a deeper impression, when I candidly assure you *no time* has been *lost*, since finding the second letter, in writing this answer.

Permit me now to thank you for having waded through a great part of my pamphlet, an honour for which I feel the more obliged, as, like most of the British nobility, you must feel an hereditary attachment to the *landed interest*; and prejudices interwoven with our very existence, nay, which we may be said to suck with our mothers' milk, are not very easily erased. For when I took the liberty of presenting one of my pamphlets to the Earl of Egremont, I prefaced it by saying, As your Lordship's property consists of money and land, and much of your personalty, perhaps, is in the *Funds*, the pamphlet I have now the honour to present you with will *most probably* accord with your Lordship's taste, because adapted to your pecuniary circumstances—your brother's reply was, I thank you, Mr. Lowndes, for the kindness you intended me, and shall with pleasure accept of one of your pamphlets, though I have not a *shilling* in the *Public Funds*. I shall also be happy to frank your letter, sending at the same time the pamphlets you propose leaving at my house, to be forwarded to Mr. Wyndham, the first opportunity.

Your critique on the pamphlet shows (which



I am very glad to see) that, though you complain of bad health, your *spirits are good*, and that your critical acumen is as judiciously applied and with as much *pointed wit*, as when you were only *forty*; your mind being in full meridian *splendour*, whatever decay your *body* may have sustained. From the above observation, which naturally arises on reading your letters, I am in hopes you have better health than you imagine.

I happened a few days after I had the pleasure of receiving your two first letters to dine in company with your old friend and favourite Charlotte H., now Countess of A. Her ladyship and the rest of the company were much pleased with your ingenious idea of a telegraphic communication between my Hampstead and Blackheath villas; or, in other words, to make use of your classical idea, my Tusculanum and Laurentinum; Lady A. observing it was truly characteristic of your witty, luxuriant, and playful imagination. Indeed, this happy thought of yours, well worthy Mr. Wyndham's very superior mind, has pleased me so much, that I have been endeavouring, ever since the receipt of your first letter, to get a glimpse of Shooter's Hill from my *library* at Hampstead, but have found this totally impossible, from that philosophical principle of not being able to see through

an *opaque* body, the London atmosphere all round St. Paul's being too thick, even on the clearest summer's day, to see through: for Blackheath (as seen from my house at Hampstead) is situated a little to the left of St. Paul's. Why the smoke should be so thick in summer, when there are so *few fires* in London, is to be explained from the *prevalence of westerly winds*, and the natural tendency of all smoke to follow the course of a river or valley. I therefore despair of ever seeing any communication by telegraph, not only between my two villas, but between Hampstead and Shooter's Hill. And in case of invasion, a communication by telegraph with the first high Kentish hill would be particularly useful to the inhabitants of Hampstead as well as to the Londoners, that those who had money in their houses (of which I never have much) might have time to bury it, or remove it in any other way to a place of safety.

Though my verses do not run so smooth as Pope's, or our modern great poet, Lord Byron, who modestly calls himself, in a late publication of his Lordship,

“ The grand *Napoleon* of the realms of rhyme”—

I should be very sorry to possess the fine ear and great poetic talents of Byron, with his ill-

humour, wickedness, and impiety. For, as a proof how spiteful and ferocious his Lordship's muse can be, he says, speaking of Buona-parté—

Let not this seem an anti-climax, Oh  
My Guard, my Old Guard, exclaimed that God of  
clay,  
Think of the Thunderer falling down below  
*Carotid Artery cutting C———h.*

May my muse jog on through life like a butcher's, baker's, or a huckster's cart, if, with great poetical talents, my *smooth verse* is to be accompanied by such infernal ferocity, such a total absence of all gentlemanly, liberal, and humane feelings! But these are the radicals against whom my pamphlet is levelled.

These are the *pretended Whigs*, who have done more *harm* to the *cause* of true, virtuous liberty, than all the sycophantic courtiers that ever existed in *ancient or modern times*.

It was in consequence of similar reflections on the Marquis's unfortunate exit, by that diabolical brute Cobbett, that my enmity against him has been so inveterate, being well aware what would have been said by Cob, and the whole clan of Jacobins, as well as by radical Byron, if such a savage, unchristian-like allu-

sion had been made to certain popular whigs : and yet these two radical patriots having set the Marquis the example of suicide, if their crime be investigated with the *sober* and *impartial* eye of reason and justice, their memory ought to be held up to more execration than Lord C——h. This *exposure*, therefore, not having been made in any shape by the partisans or writers for administration, shows, at least, a *delicacy of feeling*, and a *refinement of sentiment* on their part, highly deserving a *whig imitation*.

To prove, my dear Sir, that I think with you the cheesemongers and pastry cooks will get the greatest part not only of my late pamphlet, but of all my other publications, I have long intended to transmit to posterity my body and mind at one and the same time, by employing Sir William Beechey to paint me at *full length*, with my *right* hand resting on a column, and with these lines upon it on a roll of parchment, resembling our boasted Magna Charta:—The Englishman's political mariner's compass, and best Magna Charta—*Loyalty* without *flattery*—*independence* without *insolence*, and *liberty* without *licentiousness*:—but, to support this glorious tria in uno, these three great *national virtues*, with suitable splendour and dignity,

May money and land  
 Ever go hand in hand,  
 And the devil him take  
 Who endeavours to make  
 Between these a divorce,  
 By fair means, or by force,  
 Whether Cobbett, or Hunt,  
 Aut *quicunque sunt*.

Instead of a prospectus for a miscellaneous publication, I have sent you the above jeu-d'esprit, allusive to my late pamphlet, hoping the lines will meet with your approbation, and divert your mind for a few minutes, this harvest time, from the thoughts of turnips and cabbages, hay and corn crops; but not wishing, by so doing, to turn your mind, for one moment, from the *unmerited* goodness of Providence, in sending to *ingrate* man such *glorious* and *seasonable* weather. I will not pretend to say, if Hampstead and Blackheath, from the greater elasticity and keenness of their air, sharpen my *wit* as well as my *appetite*; but this I really believe, that an *elevation* of *mind* and sentiment generally *attends elevated situations*. For which reason, perhaps, among many others, I have always been *aristocratically* inclined. Permit me also to observe, that mountainous countries have ever been the nurseries of liberty. As an illustration of this, I need only mention Caractacus,

and his noble-minded Britons, who, to avoid Roman persecution, and Roman slavery, retired to the Welsh mountains.

I shall now conclude with thanking you most cordially for your good wishes respecting my health, which, thank God, is super-excellent. That Providence may be equally kind to you, by giving you every earthly blessing, but particularly health of body and peace of mind, is the sincere, ardent wish of,

My dear Sir,  
Your quondam fellow-traveller,  
and obedient,  
humble servant,  
THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,  
August, 1823.

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## AN ADDRESS

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE NEAT, BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC TOWN OF  
DOVER,

*and intended to have been recited at the Dover Theatre by one of the Performers.*

HAIL to thy warlike heights, romantic Dover,  
So welcome to the crews of many a rover,  
Where Shakspeare's cliff, with proud majestic  
mien,  
*Defies* the stormy waves of azure green,  
Nay, *bids defiance* to yon *Calais tow'r*  
*Vain Gallia* rais'd in plenitude of pow'r,

When, swoln by pride and wrath, with *hellish smiles*  
 France vow'd *destruction* to fair *Freedom's isles*.  
 For, with *prophetic ken*, Apollo's rock  
*Foresaw* the tyrant's *overwhelming shock*,  
 Which in the womb of time lay then conceal'd,  
 To heav'n-born ministers alone reveal'd.  
 Wherefore in future wars may Britons learn  
 A due *respect* for *what* they *can't discern*.  
 But vain the task of humble bards like me  
 To paint the grandeur of your Dover sea;  
 Or sing the praises of our gallant tars  
 In this *most glorious* of Old England's wars.  
 A truce, then, in these days of piping peace  
 To topics only fit for warlike Greece,  
 While to *this* little stage I turn your sight  
 In hopes you'll change to *bliss* each future *night*;  
 For with much pain I now am forc'd to tell  
 How oft to *vacant seats* we've *toll'd* the bell.  
 But, as some comfort lies from *fellowship* of grief,  
 We call St. James's *empty pews* to our relief.  
 And yet, to say the truth, on England's Isle,  
 O'er which *kind heav'n* so long has *deign'd* to smile,  
 A more *enlighten'd* place cannot be seen  
 Than Dover *streets*, so *populous* and *clean*;  
 In proof of which, those num'rous lamps of oil,  
 That in most towns serve only as a *foil*,  
 In yours do *equal*, if they don't *surpass*,  
 The brilliant lustre of immortal gas.  
 Oh that my muse could, with like praise, recite,  
 As an addition to such splendid light,  
 Dover's *malt liquor* ! for alas ! I fear  
*Weak* must my *praises* be of *weak strong beer*.

So now, with each kind wish, I bid adieu  
 'To you, good gentlefolks, to you, and you,  
 Hoping to visit our deserted stage  
 Will be, henceforth, the Dover ton, and rage.

NOTE TO THE PRECEDING ADDRESS.

St. James's church has only divine service in it on a Sunday, once a day, to the disgrace of the good citizens of Dover ; in consequence of which, there being but one church to hold a population of 12,000 persons, it is crammed as full as the celebrated Black Hole at Calcutta, when, out of 150 prisoners, from the small space in which they were confined, above 120 perished from suffocation.

## INCONSISTENCY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

A DIALOGUE between Miss G—— and Miss W——  
 upon seeing the Statues in the British Museum,  
 during the last Christmas Holidays.

*Miss W.*—Well, child, what sort of a Christmas have you had? How many plays did you go to; for I, of course, suppose you have been to the two great theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane?

*Miss G.*—No, ma'am; my aunt did not take me to either; nor, indeed, to any theatre: for she said, in this indelicate age entertainments and plays were become such *paw paw* things, they were often too *indecent* for any young ladies to see; for which reason she sent me, with my cousin James, to see the *marble statues* at the British Museum, *gratis*.

*Miss W.*—And pray, Dorothy, who accom-



panied you there? for I am sure there was some elderly lady to attend you; or, if you went with a young man, you did not go *alone*.

*Miss G.*—Oh yes, ma'am; I went alone with cousin James.

*Miss W.*—And what age is cousin James?

*Miss G.*—He is *twenty-two*; but so good a young man, that my aunt said she could trust me any where with him.

*Miss W.*—But, if I recollect right, your aunt, descended from a *divine* family, being the grand-daughter of one bishop, great grand-daughter of another, and niece of a third bishop, and grand-daughter of a dean, was so *particular* last summer, that she would not suffer your two sisters to sleep all night at Mr. L.'s at Blackheath, though there was a young lady, with no inconsiderable portion of good plain common sense, very well educated, and of exemplary moral character, who then kept his house.

*Miss G.*—Yes; but aunt has often told me and my sisters, that cousin L. and cousin James are very different, for that my character and theirs would be ruined for ever if we were only seen walking out with Mr. L., though it were in the *middle of the day*, and in the most public road: whereas, she could trust me *alone* with cousin James in the most private footpath of a

retired country walk, through the fields, at 12 o'clock at *night*.

*Miss W.*—I can only observe upon this, I and your aunt see with very different eyes; for, in my opinion, no man, old or young, ought to be suffered to walk out by himself with a young lady of your age to see London or country sights, and particularly *naked* statues; but pray, having now seen the celebrated Elgin collection, tell me what you thought of them.

*Miss G.*—I thought some of them very fine animated figures, and especially Hercules, Mars, and some of the Heathen gods. There was a Roman Wrestler or two, which I greatly admired, from the promineney and strength of his muscles. Oh dear, what a fine leg and thigh he displayed, and with what manly strength of arm Hercules grasped his club!

*Miss W.*—Leg and thigh, child, you shock me! and I shall positively faint at Hercules' club!

*Miss G.*—Why cousin James, ma'am, who, aunt says, is a young man of the most refined taste and delicacy of feeling, highly applauded the muscular strength of the Wrestler, particularly the leg and thigh most distended.

*Miss W.*—And what did he think of the Roman and Grecian ladies? for if you admired the men, I suppose your cousin admired the women.

*Miss G.*—Why, to say the truth, I was so shocked at the indelicacy of the *females*, and chiefly two Venus's, one of them called Venus de' Medici, both entirely *naked*, but in different positions, that I walked away from such a disgusting sight, and left my cousin to ruminate by himself; and, as he stood some time motionless, and in the same position, he must, I should think, have been *enchanted* with the *ladies*, or, as we read in romances, *spell* bound by their *magic charms*.

*Miss W.*—And did you go and come from the British Museum in your aunt's carriage?

*Miss G.*—Oh no; cousin James and I walked on foot, for my aunt said the *exercise* would do us *good*.

*Miss W.*—And I should have thought the exercise would have done the horses no harm; but I suppose Mrs. W. did not like their standing out in the streets at Christmas; and yet, I believe, child, you have had a cold hanging upon you ever since you went to the British Museum.

*Miss G.*—Very true; but my getting cold is of no consequence: for being *unmarried*, I am not so *useful* an *animal* as a coach horse; and many other ladies seem to be of my aunt's opinion, or else they would not, to save their coachmen and horses, let their *daughters and nieces* *walk on foot*.

July, 1824.

*Intended for the Paper, but never sent or printed before.*

TO

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

YESTERDAY, immediately after leaving Harley-street, an idea occurred to my mind, that I could convert your observation respecting my politics to your own godlike profession, and particularly as you are now a visitor to the Royal Academy. For, touching your remark, that from the *enthusiasm* of my *warm imagination*, whenever I mentioned the jacobins, the *spirit* in which I spoke of them was so much *above proof*, that it would bear reducing one-third,—it struck me, that if you told the pupils of the Royal Academy to follow a similar plan in painting, this good would arise;—that, at the expiration of *half a century*, the pictures would still *resemble flesh and blood*, instead of looking (as many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings, and others of his school) like the *shades* below,—or, in other words, like bloodless and inanimate ghosts: because, only lay it on *thick* enough, and some will be sure to stick. If this useful hint be followed, though *one-third* of the

*colouring* fly off, the picture may stand a chance of still continuing a good likeness of flesh and blood when most desirable ; namely, when the person painted is either *dead*, or so *altered* by old age, that *little* resemblance remains of what the males or females were *when painted*. If, also, you were to place before them the portrait I sent you yesterday painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller of Lieutenant Lowndes, (my great uncle,) who was drowned on board the Romney, in the *Scilly* shipwreck in 1707, when Sir Cloudsley Shovel lost his life, the R. A. pupils would have an opportunity of seeing how well paintings done a hundred and twenty years since have kept their colour ; for better flesh and blood never was seen : and, though represented with a full flowing wig at the age of twenty-two, (like his celebrated Admiral's monument in Westminster Abbey,) so much like life, that his fine, handsome, open countenance might even on *canvass*, and at this distance of time, warm the heart of any *female spectatress*.

The above observations I shall, with your consent, send to the newspapers, for the benefit of the *professors* of your noble art in town and country ; most sincerely regretting that, from the bad quality of the colours, the quickness of laying them on without giving time to dry, or some chemical process to make the colour dry

*too soon*, or from some other *unknown* cause, the modern portrait painters (whatever *immortality* they may obtain for *themselves*) do not make those they paint *imperishable*, as the celebrated masters of the old school were wont to do; for many late paintings scarcely last forty or fifty years, a proof of which was unfortunately exhibited in the vile collection of Sir Joshua's daubs in Pall-mall, many of which, from their pale, ghostly appearance, seem to have been in a gradual *consumption* from the time they were painted; thereby exemplifying the melancholy truism, that the seeds of death are sown at our *existence*, and, from the moment we begin to *live*, we also begin to *die*. For I cannot suppose all Sir Joshua Reynolds's bad paintings have been brought to that disgraceful state by bad picture cleaners, though your *praiseworthy* zeal for your deceased friend's fame attributes their yellow and pale appearance to that cause.\* To illustrate more *forcibly* my observation on the rapid decay of modern colours, (which, whether it proceed from roguery or want of *skill* in the *colour seller*, I will not pretend to say,) I had a bed lately put up at Hampstead by Wilkinson

\* Perhaps Sir Joshua might think it would be very wicked for his *paintings* not to change as *Nature* changes; therefore composed his colours so as to make their decay visible in half a century.

of Ludgate-hill, with a lining of rose colour instead of pink, that I might in a few years, in lieu of seeing a *pink* lining changed into *white*, have a *durable pink*, by putting up so *deep* a red as would leave *room*, by the *colour* flying off one-third, to soften it down to a *proper pink*.

With respectful compliments to Lady Beechey, and the rest of your family, hoping her Ladyship and they are all well, I remain, though not in the *pink* of fashion, either in dress or manners,

Your sincere and  
plain-spoken friend,  
THO. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
August 5th, 1825.

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*EXTEMPORE VERSES* by MR. L. on seeing with disgust that the favourite COURT CARD at Brighton was the KNAVE of CLUBS—this being the Court Card, which, at the Steyne Library, bears off all the prizes.

IN princely Brighton, where the King  
Should rule the *roast* in *ev'ry* thing,  
As, from a *paltry fishing-place*,  
This vill has, by his Royal grace,  
Become a town of *great import*,  
To which the gentry all resort,

The *Knave of Clubs* (howe'er unwise)  
Is doom'd to bear off *ev'ry prize*.  
A pretty compliment, I own,  
To those *Pitt guardians* of the throne,  
By whose firm, honest, able measures  
We all enjoy our worldly treasures,  
And, in lieu of being *Gallic slaves*,  
Now laugh to scorn all *patriot knaves*.

NEW INN, BRIGHTON,  
Sept. 7th, 1825.

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*For a public Paper, but never printed.*

SIR,

As the dissolution of parliament is near at hand, I beg to suggest the propriety of *discarding* all those (whatever their merits may be) who have got themselves appointed directors to many of the *new speculative* companies, and this, not merely because they are directors to companies, most of whom are *gambling adventurers*, but, also, because it is impossible that any man can *attend* to his *parliamentary duties*, and be a director of three or four different companies. Of course I except from this general sweeping clause all those who are directors of the *oldestablished chartered companies*, such companies being of a more honourable and



useful nature, and authorized as it were by long usage, and few of their M. P.'s being directors of more than *one* company. For it is only within the last *two* years that we have had members of parliament directors of four or five companies. But how much more does the above observation *apply* to M. P. merchants, who are directors of *eight or nine companies*, as the newspapers showed us some months since, and at the same time very properly mentioned their names? Only bear in mind the above hint, and you, *electors* of the *British empire*, will serve *yourselves* and the *kingdom* at the *same time*.

I am, Sir,

Yours, and the  
Humble Servant of the  
Great Bull Family,  
THO. LOWNDES.

Jan. 20th, 1826.



*For a public Paper, but never printed.*

SIR,

As the public papers on a Monday during the sitting of parliament have more room for private correspondents than any other day in the week, I will thank you to have the goodness to put this in your Monday's paper, and I will, though contrary to my long established

custom, pay you for the insertion ; as I would sooner pay for it than that this letter and the verses should lose the opportunity of being inserted previous to Mr. Serjeant Onslow's motion.

From an honest determination, but free from spite or malice, to resist with my feeble efforts the learned Serjeant's favourite, but *ill-timed*, bill, from its *mischievous* tendency, as it is more calculated to encourage vice, folly, and extravagance than to aid the cause of humanity, I have written this quickly on the spur of the moment, and as the subject is *lending*, at the properest of *all seasons*, in *Lent*. To have written *On Slow* upon such an important occasion, when the vital interest of the kingdom is at stake, would have indicated a want of patriotic zeal, and a poetic imagination, too inanimate for a muse suddenly and *indignantly* roused from a long lethargy of calm repose.

Requesting, when you do me the favour to print this letter, and the following verses, you will make a verbatim insertion without the slightest alteration in either,

I am,

Yours, &c.

THO. LOWNDES.

DOVER,

February 20th, 1826.

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## V E R S E S

ON

MR. SERJEANT ONSLOW'S USURY BILL.

IF the cause be a *good* one, then, Serjeant Onslow,  
 To *persist* is a *virtue*, as all of us know ;  
 But your Bill against Usury, just at this time,  
 Would enable the *swindler* to heap *crime* on *crime*,  
 Till Pelion on Pelion were heap'd up so high,  
 Bull's Mountain of Bubbles had reach'd to the sky,  
 And, though gods it propt up, would, for want of a  
                   prop,

With a *terrible crash* on poor *honesty* drop.  
 Wherefore, 'tis as clear as an axiom in Euclid,  
 That fam'd *Pandora's* box, if you open'd the lid,  
 Could not *generate evils* more *baneful* to man  
 Than your *dear, swindling, spendthrift, new interest*  
                   plan ;

For a moment's reflection will show, if last year  
 The bill had succeeded, how we all should now fear  
 A gen'ral ruin, as, for *one peck* of troubles,  
 From a hundred and fourteen *vile jobs* and *bubbles*,  
 We had seen by this day a *thousand*, at least,  
 A *sight* upon which *devils* only can feast :  
 Whence, if you proceed with this Satannic treat,  
 All the harm I hope for is, that your Bill may meet  
 With such a reception, as shall in *futuro*  
 So prevent its recovering from its deathblow,  
 That, for a proof certain, what sort of a notion  
 The M. P.s entertain'd of your wildgoose motion,

It may lie on the shelf, as completely forgot  
 As a magotty old ram, that dies of the rot,  
 Or as you yourself will be, when you're gone to pot,  
 And in the grave-put, if this alone can be said,  
 To show the *life* service of you when you're *dead* :  
 Hic *FESTINA LENTE* jacet, one who had lent,  
 For *humanity's sake*, at *fifty* per cent.  
 To relieve needy debtors stuck fast in the mud,  
 If his motion had pass'd, as he long hop'd it would.  
 Perhaps, passing stranger, thou wilt now recollect  
 That the wight upon whom these verses reflect,  
 Was Serjeant Onslow, who, by way of a treat,  
 Till death sent him here for his *muck worms* to eat,  
 Did annually move his *weak* Usury Bill,  
 Though it could only serve the *Gazette* to fill.  
 For most times 'tis as plain as the nose in thy face  
 The monies so borrow'd are for *purposes* base,  
 Since men, who are honest, will be amply content,  
 If they get for such loan a clear *five* per cent. ;  
 So, lender and borrower, 'tis your joint int'rest  
 That here all his *motions* should *for ever rest*.

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N.B. "*Bull's Mountain of Bubbles that reach'd to the sky*" is a burlesque representation of the last year's city folly among modern Jews and modern Christians, and alludes to the Tower of Babel, by way of proving there have been fools and madmen at all times.

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SIRS,

HAVING a deep rooted and innate antipathy to every species of ingratitude, public or private, I felt very *indignant* at the treacherous attempt of the democratic whigs to turn out Mr. Wilbraham, *unheard* and *unaccused*, though an experienced, able, and faithful servant of the Dover freemen, and an independent M. P., besides being a very gentlemanly, intelligent, and excellent committee man: a character much more useful to the public than a dull, *prosing*, long winded speaker, as the latter very often takes up the most valuable part of the evening in theoretical and absurd ideas of reform, to display his *patriotism*; when his long speech, with the plausible appearance of having no other object in view but the *public good*, is a cold, selfish, and artificial composition, and intended as a *masked* battery to *gratify* his own *personal ambition*, or to contribute in some way or other to his *worldly* interest.

It is, therefore, with considerable pleasure, and no small degree of zeal for the success of Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, (but of which success I have not the least doubt,) that I take the liberty of sending Mr. W.'s committee two letters, one being a copy of the other, to show, though no freeman of Dover, how much I sym-

pathize with the Wilbrahamites in their ardent desire that their *justly* favourite candidate should be *re-elected*. At all events, having paid the carriage of the letters, if they are worth nothing, they will have cost nothing, save and except the trouble of reading, a trouble unattended with any *loss of time*, as, being an old electioneerer, I know from experience, that time frequently hangs so heavy on hand in a contested borough election, that the most friendly act which can be done on such an occasion, is to furnish the ways and means of filling up its *dull uniformity* at those intervals of leisure when business is at a *stand still*.

Requesting, gentlemen, you will do me the favour to keep one copy for yourselves, and present the other to Mr. Bootle Wilbraham with my respectful compliments, stating that it is written by a cousin of the late Mrs. Drax Grosvenor, and a lineal descendant from Rode of Rode Hall in Cheshire, the *latter* place being for many years the Wilbraham family residence,

I remain, Sirs,

With the most ardent wish for Mr. W.'s  
success,

Your obedient,  
humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
June 7th, 1826.

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TO THE

## JACOBIN FREEMEN OF DOVER.

ANXIOUS to prove myself *consistent* by *still* adhering to that natural *aversion* for *jacobinism* which has been one of the most prominent features of my political character, I here take the liberty (if so humble an individual as myself have any claim to public attention) to address some of my brother members of the Dover Harmonic Society, by wishing they had been equally consistent in promoting as much harmony among the different members of the Dover *Bull family*, as at the *Bull Tavern*. For had they conducted themselves like friends of true *harmony*, instead of setting up *two raw inexperienced* candidates with a view of turning out an old and faithful representative, better known in parliament by his *good deeds* than his *professions*, by *real services* than by *hollow promises*, they would have been very properly *satisfied* with Mr. Thompson supplying the place of Mr. Butterworth, who has long lost the confidence of many of his independent voters from his being supposed to belong to the government *dependent squad*. By which observation I do not intend the slightest disrespect to his Majesty,

or even to hint that government have not a very good *right* to expect, from the *gratitude* of the Dover freemen, that *both members* should be *ministerial men*—No, I merely meant to imply, that, instead of being *servile* placemen, they should be *respectable* and *independent* partizans, unbiassed by interest, though more or less inclined to support Eldon, Wellesley, Liverpool, Canning and Co., from their honest and wise public measures (spliced with those of their Pitt predecessor) deserving the *grateful* support of every true and independent patriot. For how can men act *honestly* for their constituents, or conscientiously for themselves, who suffer government to think for them, and are *tongue tied* till *ministers* deem fit to allow them *liberty* of speech, as was last year so properly the case on the great *national question*, involving the dearest and most sacred interest of the British constitution, the *gradual* emancipation of the Catholics; a liberality of conduct towards their parliamentary friends unprecedented in former administrations, and which therefore proves how deserving our present rulers are of the *voluntary* support of the honest and independent *in* parliament and *out* of it. Added to this, when you look around you and consider how much public money has been expended in defending you, freemen, your property and



families, from foreign invasion, as well as your fellow citizens and neighbours, during the most tyrannical, unjust, and cruel war ever recorded in the annals of history, and consequently reflect how much more benefit you have received from the wise Pitt anti-Buonaparté system, than any other part of the kingdom, you cannot fail to feel more or less partial to an administration, four-fifths of which consist of the intimate political friends and coadjutors of that truly great, honest, and immortal statesman.

But, as the patriotic zeal of the present enlightened administration must *flash immediate conviction* of their exalted merits on every candid and honourable mind, I shall say nothing more respecting them, but remind you of what I hinted three months ago at the Harmonic Society, in reference to your setting up *two candidates* instead of one, that, in all probability, your *greediness* and *ingratitude* in aiming at so *high a prize* would illustrate the fable of the greedy boy, who put his hand into a pitcher where a great many figs and filberts were deposited, when, by grasping at *too much*, he lost *all*; whereas, if he had been moderate, he might have had a fair share of its contents. Had you, as I intended, applied this excellent fable to your jacobinical conduct, (but ingratitude, obstinacy, ambition, and folly are the four *cardinal*

*virtues* of this self-conceited class of politicians,) you would, a day or two after, have informed your brother freemen by public advertisement, or otherwise, that you no longer intended to dispute the palm of victory with the Dover Wilbrahamites, but would be *amply* contented with electing *one member* in lieu of Mr. Butterworth. Yet, knowing the inveterate obstinacy of jacobin whigs, I am not *surprized*, like the *frog* in the *fable* *vyeing* with the *ox*, at your perversely supposing, in the *spring tide* of your vanity and self-conceit, that the same election influence which enabled you to elect one member, would also enable you to *elect both*; though, most probably, you are now not less *surprized* than *vexed*, that the loyal party you wished to oppose have at last roused themselves from their long ill-timed lethargy, and have set up a good honest hearty Englishman, whose *brilliant military* services in the late war, at the *hazard* of his *life*, are a much better proof how faithfully and honourably he will serve you in parliament, than a man-milliner, selling *caps* and *bonnets* by *retail*, and spending his money by *wholesale*. However, you will have one advantage, that if this *anti-Wilbrahamite* should take it in his head to be gratefully inclined for your extracting the money so acquired from female vanity, till his shop *till* be as *empty* as

your *empty noddles*, you will know where to buy a *cap* to fit you. If, though it so happen, you cannot find one, to show my generosity, I make you a present of this *fool's cap*.

I shall now conclude with ardently hoping, that Mr. Wilbraham and the gallant Colonel will be both successful canvassers; and this I am sure of, if gentlemanly conduct, and two good looking Englishmen be a *passport* to the hearts of your wives and daughters, not all the spirits of Mr. Thompson's wine-cellars, or all the gewgaws of Mr. Morrison's drapery shop, will inveigle the *hearts* and *minds* of the old women of Dover, or the young ones, so completely as the fine, manly, and gentlemanly appearance of Mr. Wilbraham, and the honest, sailor-like countenance and deportment of the gallant Colonel, who, besides being a true Englishman, *in every sense of the word*, is so like our gracious and popular sovereign, King George IV., that all who esteem the king for his frank, humane, and generous conduct, must esteem the Colonel as his counterpart; and, whenever a candidate at an *election* has the *women* on his *side*, he is sure to have the *men* with him.

Hoping you will withdraw your rash inconsiderate *four* months promises to Messrs. Thompson and Morrison, with as little scrupulosity as you have taken back your *two* years

subscription to poor Trevanion's monument, (but to whom I intend to erect a neat marble tablet,) from a certain conviction that Wilbraham and Fitz-Clarence will represent your local interests, and those of the kingdom at large, better than the two *Tom-and-Jerry* cockney candidates; and with every possible apology for presuming to advise you on so momentous a subject, though I cannot help feeling interested for the welfare of a place in which I have agreeably passed five successive winters, besides being connected with Dover through myself or family-connections for 120 years, at least as much or more interested than *non-resident* freemen, I am, with every good wish for the peace and prosperity of the town of Dover, where I mean to winter every year that I have strength or leisure to accomplish the journey,

Your obedient,

humble servant,

March, 1826.

THO. LOWNDES.

*P. S.*—The above Letter, unaltered in the slightest degree, was written by me the day after the offer made by the Dover freemen to Colonel Fitz-Clarence, I being then at Dover. Among others to whom I read the letter was Mr. Finnis the mayor, and Mr. Warren the librarian. Of course, from Colonel Fitz-Clarence having declined being a candidate, the letter is of no other use but to show those Dover friends and acquaintance, who have complimented me on my *public independence*, the high opinion I have always entertained for their tried candidate, Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, from his *excellent public and private character*.

## A LETTER

ADVOCATING

## PAPER CURRENCY

AT A PROPER SEASON, FOR THERE IS

*" A time for all things."*

As I consider the present embarrassed state of the English monied market to be mainly owing to the Joint Stock Companies, so admirably described by Mr. Canning, having excited through all classes of society a spirit of avarice and gambling unprecedented in the annals of South Sea history; aye, and unprecedented, too, in the annals of folly, speculation, or swindling, I take the liberty to send you the following extract from a publication of mine given ten months ago to the Middlesex Hospital, to show that, though but an indifferent poet, I have been a true prophet, touching some of the above mad-headed speculators. The extract consists of a few verses at the beginning of a prologue, written for the benefit of a poor female performer of the Dover theatre, and spoken by her, with considerable applause, to an overflowing house on February 9th, 1825. I have the more pleasure, Sir, in sending you the verses, from having practised what I preached, by having, neither *directly* or *indirectly*, laid out a shilling in any of the above *ephemeral* companies; so that, thank God, no evil spirit now torments me with its secret upbraidings for my egregious folly or wickedness, in having acted

a part so derogatory to all common sense, in permitting myself, from an overwhelming rapacious avarice, to be drawn into such a monstrous vortex of *vice* and *absurdity*.

In this *enlighten'd* age of steam and *gas*,  
 When ev'ry *wild-goose* scheme, to make it pass,  
 Assumes the shape of an Association  
 Not for the *directors'* good, but for the *nation*;  
 While mines, railways, baths, and joint stock dairy,  
 With premiums to gudgeon the most wary  
 Of eight, ten, twelve, and ninety-six per cent.,  
 For shares on which no *ready* has been *lent*,  
 Take in the *flats*, and poets fare so well  
 By this rash novel taste, who us'd to dwell  
 In garrets, that they in their chariots ride  
 Deck'd out with ev'ry sort of worldly pride,  
 Old England's monied spirit you must own,  
 Like *Jack's fam'd bean-stalk*, has most *quickly*  
 grown.

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SIR,

THOUGH at a considerable distance from the great theatre of parliamentary disputation, I cannot repress my strong feeling of gratitude for the incalculable benefits derived from a *paper currency* during the late war, by stating that, however repugnant I may be to such an extensive paper currency during peace, if *gradually displaced* by the *precious metals*, I hope

and trust, should the urgency of the case require it, a similar plan will be adopted in any future war, as the best national ways and means of paying our army and navy, and subsidizing our allies. For, to this honest and faithful, but ill used friend, we not only owe our national prosperity and independence, but our very existence ; and, what is the best security for all of them, (if not frittered away by mad-headed, wild goose speculations,) to it we also are indebted for the unfeigned esteem with which the British empire is now regarded by all the continental powers. Be it remembered, too, that all the time opposition accused the British government of having lost the respect of every nation in Europe by their misgovernment, Mr. Pitt and his political followers were enabled, by this paper currency, now so vilified, to terminate successfully one of the most glorious and perplexing wars this, or any other country was ever engaged in. When, therefore, Brougham and Co. boast that the present ministers, in returning to a metallic currency, are only adopting their wise and salutary advice, let it not be forgotten, that there is this most material difference—namely, that Mr. B. and his violent whig friends have uniformly, whether in peace or war, prosperity or adversity, worshipped the golden calf, and,

*Midas like*, tried to convert the paper currency of the kingdom into *this god* of their *idolatry*, when no one but a fool, or an animal with long ears, could have proposed so absurd a financial system, — a system that, if persevered in, could have had no other effect but to cripple the physical energy of the country, and make the British nation totally unable to cope with the plunderer of the world. For Buonaparté, (amiable man!) having seized on almost all the gold of Europe, and locked it up in his French coffers for his good people of Paris, and for the good, honest, and laudable purpose of giving *Napoleon freedom and purity* to the *corrupted and enslaved continental governments*, it would have been utterly impossible, without a paper currency of £1 and £2 notes, to weather the tremendous Gallic revolutionary tempest, and bring the shattered state-vessel into port. Yes, paper and paper only, supported by public confidence and Pitt principles, were the sheet anchor and the ship's canvass, that prevented us from being (like the other great European nations) swallowed up in the popular vortex of French despotism. I therefore trust, when the gentlemen of the opposition bench again taunt ministers with borrowing their marvellous wisdom and foresight in now preferring a gold currency to a small paper one, this proper and fair distinction will be pointed



out by one of the present administration;—true, you do coincide with us in the utility and necessity of a currency of the precious metals, but the superiority of our political wisdom to your's consists in having seen, for the last *thirty years*, what you had no conception of:—that there is a *time for all things*; a time when a *paper* currency is the *properest* for the nation, and a time when *gold* and *silver* are more adapted for the public good. I should not have mentioned the above distinction, if I had not observed in *certain* persons, who *imagine themselves first rate* politicians, a *vain disposition to crow over* ministers in their late finance measures, as if their recent luminous speeches in behalf of a gold circulating medium were a *recantation or reproof* of Mr. Pitt's enlightened conduct during the late war; and Mr. Canning and Co., the Pitt administrators and assigns, were, by their present financial conduct, giving up that Pitt system which, from their wisely adopting, had saved the country at its most alarming crisis. I therefore recommend these crowing gentlemen to follow the example of that gallant Cock on the first of June, which, exulting only when the victory was gained, flew to the stump of the main-mast when the battle was over, and crowed cock-a-doodle-do three times successively. If, however, these

luckless wights are pleased with triumphing in their *supposed* victory, by vainly thinking ministers have adopted their system, instead of acting from the honest energetic impulse of their own minds, the opposition gentlemen are welcome to this *self-delusion*, and the more welcome, as it is the *first* appearance of a great parliamentary victory that these wise politicians have obtained for the last thirty years. Having now shown my gratitude for the benefits we have derived during the late long unprecedented war from a paper currency of £1 and £2 notes, stamped with royal and parliamentary authority, I cannot, from a uniform spirit of loyalty, interwoven with my very existence, take my last farewell of these bits of old rags, as the jacobins call them, (but which will be a properer name two years hence, for the above notes will be threads and patches before 1829,) without pointing out the incalculable advantages arising from our present gold currency, in the superior respect paid to monarchy since golden sovereigns have supplied the place of British guineas. Had I, therefore, the honour of a seat in the British House of Commons, I should move the following amendment in the Gold Currency Bill, now so properly and ably recommended in the incomparable speeches of Messrs. Robinson, Canning and Peel—namely, that gold

*sovereigns* shall always continue to be the gold coin of the realm, not only from the greater facility with which a large account is made up when consisting of pounds instead of guineas, but also from the *high respect* paid to *sovereigns* by all classes of *jacobins* since *gold sovereigns* have been the order of the day; an unexpected and invaluable quality, from which, besides the great national benefit of more effectually supporting public credit, result, in our revolutionary times, those three incomparable state blessings, *loyalty, love and harmony*. I am

Your obedient,

humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

DOVER, May 1st, 1826.

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*P.S.* To prove I am an independent man, and do not praise ministers without discrimination, whether right or wrong, I shall make free with their favourite new fangled system of free-trade by saying, they have been bad farmers if they have been good politicians, by sowing the ground before it was put into a proper state of cultivation. For, before the duty on French silks was reduced, our ministers should have known for certain if the British silk manufacture could compete with that at Lyons in the present state of our taxation, and with the corn laws, as

they now exist. By which observation, I do not intend to say, *nolens volens*, that the taxes must be diminished, and the public creditor thereby put in jeopardy; or that the manufacture of corn, which by tithe, poor-rates, repairs, lawyers bills, land surveyors, &c. &c. is a very *expensive* manufacture, has not as strong a claim to be protected by the laws of the country, at least so as to secure to the farmer a *remunerating* price, as any other British manufactured article, whether silk, cotton, woollen, or iron. No; all that I intend to remark is merely this: that however well meaning the present administration, and however brilliant the talents of some of the ministers, as *Nemo sapit in omnibus horis*, their free-trade bill would have been clearer, and therefore more beneficial to the country, if they had digested it at 12 o'clock at noon, instead of poring over it at midnight. For it smells too much of the lamp, and is, therefore, more adapted for the closet than for any practical use, as this country is at present situated with respect to taxation. Not so, as it affects the other powers of Europe and America, which latter state will not be a little benefited by the *relaxation* of our *Navigation Act*, from being the carriers of Europe, and having, comparatively speaking, less difficulty to struggle with, foreign and domestic, from their government being less expensive, and their finances less exhausted.

As many commercial men of high respectability in talent, character and experience, are against Mr. Huskisson in his free-trade idea, let Mr. H., as *Sterne* would say, ride his favourite hobby in his closet, but do not let him be permitted, till its superiority is more apparent, to ride it on the king's highway, to the great danger and annoyance of his majesty's liege subjects. Besides, when I see certain violent oppositionists so lavish in their praises on free trade, I cannot help reminding ministers of the snake in the grass, by bringing to their recollection how Prince Talleyrand and his party caught Buonaparté in their deep laid trap, by encouraging the vain emperor to ask such terms of the allied powers as the sagacious, keen-sighted ex-bishop knew they would not accept of. I hope, therefore, the British ministers will not deem it presumptuous in one of their honest and independent well wishers and partizans putting them on their guard, when a certain ambitious and well known antagonist is lauding the new fangled free-trade system, if he cautions them to beware of *Man-traps* and *Brooms*, lest the *Broom eulogium* prove a *sweeping* clause, by first sweeping the administration out of office, and a birch *rod* afterwards, by Mr. B. and his brother politicians succeeding to their *vacant* places.

*A LETTER to the Editors of the NEW TIMES,  
and the MORNING HERALD.*

SIRS,

I TAKE this opportunity of informing the Committee for the distressed Manufacturers, that I have one hundred pounds ready for their acceptance at Messrs. Hoare's, Bankers, Fleet Street, provided they will receive it on the following terms, namely, that the *hundred pounds* subscribed by me shall not be considered as giving my *humble approbation* to the *new system* of *reducing* the *duties* on *foreign importation* without a *specific agreement*, that British cottons, woollens, hardware, &c. shall be allowed a *similar reduction* by way of an *equivalent* from the nations so *favoured*. For I do not understand the *modern liberal* system of trusting to the *liberality* of any government that refuses to *accede* to a commercial treaty, however advantageous it may be to the contracting parties; because, if I know any thing of human nature, this very refusal is to me a convincing proof, that whatever duties are taken off the foreign articles *imported*, no *similar indulgence* will be given as a *set off* to *British goods exported*. Were it otherwise, why object to a commercial treaty, particularly too, as in this case, all national jea-

lousy and enmity would be avoided by giving a *quid pro quo*, a specific *article* for a specific *indulgence*? French wines, for instance, being admitted with a reduced duty, on a special agreement that British woollens and hardware should be favoured in like manner; the cottons and colonial produce of Great Britain being taken in return for French silks, corn, and fruits; for I must confess I am so stupid as to think with Adam Smith that, where nature has given the raw material, there should be the manufacture, and that therefore an East India voyage would be better employed in conveying the raw silk to France, than in manufacturing it ourselves. Whether these were my sentiments when so much was said in the House of Commons, about rivalling the French in the silk manufacture, I could appeal to many of my acquaintance, as I can prove, that I then said it was very *avaricious* and *unreasonable* in this country, and likely to rouse the jealousy of the French nation; besides being very *illiberal* in this *liberal age*, to attempt to rival the French in the *only manufacture* where they could show a *superiority*; that, instead of so doing, we had better continue the good old custom of exchanging our manufactures for their silk ones; or, if the French refused to admit such manufactures unless carrying a very high duty, to tax

their silks in like manner. For though the checking smuggling, and ultimately knocking up the *contraband trade* between the Kentish, Sussex, and French coasts was the plausible reason for reducing the duty on French silks to thirty per cent. whether smuggling has been much checked, I appeal to those persons, who, like myself, have resided the four last winters at Dover, where, if I may judge from the well dressed appearance of the poorest inhabitants, and their comfortable style of living, there are still secret ways and means of getting money, that no other town in Great Britain, equally populous, possesses in an equal degree; a circumstance though I by no means regret, as it is highly gratifying to me, with the national pride of an Englishman, to see a town so prosperous that is the landing-place of foreigners. No, I only mention this to show, that if the prevention of smuggling was the object for the above reduction, it has totally failed, and smuggling goes on as brisk, or more briskly than ever: nay, that it has appeared to me to have increased by the reduction, from giving greater opportunity to carry on the smuggling trade, under the *appearance* of a free trade. If the late Emperor of Russia observed, from the well dressed appearance of a *London populace*, that there were no poor in *England*,



with quite as much *reason* might he have said this, had he seen a Dover mob. But as there is no manufacture carrying on near Dover, except five or six paper mills and corn mills, all of which, I believe, are worked by the population of the respective hamlets and villages in which they are situated, unless the respectable and prosperous appearance of this beautiful Cinque Port be attributed to the different packets to and from the Continent, and the advantage of piloting merchant ships, it is impossible, without *much smuggling*, that twelve thousand inhabitants, with scarce any *rich gentry* residing *in or near the place*, could look so comfortable in every respect, and be every day, but particularly on Sundays, so much better dressed than the same class of people in any other town in the British empire.

I shall now conclude, with requesting your insertion of this letter *verbatim*; as also the copy of the one I sent to Messrs. Hoares on Monday last, and remain,

Your obedient,  
humble servant,  
THO. LOWNDES.

May 5th, 1826.

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*To Messrs. Hoares.*

SIRS,

I WILL thank you to give, in my name, to the London City Committee, for the use of the distressed weavers and cotton-spinners at Manchester, Blackburn, Macclesfield, &c., in Lancashire and Cheshire, the sum of one hundred pounds, but I shall only give it on the *express condition* that my *subscription* be inserted *verbatim*, as follows :

THOMAS LOWNDES, being a small tribute of gratitude to Providence, the king, the army and navy, and the Pitt war-administration. . . . . £ 100 0 0

So much for the honey of the subscription; now for the *sting*: (for when the *industry* of the *bee* is *checked* and his *hive plundered*, the honey is seldom to be *had* without a *sting*.)

Do. THOMAS LOWNDES, to the present ruinous and absurd system of a free trade with the European states without a specific *quid pro quo*, alias an ample equivalent; a system very *naturally* cheered by *Brougham*, as such a change of *measures*, if not modified, or stopped in time, will perhaps lead to a *change* of *men*, besides its being also the most *certain*, if not the *safest* way, to get a *silk gown cheap*. . . . 000 0 0

I remain, Sirs,

Your humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

*To the Secretary of the Distressed Manufacturers' Committee.*

SIR,

I DULY received your favour, and lose no time in thanking you for the same. When the inclosed (which I shall insert at my own expense) is printed in one or two of the daily journals, I shall write to Messrs. Hoares to send you the hundred pounds mentioned in the copy of their letter. Respecting the expense of insertion, (which could not be above five shillings,) the sum itself is so trifling, when deducted from so large a subscription, that you will, I hope, excuse me in saying I was not a little surprized the expense should be hinted at, as, put in the opposite balance, it is as light as a feather. And yet to subscribe without qualifying my reason for giving so large a sum, would be doing myself a great injustice, because it would imply that I considered the present distress among the Lancashire and Cheshire manufacturers entirely owing to improvident and foolish speculations and overtrading; whereas it appears, in my humble opinion, as much owing to the reduction of duties on foreign articles, without a regular commercial treaty signed by the parties concerned, and before the ground, constituting the basis of the treaty, on our part, had been properly prepared, by first

trying what effect the reduction of the maximum on wheat from 20*l.* a load, to 15*l.* would have in *lowering* the price of our manufactures. Had this *precaution* been acted upon, previous to the *admission* of French *silks*, at a reduced duty, the present pecuniary embarrassment that has occasioned such a stagnation of trade, would, in all probability, have been considerably *lessened*.

You see, Sir, I consider the landholder entitled to as much protection as the manufacturer by my statement of 15*l.* for wheat, convinced of this truism, not only from my own experience, but others, better versed in agricultural knowledge than myself—that if the interest of the national debt is to be paid *honestly*, and *regularly*, (and in a great commercial country like ours, to do otherwise would be the worst of all policy, proving the government not only *fools* but *rogues*,) 15*l.* or 16*l.* must be the lowest maximum: less than this would prevent the landlord and tenant from acting honestly, by incapacitating both from paying *tithè*, poor-rates, land tax, county rates, lawyers' and land surveyors' bills, carpenters, bricklayers, labourers, &c. &c. The long bills of *lawyers* and *repairs*, being the two *great mill stones* that grind down the landowner's rent to 2½ per cent. in modern purchasers, while *tithe* and *poor-rates* reduce the hard-earned profit of the tenant so much,

that on a moderate rented farm he can hardly, one year with another, (even with the *maximum* of 20*l.* a load,) *pay* his rent, the *shield* of government must be held over the landed as well as the commercial and manufacturing interests, or both will be completely crushed and annihilated; for if the produce of land yields *no profit*, manufactures and commerce must *perish* with it.

With every good wish for the complete success of the Manufacturers' Relief Subscription, from *feeling* as *great* and as *sincere* a *sympathy* for their mercantile distress; (but which I hope will soon pass away never to return any more,) as any other subscriber, though I deem it proper to put the saddle on the right horse, by fairly dividing the cause of that distress between the government, the merchant, and the master-manufacturer, for they all row in *one boat*, and therefore if that boat be *capsised* all *blunder alike*,

I have the honour to be,

a supporter of ministers,

but an Independent one, and

your obedient,

humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,

May 11th, 1826.

## LOYAL RESOLUTIONS,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The following Resolutions, written by Mr. Lowndes some years since, at the time the manufacturers in Yorkshire and Lancashire were at a stand from the frame-breakers, and which enabled the Jacobins to have considerable influence on the minds of the distressed weavers, have been thought so applicable to any future emergency of a similar nature, as to be worth printing. The Resolutions never went out of Mr. L.'s closet, though worded as if they had been read and passed at a Meeting of the inhabitants of Hampstead.

At a respectable meeting of some of the resident inhabitants of Hampstead, for the purpose of humbly addressing the Prince Regent, and testifying their *unshaken loyalty* and sincere patriotism at the present most alarming crisis, it was resolved unanimously, instead of a public discussion on the present *critical* state of the *nation*, which would be liable to the interruption of some of those impudent, intrusive demagogues, who thrust their noses in every parish where they can *create mischief* (whether they *reside* in it or *not*, or without having the slightest connection with the town or parish in any other way,) that a Book be opened at the public workhouse or village library for receiving the *loyal* Signatures of those who approve of the following Resolutions.

1st.—That, animated with the warmest sense of *gratitude* for the great national services rendered to the British empire by the *firm* and *decisive* measures of the wise, patriotic, and humane Prince Regent and his ministers, from the *commencement* of his regency to *this period*, we are thoroughly convinced that such firm and prudent conduct is the best pledge and security for the future illustrious services of his Royal Highness, and his honest and enlightened administration; wherefore, we, the undersigned inhabitants of Hampstead, place the utmost confidence in the great *benefits* likely to result from their public measures for the *preservation* of our future rights and liberties from the secret *combination* of a few radical and *lawless* demagogues, who are now using every art, by day and by night, to *inflame* the minds of the people for their *sole advantage*, well knowing that the poor, born to labour and get their bread by the sweat of their brow, must *work hard* and fare *ill* under *every* government, and that, at all events, if some of them are distressed for want of work, that *half* a loaf is better than *no* bread.

2ndly.—That the general character of the inhabitants of this *parish*, for their good sense, and a peaceable and humane disposition, is happily exemplified by the friendly, harmonious,

and brotherly love, with which *rich* and *poor* live together, and is the strongest proof (when contrasted with the general *discontent* so unfortunately prevailing in two of the greatest manufacturing counties, and in some other parts of the British dominions) that the present grumbling and riotous *spirit* proceeds more from *local* circumstances, than from any actual distress, or national defect in the constitution, which it is in the *power* of parliament to *correct* or amend, and which, therefore, the *inhabitants* of those riotous districts may *considerably mitigate*.

3dly.—That we view with inexpressible regret, the insidious arts which are now practising to *undermine* the British Constitution, by the most blasphemous and licentious publications, for the diabolical purpose of *erasing* every *religious* sentiment, that (having thus brought the human mind to Mr. Locke's *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet of paper,) the *ambitious*, spiteful demagogues and factious leaders of the radicals may have ample scope to stamp upon it more effectually their infernal and jacobinical impressions, all of which are alike subversive of every good law, human and divine; and that, by thus *eradicating* all hopes of happiness in the *next world*, they may give a more sure and deadly blow to our present bliss, and completely destroy our venerable and excellent



establishments of *church* and *state*, both of which are so interwoven with each other, that they must *stand* or *fall together*.

*Athly.*—As *reform* is only the *pretext*, but public and private *plunder* their *real object*, we, the undersigned, will strenuously endeavour (to the utmost of our abilities), by the most respectful attention to the present and future measures of government, to *repress* these *revolutionary* principles in our own parish, whenever or wherever they appear in it; well aware, that there would be no *excuse* for British folly, with the wholesome example of the late French Revolution for our political *landmark*, (the *licentiousness* of which he that runs may read,) should Great Britain unfortunately imitate the mad headed *brutality*, and the *absurd* visionary projects, and inexpressible wickedness of the *sham* French patriots, who (after destroying the majestic species of man, by millions, for the diabolical *amusement* of a few *atheistical* philosophers, and their besotted hypocritical followers, and laying waste three fourths of Europe with *fire* and *sword*,) ended their glorious revolution (as they were pleased to call it,) by not only *enslaving themselves*, but doing every thing in their power to *rivet* the chains of despotism on almost all *civilized* society; yet, strange to say, who were at last indebted to the

*British* nation, whom they had been so long at war with, and had sworn to annihilate, for that *liberty*, they, and the rest of Europe are now enjoying; yes, indebted to that very humane Prince Regent, whom the French and British radical jacobins have for years traduced with the most disgraceful epithets, and used every species of *scandal* and low cunning to *vilify* and *calumniate*

5thly.—That Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, (though *beautiful* in *theory*,) can never be made to *square* with practice, till mankind be created anew, with less of the leaven of *corruption* in their natural disposition. Because, constituted as human nature is at present, by throwing *all power* into the hands of the populace, and giving us the *absurd* and ridiculous representation of *lodgers*, (here to day and gone to morrow,) therefore having no permanent interest in the prosperity of the country, instead of *respectable* and *substantial* housekeepers, universal suffrage and annual parliaments would not only completely *overturn* the British constitution, and occasion *universal suffering*, but would also turn *upside down* all public and private rights, either as to personal or landed property, by stirring up the *dregs* of the people, and raising the bottoms of the revolutionary caldron to the *top*, and thus, (while

Carlisle, Hone, Cobbet, and Hunt, like the *witches* of *Macbeth*, were dancing round it, howling their infernal incantations, and throwing in not the neut or the adder, but the *dust* of Tom Paine's bones reduced to ashes,) give to idleness, vice, and *wickedness* of *every kind* a most dreadful and *cruel majority*. Besides, though *fire* is said to cure *fire*, it is a most absurd system to think corruption, in elections, may be best cured by *enabling* electors, under the clandestine *ballot* system, to receive a bribe more securely, and thus *undermine* the British constitution, by erecting masked batteries of *impurity* under a *covered-way*. For whoever heard of curing a speck on the great toes, by spreading the mortification over the whole body?

6thly.—That the *purity* of the British laws, and the *pure* manner in which they are administered, have been so happily illustrated by the late impartial verdict in the Court of King's Bench against Carlisle, Sir Matthew Lopez, and Mr. Swan, thus equally punishing rich and poor according to their *respective* state offences, that this alone, by giving the *lie* to some of the base calumniators of all public men and public measures, is the best possible proof that the heart of the British constitution is not only *sound* at the core, but possesses, within itself,

sufficient energy (if left to itself) to work its own cure, and purify its own corruption, in most of the constitutional *defects* complained of. Proving also, that *much* of the abuse (which has been lately levelled at the *laws* of this country by artful, radical demagogues) has arisen solely in their own *perverted* imagination, and from a *secret* and *selfish* desire (as the devil rides in the storm, and *directs* the whirlwind, after he has raised it) to *enrich* themselves by pulling down all above them, in order to gratify their infernal ambition and worldly grandeur, by building their own *prosperity* on the *ruins* of *their country*.

7thly.—That the only *certain* method to counteract the rascally intention of artful and malevolent demagogues or jacobins, and consequential, *self-elected radical committees*, is by a noble resolution amongst all persons of property, and the honest, quiet, industrious, and unambitious poor, to stand by and support each other; for which *commendable* purpose, (under the blessings of Providence,) we, the undersigned, ardently wish to see such flagrant and self-evident abuses and *grievances redressed* by the *temperate* and mature deliberation of the Prince Regent and his parliament, as are inconsistent with good government, and tend to prevent honest industry and private worth from having its *due share* of the blessings of

our happy constitution; provided, by such apparent *amelioration* we do not go from better to worse, bringing on *anarchy* and confusion, and that most *dreadful* of all human calamities, civil war and a *Buonaparte despotism*.

8thly.—That, to avoid all the above calamities, and prevent the terrible effects which may arise from the majesty of the people getting *too much power* into their hands, (for liberty, like water, confined within proper bounds, is an incalculable *blessing*, but carried to an excess and degenerating into licentiousness becomes a *curse* instead of a blessing, yea, a curse even to its possessors, as well as to those under them,) we, the undersigned, earnestly recommend, instead of some of those taxes that press particularly hard upon the poor, a due consideration, on the part of the government, of their real distresses, convinced, from the administration's *ardent* desire to continue the *Income Tax*, instead of the above unfortunate substitute, that the Prince Regent and his ministers possess a lively feeling for the poorer orders of society, and will be happy to adopt any public measure, (without risking the *safety* and *prosperity* of the country,) that can alleviate the present mercantile *distress*, and give the *industrious* British poor, of every description, a whole loaf, instead of half a one.

9thly. — That, for the above humane purpose, a Property Tax, upon the same *equitable* principle as an *insurance* on houses, &c. from fire, seems much less oppressive, than a renewal of the Income Tax. As this obnoxious act, by taking too much from some, and too little from others, has been found, from dire experience, (by its *partial* operation) an inexhaustible source of national discontent. The said Property Tax not only beginning with a small impost on every thousand pound capital, and all annuities being valued, according to the respective lives of the annuitants, at so many year's purchase, but the tax increasing, in a fair proportion of value, even to the greatest *maximum* of fortune, (for the more a man has, the more he can afford to *pay*,) and it is a poor excuse to say, because there are very *few* fortunes of half a million or a million, such a ratio of increase would, in the two or three last stages, *add* very little to the revenue, since the proving that all were taxed in a just proportion would be of itself of the greatest national importance, and particularly in these times, by smoothing down the *asperity* of *discontent*, and giving the poorest person the pleasing idea, that his little was deemed as sacred by government, and as worthy of *ministerial protection*, as the *rich* man's Peruvian hoard of wealth. Indeed we, the

undersigned, have no hesitation in saying, that this would do more than any other human means to allay the *present dangerous* ferment of the state, and prove a far better method than increasing the military force of the country, either by an increase of regulars, which would be increasing the expense of the nation, when it is little able to bear it, or by adding to the yeomanry corps, and calling them into actual service.

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TO MRS. DRAX,

KNOWLE COTTAGE, DORSETSHIRE.

DEAR MADAM,

MANY months having now elapsed since I had last the pleasure of writing to you, I cannot resist the impulse of inquiring after your health, and Mrs. and Miss Drax Grosvenor's, being rather afraid that this very hot weather (so very enervating to the human frame) may have occasioned in each of you a slight indisposition. Very happy shall I be to find that I am mistaken by hearing yourself and the ladies are well; for I trust and hope you and the family at Charborough Park are by this time almost recovered from the alarming, but natural effects of your late terrible affliction.

From the great and sincere friendship the late

Mr. Drax Grosvenor so kindly showed me by his *interview* with Mr. Smith in *my behalf*, and from his fervent wishes for my *success* with government, (which he so frequently did me the honour of expressing by letter, and in conversation,) I have taken the liberty to send you two copies of two letters respecting the baronetage I have been *three years* soliciting, as it strikes me (long as they are) they may afford some little amusement in the *uniformity* and *solitude* of a country life. One of these copies I will be obliged to you, my dear Madam, to present with my respectful compliments to Mrs. and Miss Drax Grosvenor, hoping I shall hear a good account of their health, and also of your grandson, Mr. Drax Grosvenor, when you hear from him. The other copy, (when you have read it,) I will thank you the first opportunity to send in my name to Lady Caroline Damer, with my respectful compliments to her Ladyship, hoping she has enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health during her residence in the country. Having the honour to possess your noble relative's good opinion of my patriotism and political independence, and being ardently desirous to continue in Lady Caroline's favour, I have been thus emboldened to trouble her Ladyship with the perusal of the two letters to Mr. Smith, to prove that my loyalty and poli-



tical independence, unshaken from within or from without, (to all temptations armed,) alike *bid defiance* to *popular clamour* or *parliamentary corruption*.

I most heartily congratulate you and the ladies in being so far removed from the present *alarming scene* of *riot* and *tumult*, and that neither your mother's family, or my branch of the Cheshire Lowndes's, have any immediate connection with either of the *disturbed* counties. For the ancient House of Grosvenor, (as history shows us, is the case with all *great* and *powerful* families,) from its vast wealth and political influence, can always *defend* itself, whether it be a popular temporary ebullition, that for a while *obumbrates* the political horizon, or that most dreadful of all human calamities, a *civil war*. I wish I could say the same of a branch of the Lea Hall Lowndes's, that has for the last six centuries flourished in Cheshire, namely, the *Thornycrofts* of *Thornycroft*; but which old and respectable family is now represented by Mrs. Thornycroft, the last of her father's family, a maiden lady about fifty, (whose great grandmother was Miss Lowndes, sister to your and my great grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Lowndes, of Lea Hall and Overton,) and who is now residing at Thornycroft, the old family seat; and having also 5,000*l.* a year to encourage a disposition to

plunder, (for, with such an estate, there is always supposed to be in the family mansion, money, jewels and plate,) is, from her *contiguity* to the mob patriots at Macclesfield, being within four miles of that focus of jacobinism, exposed to no *little danger* from her establishment, tenantry, and dependents being too few in number to intimidate the multitude, — that is, (in other words,) from the *garrison* being too weak to defend even the *citadel*, and the town being without a *governor*.

What a pity, that neither your nephew Churchill, or myself, can take the lady for a time under our protection without incurring the censure of the world, by living under the same roof with Mrs. Thornycroft. I might, though, with great propriety, offer her the sole use of my villa at Blackheath, and I should certainly do so, were I not convinced that a lady, with 5,000*l.* a year, will never want a second house to put her head into.

Having alluded to the riots at Manchester, Stockport, Macclesfield, &c., I hope you, and the ladies at Charbro' and Milton Abbey, will not be in the slightest degree alarmed at the *exaggerated* accounts you see in the newspapers from their different friends and correspondents; many of the proprietors of these newspapers, I am sorry to say, not only being *jacobinically*

*inclined*, but ardently wishing for as much *public calamity* as will occasion a rapid and *extensive sale* of their papers. Indeed, so little do some of the rascally radical editors care about the peace and tranquillity of the country, that they would *glory* in a revolution, for the purpose of filling their columns, and setting the press at work night and day. Such a terrible season of *national iniquity*, and horror inexpressible, as would naturally arise from the wicked minds of the immense artificial population of this little island, when revolutionized, would be to the radical newspaper scribes and proprietors a *golden harvest*; consequently considered by their selfish and brutal imaginations in no other light than as it *benefited* the *public press*, which reminds me of an answer from a *viper catcher*, whom I met some years ago on a swampy farm of my uncle Day's, which he had just then *drained* and *highly cultivated*.—" Well," says I, my man, " what have you been doing with that bag in your hand ? have you been catching moles, for you cannot have had the impudence in broad daylight to *bag* any *game* ?" " No, sir, I neither poach by day or by night ; my trade is viper-catching. But, hang the farm, it is worth *nothing now*, (though many folks would say it is better by some thousand pounds,) for I have caught only *two vipers*, and oft-time, before the

present gentleman came to it, the farm was so *full* of *vipers* I have bagged a dozen of a morning." " So then, my man, in your opinion, a good *crop* of *vipers* is better than a good *crop* of corn." " Certainly, sir, for every one sticks up for his own *trade* ; and, as it is now, so it *ever will be*."

I yesterday received a very polite answer from Mr. Smith, couched in such flattering terms, that, as far as his interest goes, I consider myself secure of the *baronetage* ; " but," says, he, " though I will do all I can to serve you, (my interest *not* being so *great* as you imagine,) I cannot absolutely answer for my *success* ." however, whether successful or not, through Mr. Smith's interest, the arguments in my last letter to him are so *clear* and *unanswerable*, that, sooner than have a paper war with me, I have now great hopes government will pay proper respect to my petition, and by my calling the *baronetage*, when granted, only a payment of 2*s.* in the pound, I have, (as you may perceive,) in *conjunction* with the Drax and Grosvenor parliamentary *influence*, left ample scope and room enough for an English peerage to your daughter and *her heirs*, by government paying up the other 18*s.* From my warm gratitude to, and friendship for the late Mr. Drax Grosvenor, and the high respect I feel for your branch of

my family, you may depend upon it, dear Madam, no pains shall be spared on my part to accomplish a purpose so just and honourable ; for even the *two honours* are a very small compensation for a debt of 112,000*l.*, which the sum of 7,000*l.*, due to Mr. Lowndes's representatives, will produce at compound interest, reckoning the *interest* at only 3 per cent. for seventy-two years.

With kind remembrance to your nephew Churchill, who, I hope, is well enough to enjoy the approaching field amusements, and with my sincere thanks to Miss Grosvenor for acting as your amanuensis, hoping I shall have the honour. (should Churchill be from home) of again hearing from your grand-daughter, but that Miss G.'s letter this time will be more pleasing and satisfactory by informing me that yourself, the Charbro' family, Lady Caroline Damer and her cousin, are well,

I remain, dear Mrs. Drax,

your sincere friend,

and obliged,

humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

Aug. 25th, 1819.

*P. S.* My allusion to "four votes in a coach," as mentioned in one of the inclosed letters,

refers to a conversation I had some time ago with a gentleman of rank and fortune, and intimate with many of the cabinet ministers, respecting a large sum of money paid by government, forty years after it was due, and which I mentioned to my friend as a case in point to Lowndes's Bay-salt, whereupon he shrewdly observed, "Take four M. P. votes in a coach to the House of Commons for the service of ministers, and you will probably *succeed* as well as the *peer* ; for if that nobleman had not been a great *borough-monger*, he would have found no little difficulty in getting paid a debt of so *old a date* : nay, it is a great chance if ever it would have been paid at all, in any shape, *directly* or *indirectly*."

I must here apologise for not mentioning in the body of my letter, that my father, who is (thank God) very well, asked me very particularly after you, in a letter I received from him about ten days ago, hoping you and the family at Charbro' were well, and requesting I would present you and them with his *best* respects. He is a most wonderful man, for though in his 86th year, even the late and present *hot weather* has not disagreed with him. In fact, enjoying an uninterrupted state of good health, winter or summer, seed-time or harvest, are all alike to him. I thought my father had been 86 two years

ago, but am glad to find he was not then so old, by *two years*, as I imagined.

It has just occurred to me, as I cut a ridiculous figure some months ago in the Times, and many other papers of that day, from the gross *partiality* of the Chairman of the East India Company, that I could not do better, in order to protect myself from the *disrespect* that would naturally arise upon seeing such a paragraph, than inclose two printed copies of a letter of mine to the East India Directors, to prove the impropriety of the Chairman's conduct: for, my dear Madam, ladies, like yourself, can form no idea of the malignant hatred every *honest, independent* man incurs in these jacobinical days by faithfully discharging his duty to the public, and particularly from *corporate* bodies, or the base *hiring writers* to newspapers; for which reason, almost all the public papers take *delight* in misrepresenting what is said either in or out of Parliament by men of this description. Detesting political honesty and independence, (because it puts them to the blush,) these half-taught, *conceited* hiring reporters and editors endeavour to make every loyal independent speaker appear ridiculous, by inserting *nonsense* of their own, and passing it off as a faithful representation of the sentiments of the person whose speech they so *audaciously garble* and pervert. For my part,

I had as lief the town-crier bawled out my speech from *memory*, as have it thus *vilely mutilated* and misrepresented by such jacobinical wretches.



TO CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

A SLIGHT accident, of which I am now got quite well, has occasioned me to defer the pleasure of writing to you so soon as I intended. But as *individual gratitude*, founded upon private friendship and esteem, is *stronger* than public gratitude, or the most *ardent patriotism*, before I congratulate you on Lord Castle-reagh's luminous and candid defence of the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry, I must request you to accept my warmest and most grateful thanks for a brace of fine pheasants you so politely sent to my father, and believe me, my dear sir, your kind attention was not thrown away on a *barren soil*, like Pottnall, but has produced a large crop of *gratitude* even in an old man of 85, whose passions and feelings on other occasions are not, I am sorry to say, so tremblingly alive to the *natural affections* of the heart, as I have frequently seen in persons so far *advanced* in life as himself. But I will send you a quotation from his letter, for having been ill near a month, I was only informed yesterday



of your kindness to him ; my father, till within these few days, not being well enough to dictate to his clerk what to *write*.

“ I received on Tuesday week two fine pheasants from Mr. Culling Smith, an honour and attention from a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington (independent of *his own respectability*) I feel much gratified by, and therefore hope you will thank him for me in the handsomest manner you can for his *polite* present, and send Mr. Smith my most respectful compliments.”

Having thus discharged my duty to my lord and master, (like a good and faithful *envoy*,) I return with similar pleasure to testify my most lively gratitude, (to which I might add my father's also, for he is, and always has been, a very *loyal* subject,) to our present honest and enlightened administration; for their *vigilance* and *prudence*, under the *direction* of Providence, and our humane and illustrious Prince Regent ; a prince brilliant not only from the transcendent lustre of his own abilities, but from his reign being a constellation of victories ; nay, though no *milk-sop* himself, from his reign being a perfect *milky-way*. But, as you may suppose, from the enthusiastic, yet candid ardour with which I have volunteered the unjust and inhuman case of the Manchester magistrates and

yeomanry, *condemned before they were heard*, (and from which we may form a pretty good judgment of the incalculable blessings of a *jacobin government*, if we had forgot the *French Revolution*) I was almost beside myself with joy, when I read over Lord Castlereagh's most excellent speech, because what his lordship said in *vindication* of the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry, far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. For even with my contemptible opinion of the rascality of the jacobin or radical faction, convinced, (if possible) they would *outswear* and *outlie* the *devil himself*, as we often see the virtues of a father go on in a climax to the third and fourth generation, I do honestly confess I had no conception these humbug patriots could so completely impose upon the public; and (*great as their capital is*) could carry on the *trade* of scandal, lies and hypocrisy so successfully, and obtain such *long credit*. But in proportion as the tide of popular opinion, or I should rather say *public opinion* (for as none are so *blind* as those who *won't* see, the populace will think just the same as they did) *rolled* in tremendous waves against the administration of the country, the Prince Regent, and the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry, will be the re-action; and the middling classes of society, and some of the re-

spectable gentry (*indignant* at being so *completely duped* by the Journal of Europe, alias the Times, and many other radical public newspapers) will warmly and vigorously support administration with a zeal and energy proportioned to their *disappointment* and the *influence* the jacobin *deceptions* had upon them. The *sun* of truth and justice having dissipated the *mist* of prejudice round the head and trunk of Britannia, the arms and eyes of the loyal part of the nation may now be so effectually used as to secure the peace and tranquillity of the country, with an additional *firmness* and *vigilance* on the part of government, and a due attention to the distresses of the lower orders of society, particularly the *unemployed* weavers, united to a thorough *conviction* that (though the duration of Parliament does not require shortening) a *moderate* reform, by abolishing some of the most corrupt boroughs, and permitting all the great manufacturing towns *unrepresented* to send *members* to Parliament, seems not only an *act of justice* to the great manufacturing counties, but essentially necessary to the future welfare of the country, by *securing* the good opinion of, by much the most respectable and rational part of the community, the *independent, candid, and enlightened* nobility, gentry, and citizens, who *think for themselves*.

As usual, with every apology for the length of my letter, promising you, as some *comfort*, that it shall be the last *long* letter I will trouble you with on the subject of Lowndes's Bay Salt, this being the *third time of asking*; and confidently trusting, notwithstanding the present Bill to enable magistrates to search for arms, my castle here will not be ransacked to get possession of the tremendous *shell* that is to do so much execution, hoping also Lady Ann Smith and the young ladies are well, to whom I have the honor to present my most respectful compliments; and with the same good wishes to your son, and to that *sun of suns*, the truly illustrious *Wellesley* family, whose brilliant rays of wisdom and glory so illuminate the *darkness* of our political horison, as to inspire every true Briton with the utmost confidence that, dark, lurid, and tempestuous as the sky may appear, Old England's halcyon days of *peace, happiness, and prosperity*, have not passed away, like a light, cloud on a summer's day, never to return any more,

I have the the honor to be,  
My Dear Sir,  
Your obliged, faithful,  
and obedient humble servant,  
THOMAS LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
Nov. 15, 1819.

TO CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter not arriving till you had set out for the country, I thought it would be best to postpone writing for a week or ten days, that you might have an opportunity of supplying other friends with game, who had more claim upon you than myself: for I know you never begin shooting at Wentworth or Potnall till the first week in October, when pheasant shooting commences. At that period a present or two of game, directed to Mrs. Walker, of De la Haye Street, will be most gratefully received; and, as her brother, Colonel Sleigh, of the 14th Light Dragoons, was one of the heroes at the battle of Waterloo, I am sure you will have the more *pleasure* in sending some game to her. At least, this I can say for myself, my *gratitude* upon that occasion is so *great*, that I made a point of attending the Marquis of Londonderry's funeral, and shall, as long as I live, throw in my mite for the support of that Government to which we are indebted for our lives, properties, and évery thing that can make life a *blessing*, instead of a *curse*. But, though I hope *gratitude* is the *principal* ingredient of my loyalty to the King, and my *partiality* to the present administration, yet I should be as complete a hypocrite as Tartuffe, Blifil, or Joseph Surface, if

I did not candidly acknowledge, that my deep-rooted *antipathy* to those infernal rascals, the jacobins, has a *considerable share* in the above *partiality*: for as *finis coronat opus*, my enthusiastic admiration of the conduct of ministers, and the glorious *Waterloo* heroes, is grafted on that most inexpressible *joy* to me, the triumphant *downfal* of *jacobinism*. May God of his infinite mercy grant that this persecuting demon of the happiness of mankind be laid, like Lucifer, *never* to rise again, instead of rising like a giant *refreshed* upon the pedestal of that most heterogeneous composition, (jacobin whiggism,) with Hume, Grey Bennet, Sir Robert Wilson, Hobhouse, Cobbett, Hone, Hunt, Carlile, and Co. singing, in grand chorus, instead of that delightful and loyal song, God save the King,

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
For Britons *never, never* will be slaves,

to the tune of the *celebrated Marsellois* hymn, for fear the old favourite tune of Rule Britannia, from its *sympathetic feeling* for *God save the King*, should regenerate and keep alive the spirit of loyalty. But as my poor bed of loyalty, compared with your rich family *Pitt*, is, from its *inferior* quality, at best but *slate*; though yours, (thank God,) however good, is not *Russell's main*, I will *drop* politics, by referring you, if you have

the slightest doubt that my *anti-jacobin mania* has at all *subsided*, to a small pamphlet of mine lately published, and of which I shall take the liberty to leave half-a-dozen in Upper Brook Street. Mr. Martin, M.P. for Galway, having prohibited the London editors from saying more than that Mr. Martin spoke on such and such a question, and not allowing them to *print* one word of what he said, I thought it was high time for me to look about me, for fear I should be loaded with Mr. M.'s *share of jacobin obloquy*, in addition to my own; and also, as it would be a most effectual method of silencing such yelping, foul-mouthed curs, to *show* I could not only *bark* as well as them, but could *bite* too, and treat them with a *Roland* for their *Oliver*. I am told from pretty good authority, as a proof I have realized my poetical motto to the pamphlet, and kept up to the spirit of it, that the *Times* editor is not a little vexed he gave me so good an excuse to expose his almost *incredible* blunder. For really, when one considers that once respectable and well written paper *advocated* for years the cause of the *Bourbons*, and might be at one period very properly called the *Journal of Europe*, it is not less *surprising* that such a *gross error* as that of Charles I. marrying a daughter of Louis XIV. should have been committed, than that it should be put into the mouth of the *deep-thinking* Earl of Liverpool,

a nobleman particularly slow in forming his decisions, and, from his plodding, thoughtful disposition, less likely, even as a *lapsus lingua*, to make such a mistake, than any other member of the British Cabinet, or of either of the two Houses of Parliament.

Though you are pleased to pay me a compliment I little merit, by supposing I have the slightest influence at the India House beyond my own vote or votes, you only do me the justice I deserve, when you suppose, from my deep-rooted gratitude to the brilliant services of the Wellesley family, I shall ever feel particular pleasure in giving my *mite* to aid and assist the success of any gentleman at the India House *patronized* by so august and patriotic a family, and (which I say with peculiar pleasure) a family whose *politics* exactly *coincide* with *my own*. I believe, too, you will do me the justice to think I have said the above from the most *pure* and *disinterested* motives, for whatever political influence that truly noble family may do me the honour to give me on a subject I shall here very delicately touch upon, I shall, though *grateful* for such influence, feel a *noble dignity* of mind, arising from the satisfactory reflection, (if paid by *honours* only) I am merely receiving from government what ought to have been long since given *unsolicited*, as soon as *hinted*, and given by them with the



more pleasure, as by taking *nothing* from the public purse, for a *debt of* £120,000, it will constitute a *cheap* public compromise to Mr. Bay Salt Lowndes's representatives for great national services, and (considering the magnitude of the debt) no *trivial family sacrifice*.

Pleased, that so humble and useless an individual as myself have chanced to possess (though it be but a *small particle*) the power to gratify Lady Ann Smith's East India House *patronage*, hoping Lady Ann and your family are well, with my respectful compliments to her Ladyship, Miss Fitzroy, and your son and daughter; hoping, also, the Duke of Wellington, the *shield* and *safeguard* of all *civilized* society, (for his grace's sake, as well as on that account) is perfectly recovered, and that every other part of the illustrious Wellesley family are enjoying high health and spirits, I will conclude my unexpectedly long epistle, (for line after line has imperceptibly stolen upon me,) by apologising, as usual, for the length of my letter, and for so long a delay in answering your kind favour, by sincerely assuring you, I remain, with great respect,

My Dear Sir,

your faithful, obedient, humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,  
Sept. 13, 1822.

TO ROBERT LOWNDES, Esq.

DEAR FATHER,

As I have no doubt you will wish to know how we get on with the Bay Salt business, I write to inform you, that I had yesterday an interview with Mr. S., whom I pressed to hasten the business before the dissolution of parliament, as that might make a great difference in his *parliamentary influence*, and in the strength and stability of the present administration; he said it was impossible to do anything at present, as, in consequence of the approaching general election, ministers had not a moment to spare. To which I replied, I shall then think the object of my petition will not be granted; though, you must acknowledge, it is so very reasonable, that, in addition to a baronetage, a *peerage* ought to be given to *Mrs. Drax Grosvenor* and her *male* descendants. He smiled, and said, if it could be obtained for the great benefit derived to the public from the Bay Salt Invention, it was no more than the representatives of Mr. Thomas Lowndes had a right to expect. But, says Mr. S., what *you* want would probably have been obtained long ago, if you would have taken it as a *favour* from government; therefore, you have only to blame your John Bull independence, which insisted

on a clause being inserted in the patent, that you did not give up one particle of your political independence, but *gratefully* accepted of it as a right, though you would not take it as a *favour*. I told him the business was a matter of perfect *indifference* to me, as I did not care a fig for the honour on my own account; but that to my successive heirs, (not so *well known* in the world as myself,) I thought it would be a *scaffolding*, by which they might rise to a degree of worldly respectability, that would be of great use to them and their posterity. I then concluded my interview with Mr. S. by showing him your uncle Tom's printed Pamphlet, and comparing his hand-writing on the first page with one of Mr. Thomas Lowndes's Letters. He agreed with me that the hand-writing was exactly alike, and incontestibly proved the Pamphlet was written and published by the Inventor of the Bay Salt. I after that showed him a letter of Mrs. Churchill's to your mother, dated February 8th, 1747, the year after the publication of the Pamphlet, in which she says, " I hope Mr. Lowndes of Overton takes much notice of the children, as he will have it in his power to make them quite happy in the world, as I hear he has *lately largely increased his fortune*," alluding of course to the *reward* promised for the *discovery* of the Bay Salt. But whether we *succeed*,

or not, I said to Mr. S., I will not, with the political principles instilled into me by Mr. and Mrs. Day, who stood pre-eminently distinguished for the virgin purity of their public and private characters, give up one grain of my *political independence*, though it were to obtain a *peerage*, as I consider I inherit my aunt's property upon this express implied condition, that I adopt Mr. and Mrs. D.'s *enlightened* conduct, by thinking for myself on questions of politics or religion, squaring my judgment by the rule of *right*, instead of *pinning* my *faith* on any particular sect or party, however *popular*. I hope, also, my successors will consider that the property is willed to them on the like honourable terms.

I am to repeat my visit to Mr. S. on Tuesday, by his own appointment, as between this and Tuesday he is to have an interview with a member of administration. After the above conference you shall hear from me again.

I dined on Friday in Grosvenor Square with Mr. Drax Grosvenor and family. I am happy to say they were all well; and, as you may suppose from my partiality to Mr. Grosvenor, from a supposed similarity of disposition between Mr. D. G. and myself, for he is a true John Bull, honest and sincere, I passed a very pleasant afternoon. I wish the world had more

of Mr. Drax Grosvenor's character, and *less deception*, we should not then be *humbugged* with *promises* never intended to be performed, and cajoled by soft silky manners that mean nothing, but, like some *smooth* waters which are almost *unfathomable*, that the courtier-like possessor is *very deep*.

Hoping you continue well, I am, Dear Father,

Your dutiful,  
affectionate Son,  
THO. LOWNDES.

BATH,  
May 26th, 1818.

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TO CULLING CHARLES SMITH, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

I COULD not possibly, without doing great injustice to the best feelings of my heart, forbear writing to you upon the *additional honour* so lately conferred on the immortal name of Wellesley, but which wanted not such a *brilliant* addition to make it shine with *pre-eminent* lustre. And yet, it has long appeared to me, that this was the only hiatus maxime deflendus, which required filling up to enable the future Wellesley family in *parliamentary influence* and *national importance* to be on a level with another quon-

dam warlike and illustrious family, the North-umberland Percys. For, I believe, no other noble families but the *Wellesleys* and the *Percys* have had the singularly exalted honour of having *three* peers in them in *one* and the *same* generation; though, upon reflection, the sole merit of such an extraordinary national event rests with the Wellesley family, for Lord Prudhoe was the son of a living duke when he was created, and nephew of Lord Beverly, therefore, *these three perrages* were in *two* generations. That your patriotic and noble brothers-in-law may *long enjoy* their *well-earned* honors is also my most ardent wish, and a wish, too, I have no doubt, from the transcendent public services already rendered by the immortal Wellesley family, millions of grateful *British* and *foreign* subjects, ardently join in, by likewise adding, as I do, health and happiness; for, unless longevity be accompanied by the *two* latter aides-de-camp, it becomes a *misfortune* instead of a *blessing*.

With similar good wishes to Lady Ann Smith, yourself, and family hoping her ladyship, Miss Fitzroy, Miss Smith, and also your son (to all of whom I have the honour of sending my most respectful compliments) are as well as can be expected after their late agonizing and mournful family distress, and which I, at the time,

most deeply participated in, too well knowing, from dire experience, the *terrible affliction* in *losing* so near and dear a connection, from being, at my father's *death*, left without *one* relative *nearer* than a first cousin, and thus, as it were, like a deserted hull of a ship, drifted to sea to buffet the storms and tempests of life without a pilot, anchor, or cable, I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir,  
your obliged, obedient, humble Servant,  
THOMAS LOWNDES.



TO WILLIAM LOWNDES, Esq.

*Somerset Place, Somerset House.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE written you these few lines to show my respect and gratitude for your *excellent judgment* by enclosing a copy of the letter to Mr. Culling Smith as amended according to your advice, by leaving out the *satirical observations* respecting government, for though (from their rough and stinging nature) they might be called *thistles* or *nettles*, consequently *weeds*, I felt as much reluctance in plucking them up, as a farmer would in thinning a luxuriant crop of turnips, or a gardener in

reducing the quantity of his young peaches, nectarines, or apricots to improve their size, and quality. In short, conceive a grocer being obliged to throw away a fine box of plums, and you may form some idea how much *resolution* was necessary to act as I did, even though you gave me such *good reasons* for so doing. However, had I set more value upon my *own reasons* than your's, you would, I am sure, have excused me, as mine were *jar reasons*, and your's *common ones*. Were this letter to my father, you would perhaps say they were only *raisins of the sun*, though he, (on the contrary,) being very fond of finding fault with me, would, some how or other, (for my father can chop logic, as well as any cook-maid can chop mince meat,) prove, what were called by you, from your partiality to me, *good son reasons*, were to his taste and with his eyes,

For all is infected, that the infected spy,  
bad *jar reasons*.

Pray excuse this punning letter, which, though it fail at my miserable attempts at *wit*, I hope your friendship will suffer to pass *current*, even if it smell of the shop, (a very *pardonable* defect, as my maternal grandfather dealt in *plums*; the reason probably that my father married his daughter,) for, unlike the present *generation* of



Lowndes's, he had no objection to a *plum*, and perhaps thought that Miss Milnes, being born close to a sugar warehouse, had made his future wife, not only *sweet* tempered, but had preserved her also from the *taint of corruption*.

At all events, in consulting you, and following your advice, I have shown my *sincerity*, and have acted very differently from some thoughtless and undutiful daughters, who, when their mind is made *up to marry* the man of their *heart*, ask (for form's sake only) papa's and mama's permission, determined, before they did so, to *abide* by their own *superior* judgment. If too, my poor crop of *wit* or *sense* prove as *bad*, as some of the corn crops last year, (which were not worth gathering,) this letter will at least prove, besides my *gratitude* to you, that I am not forgetful of my old friends at Somerset Place, for which purpose, I will thank you to present my best respects to the Brightwell family now in town, hoping they are all well, and that you will give me due credit, when I subscribe myself,

My dear Sir,

your sincere friend,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

A

## LETTER

FROM

THE CELEBRATED DR. DARWIN

TO

THOMAS DAY, Esq.

BARRISTER, AND AUTHOR OF "RANDFORD AND MERTON," &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS very sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you in London, and the more so as I understood from Erasmus, that you gave yourself the trouble of coming up on purpose. Now you must know that I was angry at you for giving yourself that trouble, as I do not think any thing like form is necessary between you and me. I know the general benevolence of your heart, and your friendly disposition to me from innumerable instances, and, therefore, a visit of form, as I understood your's was to me as a new married man, was by no means necessary. The reason I did not stay at home was your not having fixed the hour, and we were engaged to return numerous visits, which were indispensable, and I thought you as likely to come after noon as before. Enough of this. When you come into this part of the country, I shall hope a visit from you and Mrs. Day—not in form.

Mrs. Darwin and I had long been acquainted with each other; she is possessed of much inoffensive vivacity, with a clear and distinct understanding, and great active benevolence; like myself, she loves the country and retirement, and makes me as happy as my nature is capable of.

Mrs. Darwin begs her compliments to Mr. Day; she has read, by the Doctor's permission, the above account of herself, and thinks the Doctor has done her great injustice, as he has left out a principal part of her character, that is, that she loves and esteems her husband. She begs leave to add she was sorry not to have seen Mr. Day in London.

Now I have resumed the pen, I am happy to tell you the pleasure I have received from reading a book of Dr. Balguy's, "*Divine Benevolence asserted*"—you may be sure I think it a very *able* performance, as *his sentiments coincide with my own*. He makes it evident that every thing was made by the Lord, with design of producing happiness; and seems to show there is ~~more~~ happiness than the contrary in the world.

Pray, my good friend, why did not you contribute to the *benevolent* designs of Providence, by *buying* a seat in Parliament? Mankind will not be *served* without being first *pleased* or

tickled. They take the present pleasure of *getting drunk* with their candidate, as an *earnest* or proof, that he will contribute to their *future good*; as some men think the goodness of the Lord to us mortals in this world, his temporary goodness, is a proof of his future and eternal goodness to us.

Now you wrap up your talent in a *napkin*, and instead of speaking in the assembly of the nation, and pleading the cause of America and Africa, you are sowing turnips, in which every farmer can equal or excel you. It puts me in mind of Rabelais's Devil. One of the most ingenious devils of all hell chose to turn farmer, but thought best to take an experienced farmer into partnership.—“ Mr. Clodpole,” says the Devil, “ the Pope has given me your farm, so if you please we'll go into partnership; you shall plough and sow, I'll take care that no hail or lightning, or storms, shall injure the crop; and that we may not quarrel about the product, I will take all above ground, and you all under ground.” The farmer agreed, and set the whole farm with potatoes: when harvest time came, the Devil was much disappointed, and next year he said, “ Now, Mr. Farmer, it is my turn, you shall have all above ground, and I all under; so Mr. Clodpole I shall be even with you.” But lo! now the farmer sowed wheat;

and Lucifer was again disappointed. "If this is the case," says Old Nick, "I'll e'en go and manage the minds of men, in which nobody excels me, tempting lawyers with gold, lovers with rouge, philosophers with fame, and *real* statesmen with *retirement*; and thus, as far as I can, *impede* the *benevolence* of Providence." God protect you—pray make my best compliments to Mrs. Day, and believe me

Your affectionate Friend,

E. DARWIN.

REDBOURN, near DERBY,

May 16th, 1781.



A

## SICKNER TO LAND TAX PURCHASERS,

EXCEPT IT BE ON THEIR OWN PROPERTY.

Mr. Lowndes's purchase, though made January 24th, 1811, being, after much trouble and some expense, paid up to January, anno 1820, with no probability of a sixpence more being paid on a second demand, without a *law suit*, Mr. Lowndes having written six months since for *six years*, then due, and having received no answer up to *this day*, November 25th, 1826.

SIR,

I DULY received your letter of the 12th inst. and, considering the loss I have sustained by the arrears not being paid at the time I demanded them, and that, when demanded, Mr. Slaughter had no *right* to *dispute* the pay-

ment, am much surprised 1*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* has been deducted for *law charges*. The sum itself I do not dispute your right to, (as I think it *fair and moderate*,) but I do most certainly protest against my being saddled with the *payment* of your bill. Besides this, you, as clerk of the peace, and, therefore, concerned for government in the sale of the Land Tax, must see that, if *every purchaser* has to fight as long a battle as I have, being kept out of my money for many years, no one will become a *purchaser* upon *such terms*. Therefore, I now request you will *demand* my *papers*, proving my claim and title to the 2*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* a year; and also the *repayment* of the 1*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* If either of these demands are not complied with, I shall then, for the sake of the *public*, bring the matter to issue in a court of law; for it is as *preposterous* as *unjust*, that I should not only *lose* my interest, but surrender also a *part* of my *principal*. Though *John Bull* is a formidable *rival* in the hands of Southey and Croker, I have no fears of Mr. Bull, the solicitor, *overcoming* me in law; and yet his client, (if not blood and thunder,) is *Slaughter*. I thank you for the vigour with which you have already pursued the enemy; for, had you paid me the whole debt without any *law* deduction, (considering *Slaughter* was the proper person to *pay* you,) I should have said you were a *law*

*Cæsar*, and that you were entitled to Julius Cæsar's motto, *veni, vidi, vici*. To complete this *just eulogium* on your quick dispatch of business, you have only to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, by compelling the enemy peaceably to surrender all my *just rights*, though considering whom you have to cope with, I am sorry to say, as a merciful man possessing some *share* of humanity, you cannot do it *without Slaughter*. Being brought up among lawyers, I know I cannot recover any part of the *interest*, but I am equally certain I can oblige Mr. Bull's client to pay all the law expenses.

I remain,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD,  
June 15th, 1819.

P.S.—Even since the election in 1818, (when the Hon. Mr. Cavendish stood for Aylesbury, but was unsuccessful, and at which time Slaughter paid me one year's Land Tax,) the *interest* of the sum due on my debt, at five per cent., since January 24th, 1811, amounts to near twice as much as will pay your *bill*.

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## TO MR. BUCKINGHAM'S COMMITTEE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE this moment been honoured with your printed letter, to which, as the date will show you, I have (agreeable to your request) returned an early answer, though, perhaps, not so *satisfactory* an answer as you might wish, I do not say as you might *expect*, because, having *uniformly expressed my objection to the freedom of the press in India*, and, what is more to the purpose, that *I never did, or ever will, belong to any political party*, you could have no real ground for supposing I should annex my *independent* name to the list you did me the honour to enclose; a list in which I do not observe *one* East India Director, or any M.P. (except Sir Francis Burdett) who may be said to belong to that honourable political squad, who *think and act for themselves*. By the above observations I do not mean to imply the slightest *disrespect* to the *Whig* gentlemen that have so liberally subscribed to Mr. Buckingham; thereby proving most incontestibly the *sincerity* of their principles, saving and except that some men carry their political feelings so far, as often to sacrifice *principle* to *party*, when the one *clashes* with the *other*. Besides, with Mr. Hume's motion, now before me, respecting the *banishment* of British subjects from India, I see



one passage, which, if it also accord with the printed opinion of Mr. Buckingham in India, (as expressed in his Calcutta Journal,) ought, from the *mischief* it will *produce*, if ever put in execution, to *banish* him, or any other *East India Editor*, from our possessions in India.

“ It was, he (Mr. Hume) would repeat, the most *impolitic* course which could be pursued to *prevent Englishmen from embarking their capital in that country, and establishing there a regular system of colonization.*” With the above assertion in the very pith and marrow of Mr. Hume’s speech relative to the *banishment* of the British subjects from India, a banishment that can only take place (as Mr. Wynn very properly observed in his *answering* speech) by the *Governor General in Council*, a power very different from that exercised by the Governor General *alone*, (for though *one* person might *err*, it was not very likely that *many* would, as many men have *many minds*,) I cannot think of adding my name to the list of subscribers; particularly too, as I take it for granted, from no government M.P. or East India Director being to be found in it, that something (unknown to me) relating to the long *established* and *salutary regulation* of the East India Directors, occasioned Mr. B. to be so *precipitately* hurried from India. Though, at the same time I make the above supposition, it has not escaped my memory, that

when Mr. Buckingham's banishment was discussed at the India House, I disapproved with many other proprietors of the *circuitous* mode of sending him away, and the *disgrace* attending the *manner* of his conveyance, the latter of which was far from *liberal*. But perhaps the East India Government were afraid, by acting otherwise, they should be called *Liberals*—a word, I am sorry to say, that for more than thirty years, from the *selfish ambition, vice, and folly* of some modern *jacobin patriots*, has become more or less a word of *reproach*. So that, as a man's over-officious friend is sometimes his worst enemy, Mr. Buckingham may thank the *hot-headed* turbulent patriots of modern days for *less* liberality being shown him than used to be the case,

When in good olden times, being bought *nor sold*,  
The people were *orderly*, if they were *bold*.

I have the honor to be, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

June, 1826.

P.S.—Mr. B.'s committee cannot feel surprised at my *not* subscribing for Mr. Buckingham, when natives of India, subscribing £100, *dare not venture to mention their names*, and subscribe too through a member of the House of Russell, who (though a very clever young man) has particularly distinguished himself by a democratic and *rash* line of politics, very different from my own, whose motto is, *Est modus in rebus*, alias, who have always been, and still profess to be, a *modéré* in politics, besides other signatures highly objectionable, as, an *Enemy to Oppression*, an *Enemy to Punishment without Trial*, &c. &c. &c.

As some proof of the truth of my conjecture, concerning Mr. B.'s banishment, see Mr. Poynter's able Speech at the India House, April 7th, 1826.

## DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL.

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A Letter addressed to the Editor of the Morning Post, but never sent, and which, as to the *Mode of electing the Committee*, will equally apply to the *Blind Asylum*, where Mr. Lowndes has also twenty-five votes.

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SIR,

HAVING proposed on Monday last an *alteration* in the present *defective* system of *electing* the committee of that most useful and excellent Institution, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, you will naturally conceive my astonishment at finding, though above a hundred subscribers were present, that no one would *second* the following motion made by me, to prevent those *corruptions* that must always arise whenever any body of men *elect themselves*, instead of being elected by the *majority* of their *constituents*: “ Namely, that, in future, after a *special* appeal to the subscribers of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at a meeting duly assembled by *public advertisement*, a *particular* day shall be set apart every year for the purpose of electing the committee, &c. for that year, and that the subscribers so assembled, shall meet *for that purpose*, and *for that only*.”

The above resolution was proposed by me in consequence of having seen (from many years experience) the *absurdity* of suffering elections to take place in the *annual* government of this Institution, the *morning* when the subscribers are occupied with *canvassing* for their different Deaf and Dumb candidates, as it is impossible, on the day of electing the children, that a *proper*

*inquiry* can take place respecting the merits and demerits of the *officers* of the society, particularly as the *committee* are chosen *early* in the day, and before the *general assembly* of subscribers *takes place*. It is, therefore, from the thinness of the meeting, (there being, perhaps, not a *twentieth* part of the subscribers present,) a species of *self* election, an absurdity so great as to flash immediate conviction of its *folly* and *corruption* on every pure, independent and rational mind. No wonder, therefore, at my surprise in finding the *subscribers* then assembled were all at once become *deaf* and *dumb*, and this honest and excellent resolution, when read, was followed by a dead *silence*, more especially as I had been *deafened* for half an hour before the resolution was read, by male and female requests, two of the latter in the shape of *yea* and *nay* quakeresses, both of whom were so *eloquent* for their candidate, Job Bradly, that (interesting as they were) it required the patience of Job to listen to them; while others were clamouring around us for their respective deaf and dumb favourites. This anxious request too from men and women canvassers, that I would try to *turn* the *scale* in their favour by my *twenty-five votes*, after they were all told that I came with my list of twenty-one candidates filled up in my usual way, and that way the most *just* and *humane*, by having first taken into

consideration these *three* essential points: the *ways and means* of maintaining a family, the *number* of children in each family, and, last of all, (and which I considered the most important point,) *how many* of these were deaf and dumb. For, however incredible it may appear, out of *ten* children in one poor family, *seven* were deaf and dumb. Yet, while proceeding on this fair system of election, one gentleman was particularly solicitous for my interest for his candidate, though there were but *two* children in his poor family, and *both* parents *living*; and though I also told him one of those in my list, against whose name I had put my twenty-five votes, had *seven* out of *ten* children deaf and dumb, and that all the other poor families (to which my name was annexed) consisted each of one, two, three, or four deaf and dumb children, besides being *large* families of seven or eight, the fathers and mothers too in some instances *dead*, and the ways and means of maintaining their families very precarious, from low wages, bad health, or an uncertain business.

Your favour by inserting this letter, *gratis*, in your independent and loyal paper, the first favourable opportunity, will much oblige

Your obedient humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH, 1826.

**Sacred to the Memory**  
**OF**  
**EDWARD LOWNDES, ESQ.**  
**SECOND SON OF THE LATE ROBERT LOWNDES, ESQ.,**  
**OF LEA HALL, NEAR MIDDLEWICH, CHESHIRE,**  
**WHO HAD THE HONOUR TO SERVE**  
**THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,**  
**AS MATE OF AN INDIAMAN, 27 YEARS,**  
**AND PARTICULARLY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AS A VOLUNTEER**  
**AT THE STORMING OF MASULIPATAM,**  
**AS APPEARS FROM COLONEL FORDE'S CERTIFICATE TO HIM.**

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"I do hereby certify, that Mr. Edward Lowndes served on board the *Hardwicke*, on the Expedition against Masulipatam, and that he commanded a party of seamen from said ship, at the storming of said place, and behaved himself very gallantly at said assault.  
**FRANCIS FORDE."**

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Mr. Lowndes also served on board the said ship in the engagement between the *Duke of Dorset*, *Hardwicke*, and *Calcutta Indiamen*, and seven Dutch ships, mounting in all 214 guns, five of which ships struck, and two ran away, the *Indiamen* carrying 75 guns only. He discovered a new track from India, quelled a most dangerous mutiny on board an *Indiaman*, upon acting as captain, during the illness of the real captain, and was considered by his brother officers a very good and intelligent seaman.

However, to prove that *virtue* is sometimes its *only* reward, he received no other, and on twice being a candidate for a ship, was twice rejected, by the influence of that Company he had so *honourably, faithfully, and gallantly* served.

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**READER,**

After having seen this inscription, if thou admirest a Republican Government, thou wilt perhaps think there is more *disinterested gratitude for public services* in a *Monarchy*.

## THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL APOLOGY

*For his humble Production, and concluding with a Cut at himself.*

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MY long intended volumes of LOWNDES'S TRACTS being now completed, I flatter myself whatever faults they may contain in grammar, style, or argument, there will, at all events, appear an *unimpeachable consistency* of conduct in my political and moral character, since, conscious of my own *imperfections*, I have, like an honest independent Englishman, while exposing to public criticism and contempt the political follies and vices of others, very properly abstained from acting the moralist myself, by leaving all *ethical* discussion to those, who, from their *unblemished* character, are *better adapted* to handle such grave and delicate subjects than I am.

Having, therefore, by this consistent conduct, proved, that *I know myself*, a branch of the tree of knowledge, though very useful, *seldom cultivated*, I trust I may now be allowed the right of recommending to others to *know themselves* before they *conceitedly* set up their *humbug* and *cant* as a proper standard for the public or private *measures* of their fellow citizens. And, in so saying, I particularly allude to the inconsistent conduct of many of the *modern saints* and *quakers*, as, like the brewers, both these *puritanical* classes of society seem to have a very different article for their *own use*, from what they *give* or *sell* to the *public*. Were not this the case, the

great *Saintite family* (when *shocked* at the *West India* planters employing *slaves*, thinking if they were to eat *West India sugar*, they should be punished to all eternity,) would not be so *inconsistent*, as to indulge their *rapacious* and *insatiable* avarice by speculating in Spanish mines, and other modern South Sea bubbles, since they must know, that those mines have *always been* and *are still* worked *by slaves*, and that working under ground in mines filled with water, and with foul air, debarred of the light of the sun, and that most delightful of all lights, *animate* and *inanimate nature*, is the worst of all prisons, and a much *greater hardship* than working above ground. But then there is this material difference, that in the infernal Spanish mines, the slaves are labouring as *gold finders* to *enrich F—— and Co.*, whereas, on the *West India* estates, it is to enrich those, who are neither relatives or friends of the *F—— family*. With a similar species of inconsistency, but still more absurd in *them*, as the *crime is greater*, the quakers are accused of being the principal speculators and monopolizers of all sorts of grain for man and beast in London and its vicinity, a *monopoly* by which flour and grain of every kind are often raised to an exorbitant price without *much benefiting* either the *owners of land*, or the *cultivators* of it. For this sly broad-brimmed Jonathan, this *middle-man* between the grower and the



consumer, with the outward visible sign of a true quaker, a cloth drab suit of *formal cut*, but without the honesty and simplicity of *Quakerism*, doth, by putting almost the *whole profit* arising from his own and his brethren's corn market manœuvres into his and their pockets, *conscientiously* serve himself and friends, at the expense *more or less* of *all classes* of society connected with the corn trade.

Having given the *entire* produce of LOWNDES'S TRACTS to the Middlesex Hospital, free of all expense, and taking into consideration my public and private conduct in all its bearings, whenever my own interest and that of the nation happened to clash, I feel, while making the above observations on *Quaker avarice*, the ground I stand upon so *firm* and *sound*, that the reader cannot *turn the tables* upon me. And if the *report* be true, that some of the *F—* family, including Madam F—— herself, have speculated largely in Spanish mines and other modern joint stock companies, thereby not only encouraging *slavery*, but a spirit of *gambling* alike *ruinous* to the *individual*, and the *nation*, I feel also but little faith can be put in their *superior purity*, so *little*, that, when I hear Madam F—'s humanity and tender feelings, and her abhorrence of slavery *eulogised* and applauded, instead of saying it is all *my eye* and *Betty Martin*, I cannot help saying, it is all *my eye* and *Mrs.*

*F*——. As the modern friends are so *degenerated*, that you scarce see among the opulent quakers any thing resembling their fraternity forty years ago, save and except Obadiah Prim's *outward garb* and placid phiz, for the inward spiritual grace, like gas out of a balloon, has long left them, it is no wonder that such sham quakers have now fallen in public opinion, (as the empty balloon falls to the ground,) never to *rise again*, till they are *regenerated*, and the sinful lusts of the flesh kept in due subjection by *inhaling* the original *spiritual gas* of a *For* or a *Barclay*.

My present political publication, consisting of different tracts, composed and printed at various times from my youthful *college days*, when I took my Oxford *bachelor degree*, at which, I am sorry to say, I have *stuck ever since*, not getting a step higher, either in *university* or *national honours*, though I do hope, I have not, like the quakers, got a *step lower* in the scale of *public opinion*, I shall here anticipate the *satire* and ridicule, that will naturally be levelled against this my *feeble* attempt at *book-making*, by finishing with a new song, written by me, and called A LITTLE MORE. As I wrote *one stanza* to ridicule my own *foolish vanity* in *presumptuously* hoping some time or other to be placed on the shelves of the great and learned, with the most celebrated philosophers, poets, moral-

ists, and historians, *check by jowl*, as though we were *hail fellow well met*, I intend finishing with this cut at myself, and more especially, after exhibiting my *personal vanity* by another cut at the beginning of the book. Would to heaven my two cuts may make this book as *profitable* to the Middlesex Hospital, as two of the celebrated *Brindley cuts* have been to me. But, as I am in a cutting humour, and after slashing at others it is very fair I should end with *laughing at myself*, I cannot help fearing, when placed on the shelf of the philosopher, statesman, or literary man, I shall remain unopened and *unknown*, as if I were only a *wooden author* placed in a library to *fill it up*, (like the toad-eaters and third-rate guests, at a rich lord or commoner's table,) some learned man, perhaps, saying, while he takes me down from a *half filled* shelf, and with due form *instantly* puts me up again,

*Hic locus est plurimis umbris.*

## A NEW SONG,

CALLED "A LITTLE MORE."

In ev'ry employment of life,  
 'Tis now, as in good days of yore,  
 When maid, bach'lor, husband, and wife,  
 All cry'd out for a *little more*.

For the miser counting his pelf,  
Though his bags with riches run o'er,  
Soft whispers this wish to himself,  
Heav'n grant me yet a *little more*.

While th' epicure larded with grease,  
And with napkin tuck'd in before,  
Unable from eating to cease,  
Says, I'll thank you for a *little more*,

And *scribblers, who volumes have writ,*  
(Should *ambition tempt* them to soar,)  
Being *seiz'd* with a *vanity fit*,  
Resolve to print a *little more*.

Like these too, tho' *popular power*  
To *anarchy oft* opes the door,  
Mad *patriots* (howe'er the *times lower*)  
Would give the plebs a *little more*.

Yet, after expressing surprise,  
At all I have just said before,  
I'll show you where no wonder lies,  
If we all wish for a *little more*.

Since I, charm'd with a Letter Bag  
Far fam'd for its poetic lore,  
Shout with the *Pat Riot* tag rag,  
*Long life to our sweet Little Moore*.



**REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY;**  
 OR  
**CINCINNATUS TAKEN FROM THE PLOUGH:**  
 BEING  
**A SPECIMEN OF THE INCONSISTENCY OF FRENCH REPUBLICAN**  
**SENATORS AND GENERALS.**

**BUONAPARTE'S DRESS,**

WHEN FIRST CONSUL.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
A suit of embroidered velvet full uniform, } value . . . . . }	126	0	0
Half-boots, with gold embroidery . . .	6	0	0
Military Hat of beaver . . . . .	1	10	0
A Diamond Button for the hat . . . .	232,000	0	0
Sabre (Damascus blade) . . . . .	10	0	0
Diamond, called the Regent, in the mouth } of a Crocodile, to the sword-hilt. . . }	126,000	0	0
Diamond eyes of the Crocodile . . . .	1,500	0	0
Epaulets of Brilliants . . . . .	30,000	0	0
	<u>389,643</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>

## FRENCH COURT CALENDAR.

FROM the allusion to Buonaparte and his Court in the preceding volumes, the following List of his Peers, and the Principal Events of his Life, may be useful to the reader.

---

Sovereign of Holland . . .	Francis Beauharnois.
King of Naples . . . .	{ Marshal Murat, Prince Joachim Napoleon.
Queen of Naples . . . .	Caroline Buonaparte.
King of Spain . . . .	Prince Joseph Napoleon.
King of Westphalia . . .	Prince Jerome Napoleon.
Viceroy of Italy . . . .	{ Prince Eugene Beauharnois, 4th corps.
Princess Borghese . . .	Paulina Buonaparte.
Princess of Baden . . .	Stephanie de la Pagerie.
Grand Duchess of Florence .	Eliza Buonaparte.
Grand Duke of Berg . . .	Prince Charles Louis Napoleon.
Grand Duke of Warsaw . .	{ Frederick Augustus IV., King and Elector of Saxony.
Archbishop of Lyons . . .	Cardinal Fesch.
Prince of Pontecorvo . . .	{ Marshal Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden.
Prince of Neufchatel . . .	{ Marshal Berthier, Vice-Con- stable of France.
Prince of Essling . . . .	Marshal Massena.
Prince of Benevento . . .	{ Talleyrand, Vice-Arch-Chan- cellor.
Prince of Eckmuhl . . . .	Marshal Davoust.
Duke of Abrantes . . . .	Marshal Junot.
Duke of Albufera . . . .	Count Suchet.
Duke of Auerstadt . . . .	Marshal Davoust.
Duke of Bassano . . . .	Maret, Secretary of State.

Duke of Belluno . . .	Marshal Victor.
Duke of Cadore . . .	{ Champagne, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Duke of Castiglione . . .	Marshal Augereau.
Duke of Cornegliano . . .	Marshal Moncy.
Duke of Dalmatia . . .	Marshal Soult.
Duke of Dantzic . . .	Marshal Lefebvre.
Duke of Elchingen . . .	Marshal Ney.
Grand Duke of Florence . .	General Bacchiocchi.
Duke of Friuli . . .	{ Marshal Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace.
Duke of Montebello . . .	{ Marshal Lasne, killed at Wagram.
Duke of Istria . . .	{ Marshal Bessières, Commander of the Imperial Guards.
Duke of Otranto . . .	Fouché, Governor of Rome.
Duke of Padua . . .	General Arighi.
Duke of Parma . . .	Cambacérès, Arch-Chancellor.
Duke of Placenza . . .	{ Marshal le Brun, Prince Arch-Treasurer.
Duke of Ragusa . . .	Marshal Marmont.
Duke of Reggio . . .	Marshal Oudinot.
Duke of Rovigo . . .	{ General Savary, Minister of Police.
Duke of Tarento . . .	Marshal Macdonald.
Duke of Treviso . . .	Marshal Mortier.
Duke of Valmy . . .	Marshal Kellerman.
Duke of Vicenza . . .	{ General Caulaincourt, Grand Chamberlain and Master of Saxony.
Ex-Marshal Brune . . .	{ Supposed to be murdered.
Ex-Marshal Jourdan . . .	
Marshal Penignon . . .	
Marshal Serrurier . . .	



- CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT**  
**OF**  
**THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS**  
**IN THE**  
**LIFE OF BUONAPARTE.**
1769. Aug. 15. BORN at Ajaccio in Corsica.
1779. Mar. Placed at the Military School at Brienne.
1793. An officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon,  
and appointed general of brigade.
1794. Oct. 4. Commands the Conventional troops, and de-  
feats the Parisians.
1796. Appointed to the command of the army of  
Italy.  
May 11. Battle of Lodi.  
Aug. 3. Battle of Castiglione.  
Nov. 16. Battle of Arcola.
1797. Feb. 2. Surrender of Mantua.  
Mar. 23. Trieste surrenders.  
April 18. Preliminaries with Austria signed at Leoben.  
May 16. French take possession of Venice.  
Oct. 17. Treaty of Campo Formio with Austria.
1798. May 20. Buonaparte sails for Egypt.  
July 21. Battle of Embabe, or of the Pyramids.  
Oct. 24. Insurrection at Cairo.
1799. May 21. Siege of Acre raised.  
Aug. 23. Sails from Egypt for France.  
Oct. 7. Lands at Frejus.  
Nov. 9. Dissolves the Conventional government.  
10. Declared First Consul.
1800. Feb. 15. Peace made with the Chouans.  
May 15. Buonaparte crosses Mount St. Bernard.  
June 16. Battle of Marengo.  
July 28. Preliminaries with Austria signed at Paris.  
Dec. 23. Battle of Hohenlinden.



1800. Dec. 24. Explosion of the infernal machine.
1801. Feb. 9. Treaty of Luneville with Austria.  
Mar. 21. Battle of Alexandria.  
Aug. 16. Nelson attacks the Boulogne flotilla.  
Oct. 8. Preliminaries signed with England.
1802. Jan. 26. The Cisalpine republic placed under Buona-  
parte's jurisdiction.  
Mar. 27. Definitive treaty with England.  
May 15. Legion of Honour instituted.  
Aug. 2. Declared Consul for life.  
28. Swiss form of government changed by the in-  
terference of the French.
1803. May 18. English declaration of war.  
June 5. Hanover conquered.
1804. Feb. Moreau arrested.  
Mar. 20. Duc d'Enghien shot.  
April 6. Pichegru dies in prison.  
May 18. Buonaparte declared Emperor.  
Nov. 19. Crowned by the pope.
1805. Feb. Writes a pacific letter to the King of England.  
April 11. Treaty of Petersburg between England,  
Russia, Austria and Sweden.  
May 26. Buonaparte declared King of Italy.  
Sept. 24. Buonaparte heads his army against Austria.  
Oct. 20. Mack's army surrenders at Ulm.  
Nov. 13. French enter Vienna.  
Dec. 2. Battle of Austerlitz.  
15. Treaty of Vienna with Prussia.  
26. Ditto of Petersburg with Austria.
1806. Mar. 30. Joseph Buonaparte declared King of Naples.  
June 5. Louis Buonaparte declared King of Holland.  
July 26. Convocation of the Jews.  
27. Confederation of the Rhine published.  
Sept. 24. Buonaparte marches against Prussia.  
Oct. 14. Battle of Auerstadt, or Jena.

1806. Nov. 19. **Hamburgh taken.**
1807. **Berlin decree.**  
Feb. 8. **Battle of Eylau.**  
June 14. **Battle of Friedland.**  
July 7. **Treaty of Tilsit.**
1808. July 7. **Joseph Buonaparte declared King of Spain.**  
20. **Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen.**  
29. **Joseph Buonaparte evacuates Madrid.**  
Aug. 21. **Battle of Vimeira.**  
Sept. 27. **Conferences at Erfurth.**  
Nov. 5. **Buonaparte arrives at Vittoria.**  
Dec. 4. **Surrender of Madrid.**
1809. Jan. 16. **Battle of Corunna.**  
22. **Buonaparte returns to Paris.**  
April 6. **War declared by Austria.**  
13. **Buonaparte heads his army against Austria.**  
May 10. **French enter Vienna.**  
22. **Battle of Esling, or Asperne.**  
July 6. **Battle of Wagram.**  
Aug. 16. **Flushing taken by the English.**  
Oct. 14. **Treaty of Vienna with Austria.**  
Dec. 13. **Lucien Buonaparte arrives in England.**  
16. **Buonaparte's marriage with Josephine dissolved.**  
23. **Walcheren evacuated by the English.**
1810. Mar. 11. **Buonaparte marries Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II.**  
July 9. **Holland and the Hanse towns annexed to the French empire.**  
Aug. 21. **Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.**  
Dec. **Decree for restraining the liberty of the press.**
1811. Jan. 1. **Hamburgh annexed to the empire.**  
April 20. **The Empress delivered of a son, who is styled King of Rome.**
1812. Jan. 22. **Swedish Pomerania seized by Buonaparte.**

1812. May 9. He heads the army against Russia.  
11. Arrives at Konigsberg.  
28. Enters Wilna.  
Aug. 18. Smolensko taken.  
Sept. 7. Battle of Moskwa or Borodino.  
14. French enter Moscow.  
Oct. 22. Evacuate it again.  
Nov. 9. Buonaparte arrives at Smolensko.  
Dec. 5. Quits the army.  
18. Arrives at Paris.
1813. April Takes the command of the army on the Elbe.  
May 1. Battle of Lutzen.  
20. Battle of Bautzen.  
June 4. Armistice agreed on.  
21. Battle of Vittoria.  
Aug. 17. Hostilities recommence.  
28. Battle of Dresden—Moreau killed.  
Sept. 7. English enter France.  
28. Buonaparte evacuates Dresden.  
Oct. 18. Battle of Leipsic.  
Nov. 15. Revolution in Holland.  
Dec. 1. Declaration of the allies at Frankfort.  
8. English army cross the Nive.
1814. Jan. 4. Allies cross the Rhine.  
Mar. 30. Battle of Montmartre.  
31. Allies enter Paris.  
April 11. Buonaparte abdicates the throne.  
May 3. Arrives at Elba.
1815. Feb. 26. Escapes from Elba.  
June 18. Battle of Waterloo.  
July 15. Received on board the Bellerophon.  
Aug. 7. Removed to the Northumberland, which immediately weighed and sailed for St. Helena.
1821. May 5. Death at St. Helena.
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EXTRACTS  
FROM  
COMMONS JOURNALS.

VOL. XXV. P. 157. 163.

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*Lunæ, 26<sup>o</sup> die Maii, 1746.*

A PETITION of Thomas Lowndes, together with several Papers thereunto annexed, being offered to be presented to the House,

Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer, by His Majesty's command, acquainted the House that his Majesty, having been informed of the contents of the said Petition, recommends it to the consideration of the House, to do therein as they shall think fit.

Then the said Petition was brought up and read; representing to the House, that every State in Europe justly yields the preference to Great Britain and Ireland for being always able to supply their inhabitants in a most plentiful manner with all the conveniences of life, good salt, only, excepted, but that for the said commodity, we are forced to have recourse to foreign nations; and that authentic vouchers will plainly prove, that from abroad we purchase thirty thousand tons of salt *yearly*; That the petitioner has been at great expense, both of money and time, in endeavouring to im-

prove the Brine Salt of this kingdom; which he hopes by his means is now brought to that perfection as to equal, if not excel the best French Bay Salt: That, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, specimens of the Petitioner's Salt have been laid before the College of Physicians; and that the said learned body, upon mature consideration, have made a favourable report; a copy of which is annexed to the said petition: That the Petitioner, on the 7th day of March last, did, by a letter to Mr. Corbet, Secretary to the Admiralty, propose certain conditional terms, which, if complied with, the Petitioner offered to disclose his method of making the said salt; but that the Lords of the Admiralty, by a letter of the 28th of the said month, declare, That it is not in their power to agree to those terms; both which Letters are annexed to the said Petition, and submitting to the House the terms mentioned by the Petitioner to this House.

The said Papers annexed to the said Petition were also read.

**ORDERED.**—That the said Petition be referred to the consideration of a Committee of the whole House.

**RESOLVED.**—That this House will, upon this day seven-night, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of the said Petition.

**ORDERED.**—That the proper officer or officers do lay before this House an account of the quantity of foreign

salt used in the service of the navy in seven years, ending at Lady-day, 1746, and what the same did cost.

**ORDERED.**—That the proper officer or officers do lay before this House an estimate of what foreign salt has been consumed in England and Wales for seven years, ending at Lady-day, 1746.

**ORDERED.**—That the proper officer or officers do lay before this House an account of the quantity of salt imported into England and Wales in seven years, ending at Christmas, 1745, distinguishing the countries from whence imported.

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*Martis, 3<sup>o</sup> die Junii, 1746.*

**DR. Cotes**, according to order, reported from the Committee of the whole House, to whom it was referred to consider of the petition of Mr. Thomas Lowndes, the Resolutions which the Committee had directed him to report to the House, which he read in his place, and afterwards delivered in at the clerk's table; where the same were read, and are as followeth, viz.

**RESOLVED.**—That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the improving the Brine Salt of this kingdom would be a great advantage to the trade and navigation of this country.

**RESOLVED.**—That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the proposal made by Mr. Thomas Lowndes, for

discovering his method of making Brine Salt, is reasonable.

**ORDERED.**—That the said proposal, which was delivered in to the said Committee by the said Mr. Lowndes, be laid before the House.

The said proposal, being accordingly laid before the House, was read.

Then the said Resolutions, being severally read a second time, were, upon the question severally put thereupon, agreed to by the House.

Dr. Cotes also acquainted the House that he was directed by the Committee to move, That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty to desire His Majesty will be graciously pleased to authorize and direct the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or the Lord High Admiral for the time being, to enter into an agreement with the said Mr. Thomas Lowndes, pursuant to the said proposal, and to cause to be made the several trials mentioned in the same in such manner as they shall think fit; and that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to order such sum or sums of money from time to time to be paid to the said Mr. Thomas Lowndes, upon the certificate of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or the Lord High Admiral for the time being, as shall be mentioned in such certificate; and to assure His Majesty that this House will make good the same.

And Dr. Cotes moved the House accordingly.

**RESOLVED.**—That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty to desire His Majesty will be graciously pleased to authorize and direct the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or the Lord High Admiral for the time being, to enter into an agreement with the said Mr. Thomas Lowndes, pursuant to the said proposal, and to cause to be made the several trials mentioned in the same, in such manner as they shall think fit, and that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to order such sum or sums of money from time to time to be paid to the said Mr. Thomas Lowndes, upon the certificate of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or the Lord High Admiral for the time being, as shall be mentioned in such certificate; and to assure His Majesty that this House will make good the same.

**ORDERED.**—That the said Address be presented to His Majesty by such members of this House as are of His Majesty's most honourable privy council.

**ORDERED.**—That the said Resolutions and Proposal be humbly laid before His Majesty at the same time with the said Address.



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